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# Pittsburg College Bulletin.

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# HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN

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## THOU ART NEVER ALONE, O EXILE!

Thou art never alone, O Exile,  
    Tho' thy country be far away.  
    If holy thoughts be summoned  
    With smiles o'er thy face to play!

Thou hast not such glory, O Creature,  
    In never falling at all,  
    As in rising again above it  
    When shattered and stunned by the fall!

And 'tis written in fire, O Greaved One,  
    That the things we attempt to do—  
    And would in desire, but cannot—  
    Are crowned as the finished things too!

But nothing for thee, O Ambition,  
    Except thy wild frenzy to save;  
    For Fame is a bursting bubble  
    That fades at the side of the grave!

—A. McCann.



## THE MODEL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

*Lecture by a Former Member of the Faculty.*

We are glad to be enabled to give at least some extracts from the very practical and appropriate address delivered by Rev. Charles Grunenwald, C. S. SP., of St. Mary's Church, Detroit, before the Teachers' Institute at the Detroit Summer School, Tuesday, July 24. Father Grunenwald graduated at Holy Ghost College, Pittsburg, to which Institution he returned, after his ordination, as a member of the Faculty. He has, for several years past, been engaged in parochial work at St. Mary's Church, Detroit, where he devotes considerable time, labor and energy to the direction of St. Mary's large and splendid school.

### THE MODEL ELEMENTARY SSSHOOL.

"The present age has accomplished wonders in the field of material civilization. Men have been enabled to see from the many marvelous inventions how superior the mind is over matter and how thoroughly the power of intellect may hope to render the material world subservient to his every beck and desire. Much has already been achieved, and the possibilities of the future are simply beyond calculation. The tendency of the present day society must inevitably be influenced by this state of affairs. Man becomes daily more aware of the immense powers that he possesses, and thus he is led to look upon himself as the real king and master of creation. The unavoidable result of this self-idolizing is the all-pervading spirit of selfishness, sensualism and greed for gain. No action has a value but in so far as it is able to be measured by dollars and cents, or for the enjoyment it can procure, or the importance it may give man in the eyes of his fellow-men. This spirit of the age has recognized the potency of education, and therefore has seized upon it and made it subservient to its ends. The true object of education has been lost sight of, and in its stead has been placed commercialism, for education as considered nowadays is guaged according to its commercial value—what will it bring me in the open market? How much can I hope to gain by it in the struggle for wealth? Some, hard pressed by the necessity of gaining a livelihood for themselves and those dependent upon them, are indeed in a certain measure entitled to look upon parts of education in this light; but yet the entirety of education must not be lost sight of, nor entirely neglected.

"The existence of this spirit and its application to education is not only apparent in the teaching of the university and of the college, but it has seized upon the very groundwork and foundation of the whole educational fabric—the elementary schools. And yet it is here that the minds and hearts of our children, soft as wax, supple and docile to the slightest impression, are to be formed and moulded to their true purpose in life.



"This becomes all the more apparent when we consider that the vast majority of our children will never have the opportunity of frequenting any other school, and that at the close of the days of their elementary schooling they will be obliged to go forth into the busy marts of the world, and there help those at home to keep the wolf from the door. And if this child has not learnt the real essential purpose of its existence, if it has been taught to esteem only natural happiness and such good as it may procure for itself by the labor of its hands and brains, and when, on the other hand, it must see how downtrodden it is by the powerful and the mighty, it must be filled with discontent at the hardness of its lot. Wherefore our astonishment, then, that we have socialists and anarchists in our midst?

#### REAL END OF MAN.

"It is therefore evident that the spirit now pervading our public educational system is wholly inadequate to satisfy the nature of man. He is not only a being endowed with intelligence and free will, but by the destiny which God has given him he is entitled to aspire to the highest dignity in the gift of God—to be a child of God. Our holy faith teaches this, and this supernatural destiny of man must necessarily be taken into consideration when there is a question of elevating and ennobling man. And any school that makes abstraction of this fact is not worthy to be called a school or a factor in man's education.

"It is indeed true that man is to be prepared by the school for the struggle which he must wage in material life. But the material things which he must use are only the means to an end, and he can not and must not look upon them as the sole object of his existence. The attainment of earthly knowledge, wealth and power must be subservient to the attainment of his real and eternal happiness.

"The whole of education is like unto a temple of which the elementary school is the foundation. The grammar school, high school and college are the walls, and the university is the roof. The work and scope of the elementary school thus becomes apparent, for unless the foundation be a firm and good one, the whole fabric must necessarily be defective and unsound.

#### SCOPE AND OBJECT OF THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

"In speaking of the model elementary school we must determine for ourselves its full scope and object. It takes this scope and object from that of the true idea of education. What is it in fact that the child asks of us when it is sent to school? It knocks at our door for admission and demands that it be prepared for the fulfilment of its purpose in life. It comes to us gifted with a mind, a will, an imagination, a memory, and passion, as well as with the senses of its body. And henceforth the entire child, and not merely a part of it, is entrusted to our care. It becomes now our duty to train all these faculties and enrich them to the utmost of our ability with the

means best calculated to procure for their possessor the full object of his existence. The intelligence must be trained to find the good, the true, the beautiful; the will must be taught to make a good use of its liberty; the imagination must be led to lend its powers only to what is good and noble; and hence the child must be taught restraint in all the faculties that are apt to lead it astray. The memory must be stored with useful knowledge; the passions, good in themselves, bad in their efforts to usurp the duties of the nobler faculties, and the senses, must be led to become the faithful servants of the soul; and the entire body must be made a fit habitation of this immortal soul.

"It is therefore self-evident that the child is to be trained and not crammed. It is equally self-evident that all this cannot be accomplished in the short period of time that is allotted to the elementary school. From the age of 6, when the intelligence is just beginning to bud forth until the age of 12, when the passions of youth are commencing to assert themselves, we can only lay the foundation, and the rest must be achieved later on. The final results must be one homogeneous whole, where the development of every faculty is well balanced and calculated to help the others rather than to prove a hindrance to them. Any system that would have in view the abnormal development of any given faculty to the detriment of the others, would therefore be necessarily incomplete and fail to fulfil the end of elementary education.

#### RELIGION.

"In the model elementary school, therefore, religion must occupy a prominent part. Aside from the fact that it becomes for the teacher an immense help in the perfect accomplishment of his duties, it is in reality the only thing that can enable us to hold our children in restraint. The weak fears only the strong. But how long can you assure yourself that the boy or the girl who has been entrusted to your care will consider you as being the stronger; how long until the child has found out your weakness and begins to assert its innate independence? What authority will your words have? What restraint can you put upon its passions? Look at the result of all education without religion. It is only the fear of the prison or fear of public ignominy that keeps our present society half-ways self-respecting.

#### DISCIPLINE.

"Another necessary element for the success of the model elementary school is the respect which the child must have for the teacher, and which the teacher should have for the child. You needs must respect the immortal soul of the pupil if you will train it conscientiously. It is only on condition of this mutual respect that any school can hope for good results. You will readily understand how easy it is for both teacher and pupil who are imbued with this spirit to have that necessary respect and affection for each other. The child sees the representative of this spirit and not the task-

master; the teacher sees the child of God, and not the noisy, ill-behaved, ill-dressed and impertinent gamin of the streets.

"This mutual respect and affection cannot subsist, however, without discipline. I do not mean so much the maintaining material order as the vigilance which both teacher and pupil must exercise over all their actions and faculties in order to keep them applied to the subject matter in hand. In this, as in everything else, the teacher must give the good example. A noisy, ranting and scolding teacher will inevitably have a noisy, disorderly class. Never scold indiscriminately; let your reprimand be short and to the point. Be impartial to all. If you are obliged to punish, show that it is not passion nor revenge that dictates your action, but make it plain that it is for the child's good. Accommodate the punishment to the child's mental and bodily capacity. Never appeal to a child's alignment. You may at times to his honor. Study and develop the character of your children. Make them individuals in a harmonious whole, not nonentities in chaos.

#### GRADING AND METHODS OF TEACHING.

"It would here be proper to treat the question of grading the schools, the mode of teaching and the length of time that should be devoted to each subject taught according to their relative importance. I shall leave all these points open questions and indicate *en passant* that I do not quite admire some of the novel methods of teaching that are being employed at the present time, nor do I approve of certain standards according to which some schools are graded, nor am I able to decide for myself why such unmerited importance is attached to certain subjects, and others that deserve it receive but scant recognition. What I ask of the elementary school is that it teach the necessary branches and treat them well in the allotted period of six years. Whether you then have a school of twelve grades or only six will be a matter that in my estimation will have to be decided in a great measure by the number of children admitted to the school. I have found by my own personal experience that classes numbering thirty or odd pupils are about as much as any teacher can very well handle. A larger number always proved detrimental to the general standing of the class.

#### PROGRAMME OF STUDIES.

"We now reach the program proper of the school. The changed condition of the times demands also that the studies be arranged in such a way that they satisfy every reasonable demand made upon them. We have passed the stage when the three R's were considered the only requisite of the elementary school. We have grown more exacting in our day, and that with some reason. And yet I am foggy enough to contend that some of the subjects introduced into our public schools are mere fads, and occasion a loss of much precious time.

"Recognizing as we do the true and eternal destiny of man, we are per-



fectly aware of the paramount importance of teaching the children to know, to love and to serve God. The Catechism should therefore occupy a prominent part in the education of the child. I know that there are many parents who object to the children spending so much time over their Catechism. And yet this teaches the child the one great object of its existence. We want men and women who fulfil their duties well, and it is out of reason to expect them to do so unless they know where these duties lie. I, therefore, consider such objections as valueless and simply beg the Lord to pardon them, for they know not what they say.

"Hand in hand with this must go the study of Bible History, not indeed the mere memorizing of it, but the understanding of it as far as the capacity of the child will allow. I would, however, lay the greatest stress upon the New Testament, for it is therein that the fullness of the life and the saving doctrine of Christ is contained.

"One other feature of Christian life must not be forgotten, and that is prayer. The teacher and the pupil need God's grace at every moment of the day, and, therefore, it is well that they ask for it. Besides, prayer is one of the obligations of the Christian life; it is in fact for the soul what the breath is for the body.

"The authorities of our public school system have in some measure recognized this, and that is why in late years we have had the legal fight about books of hymns, exercises from the Bible, etc. Hygiene, too, has become one of the standing fads, and Physiology another, helping conveniently to fill the time that should be devoted to acquiring the knowledge of our eternal destiny. The result of the system is that the child knows how many toes, bones, etc., it has, but is entirely ignorant of all things heavenly.

"We are told that the Sunday schools are sufficient to supply the necessary amount of religion. But every practical teacher can tell me how imperceptibly small is the amount of the matter that can be driven into the little brain during that one solitary hour in the week. And that little mind and that little heart have called to you for the bread of life, and you have given it a stone.

#### ALIGNMENT.

"The item next in importance is the study of languages. Just here allow me to remark that some of our parish schools labor under the apparent disadvantage of learning two languages. I will admit that one language is learned more imperfectly than the other, but that is as far as the disadvantage goes. My own experience has taught me that what appears at first sight and on superficial consideration a disadvantage, is, on the contrary, a decided benefit. The additional amount of training brought to bear on the faculties, far from diminishing the capacity of learning, has a direct tendency to accelerate the use of the faculties and the result in the greatest number of

cases is simply wonderful. The meaning of words grows more precise, the differences of phraseology and idiom give an insight into the genius of the English language that usually comes to the child-mind only some two or three years later. And though I would not positively advocate the study of another language outside of the English in the elementary school, still am I very glad that I preside over a school where such is the case. And so thoroughly am I convinced of the advantage of this system that I am willing to place one of our children of any given grade in competition with a child of a one-language school of superior grade and my child will carry off the honors. I make no hasty assertion. Actual test has proven this.

"But be this as it may, it remains none the less certain that the study of the English language is of paramount importance in our daily lives. It is self-evident that orthography must be thoroughly taught and the necessary time in spelling and dictation devoted to it.

"The question now arises as to what relative importance I would assign to the grammatical branch of the subject. Two extremes must be guarded against—too much and too little. I am in favor of teaching only the fundamental rules. The object is to teach the child how to write correctly in as far as it is capable of mastering the intricacies of the language. I have never found Grammar of any possible help except in so far as it points out the correctness or incorrectness of sentences. All that the elementary knowledge of English signifies is the method of building sentences and of analyzing them, and some other of the fundamental rules. The rest belongs properly to the grammar, or high school, or academy.

"But what I consider of much greater importance is the actual writing of the language, beginning with simple sentences, progressing by simple descriptions of objects that the mind of the child can grasp, and finishing with simple narratives.

"The best aid to this is the book used for reading; for allow me to call your attention to the fact that the mere mechanical reading, correctness of pronunciation, etc., though valuable in itself, is useful then only to the child when its intelligence is called into play and it understands what it reads. To develop the taste of the child I am in favor of having it memorize some pieces and, during the last two years, of giving them some idea of elocution.

"One other point must not be overlooked. This is essentially a reading age, an age of newspapers and public libraries. Children, too, have taken up the craze, and therefore it becomes our duty to see to it that it works not to their spiritual destruction. Unfortunately this is something that is almost universally neglected in the elementary schools of the country, and yet it is something that can be made the means of much good.

"In order to utilize this misspent energy and turn it into proper channels, I propose that during the two last years the children be given at least a summary notion of the history of English literature. I do not mean this to be a mere nomenclature of authors and books, but a brief insight into their

characters. Thus the child will have something to guide itself by, and instead of acquiring the habit of losing its time over books of more or less questionable value, it will be able to make for itself good and true friends for time of joy and of sorrow.

#### MATHEMATICS.

"Next in importance in the actual business of life comes Arithmetic. The need of this is apparent and manifold. No trade, no position in life can dispense with it. Owing to the fact that a large majority of our children will never have the opportunity of completing their studies, it is necessary that they gain a thorough knowledge of the whole of elementary arithmetic.

"Coupled to this I deem it not only advisable but even necessary that during the last two years the child be given a good knowledge of business forms and of the elements of book-keeping. My own experience in this line has been most gratifying. You yourselves may see the advantage of it.

#### HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY.

"It is very much to be regretted that so many of our people are ignorant of our own glorious history and of the geography of our country. Our children are called upon to assume their responsibility as members of a sovereign people; and how can they expect to be able to do so unless they know how their forefathers fought for the Constitution and established our government? They cannot hope to cope successfully with the living questions of the day unless they know the history of the United States thoroughly. Knowing this, they need not study Civil Government, or even, as I have seen in certain schools, Political Economy; but the knowledge of our glorious past, especially from a Catholic standpoint, will make them understand the spirit and the letter of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution far better than if they had studied them for the few hours that can be devoted to them in the elementary school. The necessary complement to this branch of studies is the study of Geography.

#### MUSIC.

"Although I am in favor of music as a matter of voice training and as a means of renewing flagging interest, I am utterly opposed to the prominence which it has attained in certain of our schools. I look upon it as an accomplishment, and we have hardly enough of time for the absolutely necessary.

#### NEEDLEWORK AND DRAWING.

"What I consider more necessary and also very useful is the teaching of plain and fancy sewing to the girls. The elements of drawing, both mechanical and free-hand, may prove useful in all walks of life, and therefore I would advocate that a certain amount of time be set aside for the



teaching of those branches. With this ends the list of subjects that I think essential to the elementary school.

“But you will ask me what becomes of all the other things that are necessary in our progressive age. Oh, yes, all our dear ologies, whatever their names may be, I had almost forgotten. I have already slightly indicated to you what I thought of them, and now let me finish with them. They are an imposition on the good nature of teacher and of pupil, utterly valueless to the great majority of our children and a loss of precious time. The time is too short in the elementary school to allow of a sufficient knowledge of these branches, otherwise most important. They belong to the higher schools, and there let them assume the importance that they must possess in the life of the student. But in the elementary school they are completely out of place, and the only explanation I can give myself for the prominence that they have attained in our present system, is that some idler thought this the best way of passing away time, and others may have been cranks on those given subjects. In either case their necessity was imaginary, and other reasons I see none.

#### DIGNITY OF TEACHER.

“And now allow me to thank you most cordially for your kind indulgence. My presentation of the subject must necessarily be a limited one, and one defective in many respects. But you will take the will for the deed. If I have been able to give you some food for thought I shall feel perfectly satisfied.

“But one moment more and I shall have done. You have been addressed by many distinguished men during these last days, and I trust that the good work begun by the Summer School will continue, flourish and bring forth rich fruit for the cause of true education. You have been told within the last few days that a teacher must be called. Aye, and that vocation is a divine one—in fact. It associates the teacher to the Apostolate of Christ upon earth. He came to bring His doctrine to men; you are called to bring the message of love to those dear little ones whom He loved so much. To your hands their lives, as it were, have been entrusted. It is for you to see to it that the right road and their true doctrine are pointed out to them. Yours to fit them for it—a sublime vocation, but an arduous task. May the blessing of God accompany you and make your efforts fructify, and lighten the burden that is laid upon your shoulders.”



## AN ESSAY ON SOCIALISM.

— Socialism, under whatever form it may be propounded, is *theoretically* opposed to the doctrine of Faith, to the declarations of the Sovereign Pontiffs and to right reason ; *practically* it falls short of the end proposed, and is otherwise incapable of realization.—

Sound-minded men have ever maintained that man is by nature a social being—"Animal sociale",—as the philosophers say. Nature, or rather, the God of nature, is the author of social union, and the natural order imperatively demands it. St. Clement, of Rome, gave the reason long ago: "The great," says the Pontiff, "cannot subsist without the small, nor the small without the great. There is a kind of mixture in all things ; and thence arises mutual advantage." Men thus drawn together by their common nature and mutual dependence see themselves surrounded by many goods—to be used by them. To acquire and enjoy these goods makes up man's earthly existence. These goods are manifold, as indeed they have to be, in order to minister to the manifold faculties of man. Man possesses many faculties, but not all of the same order. The lower faculties must serve the higher. Now this state of servitude of the lower faculties in no-wise derogates from their necessity, for man is neither all mind, nor all matter, but composed of mind and matter, of body and soul—one cannot do without the other. But the meaner, the body, must keep its position and serve the nobler—the soul, to attain its true end. In order to solve the social problem this truth must ever be borne in mind.

It is the source of the distinction of classes—for surely it must fall to some members of the society to procure the material, to others to procure the spiritual welfare of the society—and this truth is moreover the source of the division of labor. No compact, therefore, of man's free will, but nature herself, has divided and subordinated the human family. Nature has subordinated these classes, because there exists of necessity a real relation between them—a relation, namely, of superiority and inferiority, according as their obligations to society are greater or less. But though nature has thus ordered, she has not ordered that the higher classes should despise the lower and oppress them. This is in opposition to the harmony that order requires. St. Clement of Rome already protested against any such disorder—"Let the strong not despise the weak," he writes to the Corinthians, "let the weak show respect to the strong. Let the rich man provide for the wants of the poor, and let the poor man bless God, because He hath given him one by whom his needs may be supplied."

The disturbance of this harmony is social corruption—its restoration is social reform—its entire abandonment and the substitution of a new arbitrary order is social revolution or anarchy. To-day the classes are sadly "out of joint"—social corruption reigns.

Starting from the certain principle that there are *real* relations between man and God—between man and fellow-man—between man and the goods



of this world, and that consequently the disturbance of one affects the symmetry of the whole—the causes of this corruption are easily told. Men, as soon as they deny allegiance to God, and as soon as their relations to each other and to the goods of this world are no longer ruled by the principles of Christian morality, forfeit social peace and hasten to social and economical decay. This is the verdict of history, and it must be true. Social reform, therefore, has not only to do with purely economical questions, but its object must be to restore also the normal order of the universe. Many social reformers have imagined that social reform and moral reform are two distinct things. Many others give the moral question no thought, and maintain that all will be righted by righting the economic relations of men—how far these latter are wrong it is the object of this essay to demonstrate.

*J. Law.*

(to be continued.)



## IS THE EARTH A SOLID ?

One of the most interesting topics among men of science to-day is the question whether the earth is a liquid mass covered with a thin outer crust, or a compact, solid globe; or whether, as some maintain, it is partly solid, and partly liquid. Various opinions have been put forward by eminent geologists; and, though they differ widely in some instances, all are backed by proofs that, considered by themselves, are unanswerable. A few, and yet not so few, hold that the earth is at present a molten mass, whose thin outer covering is merely the liquid substance cooled down to a rigid shell during the course of ages. It is hardly incredible, nay, it has been most conclusively proved, that the earth which is now man's habitation, was once a melted mass of conglomerate mineral matters, fiery hot, rushing through solitary, boundless space, as some of the planets are doing to-day. By degrees, no one knows how, it lost some of the heat which seemed essential to it, and settled down from its chaotic whirlwind of fire to the present ardorless, well-ordered planet on which we pass the little day of our existence.

All this is inferred from various phenomena observed by investigating geologists. One of their most prominent arguments is, that volcanoes send forth hot melted lava (a mixture of many kinds of stones, metals, and other mineral substances in a state of complete fusion); and how, they proceed to argue, can hot melted matter come forth from the earth, if its interior be not composed of such matter? Again, they say that earthquakes are caused by the contraction of this same interior cooling material, which compels the crust to settle. Furthermore, they maintain that large portions of the earth's surface have slowly subsided, so that they are now five or eight miles below their former level; this could only happen if the interior were

liquid. Lastly, they contend, the heat visibly and constantly increases as one descends into the earth, for which they account by the existence of interior heated matter, so hot as to be in a state of complete, or at least partial, liquefaction.

The very opposite of this theory is held by another large class of geologists, whose opinion seems to me the more probable solution of the question. The greater number of these latter admit the probable liquid state of the globe in far off, pre-historic times. But they contend that the cooling process did not begin on the outer surface, but rather within the molten mass, and though a crust was gradually formed, the inside cooling went on more quickly than the outside. This is no idle theorizing, but the result of long and careful study; it is likewise based on unchangeable physical principles. If the whole interior of this vast globe were liquid, it would be practically impossible for the thin crust to remain as rigid as we know it to be, since the constant motion of the earth, both diurnal and annual, as well as the movement necessarily consequent on the liquid and fiery state of the massive interior, would produce alternate risings and fallings of surface, —which, as we well know, is not the case. Although we cannot believe that the interior of the earth is entirely molten, the volcanoes show that there is some molten matter in the bowels of the earth; but the fact that they are found only in *certain portions* of the earth's surface, seems to point to the truth of the fact we have been remotely alluding to, namely, that there are reservoirs of melted minerals, in certain localities only some distance below the surface. Moreover, it is well known that volcanoes become inactive after a greater or less number of eruptions, and that in former ages their number was considerably greater than at present; this leads to the same conclusion. Earthquakes may be similarly accounted for; as in many cases they occur simultaneously with volcanic eruptions, they are probably caused by the sudden void created by the escape of lava, and the rush of the outer crust to fill the vacuum. The claim that portions of the surface have gradually settled to a level five or eight miles below their former level, though not well substantiated, may be satisfactorily explained in the same manner as earthquakes; either the escape or the contraction of lava is the underlying cause of all these phenomena. Although the temperature increases below the surface, it has never been shown to increase in any fixed ratio. From this we may conclude that we cannot say for a certainty what it will be at any given depth, and, hence, we have no grounds for declaring the interior to be molten.

We think that the principal arguments of those who maintain that the earth is a liquid mass covered with a solid crust have been refuted; and since, not being liquid, it must be either gaseous or solid, we think that few arguments are needed to prove that it is not gaseous, and to further establish the opinion of its solidity. As it has never been said to be gaseous, no proof is needed to substantiate this claim, and the only alternative now is to accept the theory that the globe is solid. We do not contend that its interior is entirely devoid of liquid matter; as we said before, the existence of volcanoes proves the contrary. But we do believe, with a host of eminent and world-renowned scientists, deep thinkers, and profound men of learning, that the greater portion of the interior of the earth is a solid, firm, intact mass of mineral substances.

J. Malloy.

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## ...EDITORIALS...

### Bail to the New Year 1900='01.

The departure of our Graduates is ever the occasion of a mingling of regret and joy; regret that we shall be college-mates no longer, and that perhaps, as often happens, we shall never meet again till the final judgment day; joy, that at last, they have reached the goal for which they have labored so hard. In their departure, they have shifted a heavy though agreeable burden from their own to our shoulders, namely the publication of this BULLETIN.

Rest assured, ye Graduates of '00 and of all preceding years, that the high standard set by you, shall not be lowered by the Class of '01; rest assured that we will preserve the trust imposed upon us, with all its honors, and will surrender it to our successors with the consciousness that we have done all in our power not only to retain its honors, but to increase them.



It is a source of some pleasure to know that this year already gives promise of surpassing all its predecessors in the number of students attending the College.

Already it has been found necessary to establish a hall outside of the College proper, to accommodate the ever increasing number of boarders.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the present faculty is truly in keeping with the advanced progress of the times; as to its excellence, the students are all able and willing to testify.

W. J. M.



THE number of Academicians in the College at present is far greater than ever it had been previously. And not only is the number greater, but judging from the work already done, and applying our knowledge of physiognomy, we have come to the conclusion that the quality is also of a superior kind.

It is for this reason, as also knowing the *cacoethes scribendi* which has taken possession of some of them, that we have decided to feed this flame by giving their productions place in our columns. Formerly it was only exceptionally that an article by an Academician appeared in the BULLETIN. Hereafter this department will be represented in each issue.

T. A. D.



THERE is a great deal being said these days about expansion. We read of it in print, in newspaper articles, and hear it echoed and re-echoed in stump speeches and campaign harrangues all over the country. Its glories and its commercial advantages are ever being depicted to us in their brightest colors by these same enthusiasts.

Now, without in any way wishing to enter on this phase of expansion, or desiring, in the least, to judge of its merits as campaign material, we would merely state it to be our opinion that there are features and expressions connected with it which are decidedly un-American—as for example the implication that our policy ought to be influenced by outside opinion or weighed in a European balance. What care we what others say or do! Let us think and act for ourselves.

T. A. D.



It would seem that some Americans are still crying for the “flesh-pots of Egypt.” They seem half sorry that our forefathers threw off the British yoke, and are at a loss to know why the Americans disclaim an Anglo-Saxon origin, thus widening the gap they would wish to span. Attempts to emphasize this affinity between the United States and England are constantly cropping out. They do not come out very explicitly; still, though implicit,

they are quite evident and are becoming more frequent. Not a day passes but we see evidences of the Anglo-Saxon mania which has infected some of our "patriots." The following instance is only one out of the thousand which might be cited.

A few days ago, one of our daily papers, in commenting on the decision rendered to Germany, in the cases of General Tung-Fu-Siang and Prince Tuan, by our State Department and Great Britain, gave expression to the following: "A high official reckoned that this agreement is but another evidence of something in the blood that causes Anglo-Saxons to think on the same line." Most plausible! Just because, *casu*, or perhaps by the pre-concerted arrangement of diplomats, the decisions of these two countries were co-incident, some "true patriot" takes occasion to plume himself on his Anglo-Saxon extraction.

Are we Anglo-Saxons? Out of the seventy-five millions of people in this country, there are, at the most, about a million who might, by stretching things to their farthest, claim to be of such an origin. In fact this element is far from being predominant. Again, who are the men who have made this country the republic it is? Were they Anglo-Saxons? How does this element compare with the Irish contingent to our greatness? What is the meaning of the words of Lord Mountjoy in the English Parliament: "You lost America by the Irish!"

It is about time to do away with this uncalled-for laudation of the Anglo-Saxon race. There is nothing more dangerous to our unity, or more likely to destroy the fortress we have been building for years, than this miserable cant and gabble about Anglo-Saxon blood. Surely it is anything but creditable to us. It has been truly said that, "the most powerful nations are the most heterogeneous." So far from blushing at our mixed origin we should glory in it. America is the "grand asylum and *home of humanity*, where people of every race and clime under the whole heaven may stand erect on one unvarying plane of political and religious equality."

We are *Americans*, not Anglo-Saxons; and such may we ever remain!

T. A., D.



## ON DISINTERESTEDNESS.

One of the most convincing proofs of true virtue and one of the most potent gifts with which nature's God has endowed us, is disinterestedness, which we may venture to describe as an unselfish simplicity of purpose in the accomplishment of duty, and especially in the performance of works of charity in the interests of our neighbor.

The captivating attractiveness it possesses, frequently causes it to be counterfeited and employed as a subterfuge to disguise the petty artifices of selfishness.

We read of a Grecian philosopher casting his gold into the sea, and at first sight we are prompted to admire the man capable of such a seemingly heroic act, but when we examine deeper into his conduct, we find that it was not under the noble inspirations of disinterestedness that he thus acted, but merely in order to rid himself of the anxiety attendant upon wealth.

He may be styled as the founder of a too numerous school who, not possessing true disinterestedness, endeavor to deceive and hoodwink others by imitating, or I may say aping, a virtue which they do not in reality possess.

If disinterestedness does not imply sacrifice in action, it, at any rate, supposes a readiness to submit, as often as is necessary, to the detriment of private interest. Its tendency is to banish and eradicate all narrow, self-seeking aims and this is one of the reasons why disinterestedness is most potent in evoking the sympathies of others. It conquers the most implacable enemy, wins the applause of the most callous observer, captivates all well regulated minds, and goes straight to every truly impressionable heart. Knaves, being conscious of its popularity, conceal under it their wolfish cunning, and frequently glide, upon its unerring prestige, into unmerited fortune.

The Saints alone, it may be claimed, except in instances which only confirm the rule, are the exemplars of disinterestedness, and in them this virtue has reached its greatest perfection. Where can we find more illustrious examples of unselfishness than in the ranks of those men and women who deeming it a luxury to be able to despise riches, honors and high positions, constantly keeping self-interest in the back ground, were characterized by their readiness to be humbled rather than exalted, and although tossed to and fro on life's starring ocean, were buoyed up by uncomplaining indifference, so that they became all to all and dead to self.

It was disinterestedness of this calibre which endeared St. Francis de Sales to all with whom he came in contact. There went out from him that which distinctly assured them that they were in the presence of a superior being.

The unselfish spirit of St. Francis was once lauded by his sovereign who, seeing the saint perform some disinterested action, remarked that there was more true nobility in St. Francis than in any sovereign he ever heard or read about. Generosity without limit, and sympathy that admits of no distinction, are two requisites which are inseparable from true disinterestedness.

Thus heroes and conquerors have been noblest in their deeds of magnanimity, and most honored in their tender considerateness. Napoleon's generosity to the daring English lad who tried to escape from Calais is an instance of it. But the magnanimity of heroes and conquerors pales into insignificance when compared with that of the saints.

Nothing with them was too sacred to be turned into an instrument of sympathy. The sacred vassels of the altar were converted into money. The revenues of the Church were made the patrimony of the poor.



Asylums of mercy were erected to meet the ravages of some sudden epidemic, and the princely genius of a St. Charles Borromeo and the fine feelings of a Bellarmine were found bending over the pestilential couch of smitten wretchedness. But disinterestedness is not confined only to the Princes and Saints of the Church of ages past, for we may find many inspiring examples of this heroic virtue even in our days and in the humblest walks of life.

What is more admirable than the unselfishness which pervades all well regulated families ! Witness the sacrifice a brother makes for a sister, a mother for a child ! Even in a college, which should always be modeled after the perfect Christian family, it is possible to find examples of true and genuine disinterestedness.

The heterogeneous characters of our confreres or companions afford us an ample opportunity of exercising our disinterestedness. By lending a helping hand to those who need it, by addressing cheering words to those who are dejected, or seem to be forgotten by the others, we are often able to do an immense amount of good, and we gain not only the gratitude and affection of those we aid but also the admiration and respect of all who witness our acts of disinterestedness.

*J. Reilly, '01.*



### ECHOES OF THE VILLA.

Some few miles down the Ohio, lies the modest little village of Glenfield, surrounded by miniature mountains whose sides, with the exception of a few cultivated spots, are entirely covered with tall and stately trees. Half-way up one of these mountains, and peeping through a cluster of oaks, may be seen a quaint though spacious building that is reached by a narrow winding path. In this secluded, out-of-the-way spot, the Scholastics retire during the summer months to spend a whole or part—as the case may be—of their vacation. Here they while away the hours in reading, swimming and playing almost every imaginable game, especially base ball and tennis.

Masters Dullard, McNally, Ennis and Fitzsimmons, spent considerable of their vacation at the "Villa."

Messrs. Schalz and Eschman claim the honor of being the champion tennis players.

Base ball has its attractions for some, swimming for others, but Joseph B. finds *his* delight in philosophy.

The Very Rev. Fr. Zielenbach, C. S. Sp., Provincial, and Very Rev. Fr. Hehir, President of the College, paid us a pleasant visit at the villa. Among our other visitors were Fathers P. McDermott, Healy, Galette, Gavin, Rumbach, Meyer, and Mr. J. Dooley.

Had we remained much longer at Glenfield, we should have expected to see the stately oaks dancing as in the days of Apollo, to the tune of Eschman's cornet. He is becoming quite an adept in this line, and will, we presume, figure prominently in the orchestra this year.

Jno. Murphy finally came, like all wise men, to the conclusion that books are indeed one's greatest friends, and as a consequence he was to be found at all hours of the day with a volume of Irving's works in one hand and a Webster's dictionary in the other.

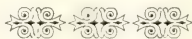
P. O'Connor was so charmed with the beauties of Demosthenes' orations, which we translated in class last year, that he resolved to make the twentieth century see another orator, no less renowned. This accounts for the frequent outbursts of grandiloquence which resounded through the wooded hills of Glenfield.

All the Scholastics and their many visitors unite in extending a vote of thanks to the Hon. Mich. Gavin, for the excellent services rendered them during vacation. His cooking especially cannot be too highly commended.

Even though we were fewer in number this year than ever we had been, still the ball games were never more interesting. Murphy, who boasts of never having "struck out," and of making a couple of home runs, McCambridge, Fandraj, O'Connor and Dullard, deserve special mention for their fine playing.

That some of our number are gifted with a remarkably keen appreciation of the beauties of nature is plainly evinced by the fact that while at the Villa "they have," as Irving says, "watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze, a leaf could not rustle to the ground, a diamond-drop could not patter in the stream, a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, not a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality."

*T. A. Dunn.*



### ATHLETICS.

The following comments of the Pittsburg daily press will bear evidence to the good work of Parker E. Conway, in the great races, which came off at Schenley Park, last 4th of July, in presence of a vast multitude of spectators:

"In field events, several surprises were sprung and one of the track records badly smashed. The record-breaking event was the 100 yard dash, which was won by Parker E. Conway, of Pittsburg College, a new comer in local amateur circles, who walked away with the race in the exceedingly fast time of 10 seconds."—*Post*.

"A crowd of nearly 50,000 people yesterday witnessed the greatest field and track meet ever held at Schenley park. Lester Wilson in the bicycle races, and Parker Conway in the field events, were the stars of the meet. The timers gave Conway a record of ten seconds for the 100-yard dash."—*Leader*.

"The grand showing of Parker Conway, of Pittsburg College, easily won him the honors of the day in sprinting events at Schenley park, on the 4th of July, as he captured two firsts and one third out of the three races in which he competed. His time of ten seconds flat for the 100-yard dash has never been equaled in this vicinity, and though he was helped somewhat by the wind, nevertheless his performance was remarkable.

"Owing to the full programme and the shortness of time, the events were run off in rapid succession, and Conway gave out and was unable to start in the half-mile handicap. He had to run both his qualifying heat and the 100-yard dash a second time owing to a false start, and consequently could get no better than third in the 440-yard run, though he was leading as he came into the home-stretch."—*Dispatch*.

"Yesterday was the greatest day ever witnessed at Schenley park race track, since the magnificent field for sports was established. It is estimated that more people witnessed the racing and other events than on any Fourth of July since they were first held in Pittsburg. Although the events were scheduled to start promptly at 1 o'clock, large crowds began to arrive at the race track long before the sports began, and not a vacant seat was to be had when they were started. Standing room was soon at a premium, and the narrow pathway between the seats and the railing around the track was crowded two rows deep with people who were satisfied to stand that they might witness the races and other events on the program. The crowd was of the good natured sort and many who had come early eagerly assisted the tardy ones to find places on the bleachers. All afternoon a great crowd of men and women kept circulating around the race track in the hope of finding a place where they could squeeze in and see the show. Men, women and children were alike drawn up through the openings between the seats, if there was any possible chance of making room for them.

"The racing and sports were of the highest order and have seldom been equaled on local grounds. The entry list of competitors for the different events contained the names of nearly all the crack amateurs in this city and surrounding towns. Very few who had placed their names on the list to participate in the events failed to show up on time. Several surprises were given the followers of sports in the sprints and other foot races and one of the track records was badly smashed. The 100-yards dash was the record breaking event and was won by Parker E. Conway, a student at the Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost, and a newcomer in local amateur circles. Conway walked away from the rest of the men in the race in the exceedingly



fast time of 10 seconds. Martin Briscoe, of Titusville, another newcomer, made a great second and finished up well in all the events in which he participated, winning one first and two seconds.

100-yard dash—Parker E. Conway, first; R. G. Deevers, second; Martin Briscoe, third. Time, 10 seconds. 220-yard hurdle—Parker E. Conway, first; W. H. Brown, second; Martin Briscoe, third. Time, :28 3-5. 440-yard run—Martin Briscoe, first; W. H. Brown, second; Parker Conway, third. Time, :52 2-5."—*Times*.



### FOOT BALL.

At present everything looks favorable for a first-class team. The boys have been kept constantly at practice and claim they will give a good account of themselves this fall. There are numerous candidates for the various positions, but the line-up will most probably be as follows: Nalen, or A. Smith, center; Maloney, Russell, and Fisher, guards; Roach and Mayer, tackles; Curran, O'Hare and Gaynor, ends; Laux and McLaughlin, backs; Hucklestein, quarter; Laux, full back.

The opening game of the season is scheduled for Saturday, October 6th, at Homestead park. Although destined to line up against such a magnificent team, composed of the greatest stars of the gridiron, our boys are not scared, and will make heroic efforts to show the effects of the good hard training they have been getting during the last few weeks.

The Homestead team has upon its list such eminent players as Church and Poe, of Princeton, G. Young, of Cornell, Gammons, Fultz and Richardson, of Brown, Overfield, of Pennsylvania, Pierce, of Carlisle, and Mathews, of W. & J. This great team will certainly throw into the shade all previous famous teams that have brought renown on the gridiron to the Smoky City.

#### SECOND TEAM.

The Sophomores may not be quite so strong this year as in former years; nevertheless, their great activity and skill will, no doubt, amply compensate for this deficiency. They have had excellent practice during the last two weeks, with the first team, keeping the latter down very well. Rev. Fr. Gavin is their energetic manager. John Sackville, who plays full back and captains the team, is quite an adept at this position. Their positions on the team are as follows: C. Meyer, l. e.; J. Whelan, l. t.; H. Smith, l. g.; J. R. Campbell, c.; L. Brennen, r. g.; J. O'Hare, r. t.; W. O'Connor, r. e.; R. Couzins, q.; J. Robinson, r. h.; J. Gapin, l. h.; J. Sackville, f. b.

#### THIRD TEAM.

The Juniors have also organized and donned uniforms, under the direc-

tion of Mr. T. J. Maniecki, the successful manager of last season's junior team. Many of last year's players are again on the team and they expect to retain their clean record of '99. At a meeting of the players, Relihan, last season's q. b., was chosen as captain, and Joe O'Connor, one of last season's halves, was elected secretary and treasurer. Following are the names of the players who will be in the game this season: Donovan, center; Willis, last season's l. e., quarter; Price and Tanney, or Kane, guards; J. Berner and Jackson, tackles; Relihan and Boyle, ends; J. O'Connor and Pascual, half-backs; and W. O'Connor, full back. Several games have already been scheduled and many good games are expected before the season of 1900 closes. Mr. Edw. J. Huckestein, of the 'Varsity team, will act as coach for the Juniors.



### EXCHANGES.

The number of schools of advanced learning in this country is constantly increasing in proportion to the rapid progress which literary culture and refinement are making here. And as almost every institution, however small, has its journal, the exchange editor of to-day finds himself deluged by a flood of such publications. He is the fortunate recipient of all the choice productions of the various seats of learning. But along with this he is doomed to give his time to the perusal of much that is worthless.

It is not the intention of the writer to become didactic or to lay down rules by which journal critics must be guided; still he will venture to express the modest hope that the suggestion herein made may elicit some friendly inter-communication on this subject-matter that may not be without value, or may help to establish some broad and general standard, which, after all, is necessary to a certain extent.

The extreme importance of allowing every journal ample latitude for the development of the special taste and genius of its staff, the characteristic features of its local surroundings, or devotion to the more particular branch of learning which it represents, obliges the exchange editor not to be too exacting. Since among our exchanges we find representatives of colleges and universities from all parts of the United States and Canada, we must necessarily expect to meet with a great variety of tastes, some of which, perhaps, are far from harmonizing with our opinion of what a college journal should be. But we should remember that *de gustibus non est disputandum*, and allow all possible latitude.

In a word, all journal criticism should be made in the most generous spirit.

T. A. Dunn.

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### OBITUARY.

We extend the expression of our heart-felt sympathy to the family of the late MRS. AGNES McKENNA, who died at Wilmerding on Tuesday morning, Sept. 18. She was the mother of our fellow-student, Patrick J. McKenna, and the wife of Mr. Michael McKenna, one of the best known citizens and earliest residents of Wilmerding, where he has been, for several years, the proprietor of the Commercial Hotel. The funeral services took place at the Church of St. Aloysius.

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### SOCIETIES.

As the election for the officers of the various Literary societies and sodalities, connected with the College, has not yet taken place, we are unable at present to give these societies any extended notice. In the next issue of the BULLETIN, the list of the officers elected and subjects to be discussed by the two Debating Societies will also be published.



### CLASSES.

The young members of the Third Academic Class are very numerous this term and display remarkable talent. A good many of them are from the successful candidates that were admitted to the public High School at the last June examination. Their professors confess that this class contains the brightest boys of the entire College.

Those of last year's Third Academic have now entered upon Caesar and Arnold, at the same time that they are getting their first taste of Greek. In Science they are delving into the secrets of that beautiful and interesting treatise of Botany.

Caesar's great work is being completed by the members of the First Academic who are also becoming familiar with Ovid's best selections, and Xenophon's Anabasis, while their literary taste in their native tongue is chastened by a good, analytical perusal of Scott's "Lady of the Lake" and our own Washington Irving's "Sketch Book." Greece and Rome make up the interesting subject matter of their History Class, while Geology occupies them in the department of science.

In the Sophomore and Freshman, the History of the Church replaces the regular study of Religion pursued in the lower classes. The members of these classes are getting their last drills in Latin and Greek grammar. This



year they are meditating on Cicero's "De Senectute," and Plato's well-known works, while, for the first time, the Freshmen are making the acquaintance of those two immortal poets—Virgil and Homer.

The rules and figures of Rhetoric, together with the writers and works of our American Literature, occupy their attention in the English Department of this class, along with a careful analysis of the Essays of Addison and Goldsmith, as well as of Pope's Essay on Criticism. In this class, also, the youthful candidates for fame take their first flights in oratory, as members of the *Lyceum* Debating Society. In History they begin their travels through the weird land of obelisks, pyramids and mummies.

The Seniors and Juniors have a most varied assortment of intellectual pabulum presented to them in this year's course. Philosophy, naturally, is the great study which most of all confers dignity, and throws seriousness, upon the members of these classes. The Junior class's distinctive subject, Logic, is now engaging their attention and they are entering gradually and with avidity upon those weather-beaten and storm-tossed questions that have furnished material for discussion to modern as well as to ancient philosophers since the days of Aristotle.

The latter's philosophical works, as well as the very serious treatise of Cicero, *De Finibus*, add zest to what would otherwise be a somewhat dry study of the "Laws of Thought." All this is seasoned by Tacitus' *De Germania*, and Horace's *Satires*, together with Thucydides' great master-piece upon the History of Ancient Greece.

The English Department of this Class is replete with absorbing and interesting subject-matter. The study of the Scriptures, more particularly of the Canon of the Old Testament, has been taken up, and its importance is heightened in the eyes of the members of the Class by allusions made to the errors, so rampant in our own times, regarding the Bible and its inspiration. "Julius Caesar" is the work analyzed in the Shakespeare Class, while Bacon's Essays are perused and studied as the model of Prose Literature. The entire modern period of English Poetry and Prose is being reviewed from the reign of the Stuarts down to our own days. In History, especially, the field is a large and very instructive one. It includes all modern history.



#### NOTES ON THE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

THE Business Department of the Pittsburg College never attained such a high degree of efficiency as it has reached this present term.

ALL the old students of recent years know that this Department

occupies a large part of the former Theatrical Hall. Since last year, however, a still larger amount of space has been secured by the transformation of the big stage into a splendid suite of business offices, flanked by two fine rooms for special courses such as the Shorthand and Type-writing classes. Thus the present immense area at the disposal of the Business Class gives the largest and best equipped offices of any School or College in the country.

EVERY student in the advanced class of this Department has a fine, new Business desk, with most convenient drawers, &c., just as he may be expected to have at his disposal later on in the mercantile world.

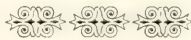
THE new high-grade type-writers give the students of Shorthand the best to be had in these appliances—and familiarity with their use will render the change from the school-room to the actual offices comparatively easy.

THERE was never such a complete course of study planned for any Business College, as has been mapped out for this Department, at the beginning of the present term. It includes thorough work in the theory and practice of Book-keeping as well as in Business and Office practice.

IN the Office practice of the Stenography department, special attention is given to the best methods of duplicating and manifolding, &c., as well as filing, and caring for, correspondence. Only those who are sufficiently advanced in the special English class of the Business Department are allowed to take up the more advanced shorthand work.

THE professors in charge of the Business Class have become, by experience, more and more convinced that for successful work, even where shorthand and type-writing are almost exclusively in demand, employers are now unwilling to place much confidence in candidates who have not attained a thorough, practical, familiarity with English grammar and correspondence.

THE rules of the College are very liberal towards the students in the Commercial Course. The latter may, therefore, take up other branches taught more particularly in the Academical department, such as higher English, advanced Mathematics, or any of the scientific subjects.



### THE SUNDAY EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

We extend our gratitude to the young musicians who have offered their services to the orchestra for the coming year. The prospects of a good orchestra are very promising; and if the young musicians persevere in the work they have already so well begun, they will contribute in no small degree to the pleasure derived from these weekly concerts.

Prof. C. B. Weiss has very earnestly begun his instructions, and the

masterly rendering of several selections on last Sunday evening, Sept. 23, reflected much credit upon his diligent training.

The orchestra is made up of the following members: Rev. P. A. McDermott, Prof. C. B. Weiss, Bro. Tertullian, Bro. Berton, Messrs. J. A. Baumgartner, A. J. Majeski, F. Gwyer, A. J. Eschman, E. J. Halley, H. J. Hartigan, F. P. Hartigan, F. E. Kautz, A. L. Smith, J. F. Malloy, J. J. Dekowski, H. J. Smith, J. P. Patterson, J. J. Whelan, J. J. Danhardt, Ch. Gwyer and F. Meyer.

The brass band for this year has been confided to the careful direction of Rev. P. A. McDermott. We hope to see a very good organization in the near future.

The opening entertainment was given Sunday evening, Sept. 23. The programme was the following: Overture, "The Cuckoo March," Orchestra; Recitation, "The Learned Colored Preacher," F. J. Schwab; Song, "The Two Grenadiers," A. J. Eschman; Recitation, "Respha," J. T. Jaworski; Cornet Solo, "The Palms," F. P. Hartigan; Recitation, "Shandon Bells," A. J. Majeski; Debate: "Resolved, That the Study of Modern Languages Should Be Encouraged;" Chairman, Mr. W. McElligott; Affirmative, Messrs. J. Riley and G. Schoppel; Negative, Messrs. P. O'Connor and M. Hayes; Finale, "Popular Waltz," Orchestra.

*A. J. Eschman.*



### OUR LORD IN THE TABERNACLE.

One of our great sins of omission is our want of love and devotion to the most Blessed Sacrament. Especially culpable are we when we have opportunities to frequently visit our Divine Lord in the Tabernacle. We know of pious souls, living at a great distance from a Catholic Church, who would consider it the height of happiness to be near our Lord. On the other hand, many pass and re-pass the abode of Holiness without a reverent thought, raising of the hat or bowing of the head, as a mark of respect and expression of Faith. Another neglect is with regard to Benediction. Too often do we excuse ourselves from that holy act of worship. Benediction is not a mere expression of an earnest wish, but—to quote the current number of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*—"an actual imparting of peace and calm, of joy and zeal, of hope and confidence. Some even have received the gift of Faith when the Eucharistic Christ gave His benediction. Several instances of such marvelous and instantaneous conversions suggest themselves; perhaps the best known is that of the celebrated musician, Hermann. Asked by a friend to direct the music in a Catholic Church at Benediction one day in May, the Jew consented. When the monstrance was uplifted by the priest, the maestro felt impelled to kneel. The blessing was given; for Hermann it was Faith. He corresponded to the grace, became a Catholic, a Carmelite priest, and died a martyr of charity in the Franco-Prussian war."





## FINE CUTLERY

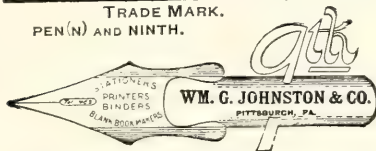
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# HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN

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Vol. VII.    Pittsburg, Pa., November, 1900.    No. 2.

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## DANTE.

—  
A SONNET.

O Florence' Son! O gloomy grandeur linked with frown of hell  
Around Black Horror's brow where blacker horror, hurled  
Through wanderings and ruin o'er an exiled world,  
Still darker frowns! Dante! Arezzo's Challenger! Thy knell  
For doom'd and damnéd souls is sounding now its tones to tell  
Me all thy mutterings; thy journey from the heights  
Precipitate of Beatrice' embrace to hell's blue flame;  
Thy sober, brooding, calm and deep unutterable pain  
Of melancholy converse with the dam'd whose flights  
Eternal over rocks and rents along a melted sea  
Of mad Despair (grown liquid with a hungry fire  
Consuming only Hope) were stayed awhile in agony  
Before thy august grief, to curse a judged desire  
Or deed of Earth, and speak its deathless punishment through  
thee!

*Alfred McCann.*

Dante's deep, sensitive, morose temperament, crushed ever lower and lower into more pitiable gradations of despair by the weariness and gloom of his exiled days which came, as they did, after some no little degree of honor had been heaped upon him, together with the sublime effort he made to forget self by plunging into a grief greater than his own, has suggested to me a picture whose background has gathered into perspective all that imagination can conceive of hell. Dante himself, meditative, alone, intensely human, leaning against a rock in the very bowels of the Inferno, his heavy head resting upon his long, thin fingers, stands in the foreground, magnificent, solitary, grand; while ever and anon a cursed, suffering soul glides before him and, whispering all its torment as it passes, flees on again to never ending misery and fire . . . . These things, in the writing, seemed to justify a heavier and statelier metre than the Sonnet usually contains, and accordingly I have adopted an alternation of seven and six feet, for which departure from the ordinary I have deemed the above explanation necessary.

## AN ESSAY ON SOCIALISM.

### ECONOMIC CLASSES.

The economic classes are those whose duty it is to provide for the material wants of society. These wants call for three things—the production of the earth's raw material, or *agriculture*—the preparation of the raw material for consumption, or *manufacture*—and the sale or distribution of the joint produce of the earth and of human industry, or *trade and commerce*. Thus we have three distinct economic classes—the agricultural, the manufacturing and the mercantile. Add to this the laboring class, which serves the other classes, and the social economy is complete.

### THE HOSTILE POWERS.

How to shape and regulate the economic life of society, in order to make it conduce to the well being of the whole society, has ever been a vexed question. In modern times it has called forth two systems, diametrically opposed. The one is practically in possession, the other is striving might and main to dislodge it and rule in its stead. The first calls itself liberal economism, or capitalism; it is the Manchester theory of Adam Smith, and starts from the principle of individualism, or the vilest egoism and selfishness. The atheistic character of this system is apparent, for it tramples on a fundamental law of Nature, and thus on the God of Nature Himself. Capitalism is insatiable, and its insatiableness is the hidden mine destined to destroy it. The unchristianizing begun by the so-called reformers of the 16th century has led consequently to materialism. Justice and charity are no longer factors in legislation. The ideas of 1789 have gained the upper hand, and through them Capitalism has prospered and stands now at its zenith. The reaction against it is ever increasing. The victims of the base system are becoming more dissatisfied. The reaction is divided into two camps. *Reform* is the watchword of the one—*Revolution* of the other. The two powers are *Catholicism* and *Socialism*. Socialism in its endeavor to annihilate Capitalism is only ruining society, instead of bettering it. "*Lethifera pestis quae per artus intimos humanae societatis serpit, eamque in extremum delictum adducit*"—says Pope Leo XIII., speaking of Socialism.

### CHARACTER OF THE SOCIALISTIC SYSTEM. A NEW ORDER.

Socialism is not a purely economic system—it has on the contrary built up for itself a view of the world which, it is needless to say, is atheistic. That is how Pope Leo XIII. regards it, for he writes: "*Nihil quod humanis divinisque legibus ad vitae incolumitatem et decus sapienter decretum est, intactum vel integrum relinquunt*" (*Socialistae*).

Starting from this principle, Socialism of course demands a new social



order. The world beyond the veil, it says, is but a figment; whatever happiness man is to expect, he must procure for himself in this world. And what is happiness according to Socialism? In opposition to the testimony of mankind at large, Socialism says: "True happiness consists in massing the greatest possible heap of material pleasures for the greatest possible number of men."

Now "this happiness is unattainable so long as Capital lords it over men." Therefore "individualism must be exterminated, the enjoyment of earthly goods must be generalised—All must be able to pluck of this Socialistic Eden!"

#### ASSOCIATION.

The basis of this new social order is *association*. The individual must be swallowed up in the *association*; he must count only in as much as he belongs to the *association*. The ways and means to attain this end are: First, the abolition of all private productive property, as also of the right of inheriting. "Because, say the socialists, the only title that gives a right to acquire property, is labor." Consequently capital is nothing but piled-up, foreign labor, to which the capitalist has no right, since he has himself expended no labor in acquiring it. "This is a crying evil" say the socialistic declaimers; "to remove it, all productive property must be taken out of the hands of individuals, and made common property." Secondly, the abolition of all private production, and the conversion of all production into common production. "Thus" say Fourier and Owen and Co., "the evils of capitalism will disappear, because no one can produce for himself, but only for the society, and his well-being depends on the well-being of the society." Thirdly, and lastly, the abolition of all mercenary or job work. "Such work makes a slave of the laborer, who is not working for himself, but for his lord capitalist. Now if all labor is converted into associated labor, this state of bondage will cease; because by working for the association, the laborer is working for his own good; he and the society are one."

#### THE STATE.

But here we naturally ask, "where is this association in which property, production and labor are to be concentrated?" The Social Democrat answers—"The State!"—and the reason for this choice is obvious; for since private property has been politely ushered out, it must remain out and so the *subjectum juris* of this common property cannot be a private association—that would be leaving a back door open to private property; therefore it must be a public, or rather *the public* association, the State. Henceforth all productive property is to be state property—the State is to be the only producer, the only property holder, the only employer. "But how," it will be asked, "are the common profits to be distributed?" Carl Marx answers: "The standard of distribution will at first be the *quantity* of work of each; then

when the new social order will have been firmly established, it will be the *requirements* of the individual without regard to the *quantity* of work."

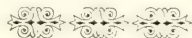
#### SOCIALISM, COMMUNISM, LIBERALISM.

From what has been said thus far it will be seen that Socialism is but a species of Communism. With the great moralist, Cathrein, we may define it as "an economico-political system, which hands over to the State (democratically, of course) the entire control of all productive property and the distribution thereof." Perhaps it would be more tangibly described as liberalism, refashioned to suit the interests of the masses, which looks on religion as a folly, abrogates the right of private property, abolishes family life, wants men to live like dogs, and leaves to the state the care of children and kitchen. With this program, the Socialists assure us, the battle of life will be ameliorated, the cup of human happiness will be ever full to the brim, diseases will vanish, and even death itself will lose its sting, because, say they, men will die with the satisfaction that they have not lived in vain.

Now this socialistic system, plausible as it appears on the surface, must be entirely rejected, because every one of its principles is (1) *theoretically* false, and (2) *practically* impossible of realization.

J. J. Laux.

(To be continued.)



### SINGING BY THE WAY.

All the swaying of the winds  
 Through the oaks and forest pines,  
 Breathing sweetly scented sighings  
 O'er the dreams of summer weather;  
 All the perfume of the flowers  
 In the woods and hidden bowers,  
 And the song birds, airy singing,  
 Come to play again together;  
  
 All the insects of the ground,  
 All their poetry of sound,  
 All the rain drops softly falling,  
 And the rain-bow's birth thereafter;  
 All the joy that fills the air,  
 All of nature's perfect prayer,  
 Cannot equal half the magic  
 Of our baby's silv'ry laughter.

Alfred McCann.

## England's Early History as Read in Her Vocabulary.

---

In the English department of the Academic Classes, one of the chief sources of instruction is Dr. Morris's "Historical Outlines of English Accidence," which, though apparently dry and difficult for the average student, becomes, in the hands of a good professor, such a complete and safe guide to the proper knowledge of the idiomatic construction of the English language. This work and Dr. French's "Study of Words" have suggested the subject-matter of the present Essay.

---

"Written records may have been falsified by carelessness, by vanity, by fraud, by a multitude of causes; but language never deceives us, if only we know how to question it aright."—*French, On the Study of Words.*

---

The way to a real knowledge of the present leads through the past. Hence arises the utility or even the necessity of the study of history. Many and various are the means by which the past is connected with the present. Monuments reveal to us the life, manners and religion of prehistoric times, and written records bring us in touch with more recent periods. But time wears away and defaces monuments, while "written records may have been falsified;" here it is, therefore, that language steps in and helps to verify the one and the other.

To the careful student a Webster's Dictionary is a most enhancing record of by-gone ages and peoples. It throws light upon the remote past, it brings him back to those prehistoric ages, when the English nation was still undefined, and existed only in that "generous and historic Aryan trunk" in the Hindu-Kush mountains. History is silent about these our remote ancestors, but a careful study of the words employed alike by the Hindoos, the Latins, the Greeks and the Teutons, reveals to us something, at least, about their civilization, their religion and morality. For these four languages have such words as *ox, sheep, horse, dog and goose*, in common, and as they did not borrow those terms from one another, they must have been used by the Aryans. Thus we have a right to conclude that before their migrations, the Aryans had entered on the pastoral stages of existence. They have not the same words for the chief products of the earth—hence they had not yet engaged in the agricultural state; nor had they a knowledge of the working of metals. But the names for clothing, house, door, garden, the first hundred numbers, the simple family relations—father, mother, brother, sister, wife and the Deity, attest that their religion and morality were of no mean standard.

When the Aryans left their native mountains and migrated to the east and to the west, the first division to reach the remote bounds of the European continent were the Celts; or whence the Celtic nomenclature of England-Ouse, Thames, Exe, Kent, Aberdeen, etc.? But our oldest written language shows scarcely any traces of Celtic words, due to the fact that the



early conquerors waged an exterminating warfare against the natives, mixed very little with them, and prevented all intermingling. The names, Wales, Welsh, Cornwall, applied by the Saxons to the Britons and their mountain retreats, are witnesses to this, for Welsh means foreign, strange; and Wales, the land of the stranger. But who drove the Celts to Wales and Armorica? Our grammar and vocabulary inform us most accurately, for the English grammar is wholly, and the vocabulary considerably, Teutonic. Nor is this traceable to the Low German dialects, as, for instance, the words England and English testify, for the term English takes its name from the district of the Angles, on the North Sea.

The mighty Romans had conquered England long before the Anglo-Saxons had ever thought of deserting their native heaths. But the traditions established in Britain by the Romans, whether great or small, did not affect the Germanic conquerors. There was no reason why they should cherish the traditions of a nation which they hated. "Only dumb witnesses, monuments of Roman art and industry, spoke to them of the greatness of the people whose place they had taken. By means of the few Latin words which then came into the English language, as *Sract*, *Ceaster*, *Colu*, (strata, castra, colonia) we discern what creations of the antique world appealed most powerfully to the imagination of the conquerors."

Even a superficial glance at the etymology of a great many of our words of to-day, will reveal the fact that at some distant period, a great change had come over England and her language—some great event, decisive in the development of the English nation, disturbed and, for a time, diverted the course of its natural growth. We find in our present vocabulary Romance words relating to the nobility, the courts of law, the church, the chase, the military life, the school. Hence England must have received a strange aristocracy, a feudal nobility, strange officers in her law courts, strange bishops and abbots in her sees and monasteries, strange monks in her cloisters, strange masters in her schools; in a word, a strange literature must have tried to dispossess the old. These strangers must have come from a land where the Latin influence had ever predominated, where feudalism had been firmly established, where minstrel poesy had been born. This land, we know, was Normandy. On the battle field of Hastings, Duke William, "the mighty ruler of iron will," put an end to the Saxon dynasty, and marked a turning point in English history, language and literature.

For upwards of two hundred years the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman languages battled for the mastery. Then the sturdy Teuton element emerged victoriously, bearing, indeed, wounds and scars, proud tokens of its prowess, but strengthened, moulded into more beautiful proportions. It was rendered pliable to receive the touch of master minds and hands, to make it a "world language," possessing a "veritable power of expression, such as, perhaps, never stood at the command of any other language of men." These, and many other things besides, a careful study of words can teach us about the

past. Now, since such is the power and value of words, it would indeed be unwise on our part if we neglected to study them carefully. We would become, to use Dr. French's comparison, like a man who, having discovered a great quantity of very old coins with the records on them of thousands of years, were to cast them away without appreciating their value, or even granting them a careful scrutiny.

*John Whelan,*  
First Acad.



### **Rev. Father Willms' Address on the Holy Childhood.**

We had another treat from the Rev. John Willms, C. S. Sp.; Director General of the Holy Childhood Association for the United States, who, on Wednesday morning, Oct. 24, addressed the boys on the objects, methods and labors of the association. He was listened to with the greatest attention, and it was evident that his words made a deep impression upon his youthful audience.

After briefly resuming the noble career of its distinguished founder, Mgr. Forbin-Janson, bishop of Nancy, France, he dwelt particularly upon the nature of the work for which he desired to enlist their support and earnest co-operation, by their prayers and their generosity. We may, said he, compare the Holy Childhood Association to a vast army of Catholic children, who have, by their prayers and a small contribution of one cent a month, succeeded within the space of little more than fifty years, in saving about fifteen millions of children born in the midst of pagan idolatry.

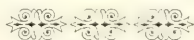
At the head of the Association is an international council, whose sittings take place twice a year in Paris, the capital of France. The first distribution of funds took place on the 18th of March, 1844, on which occasion 22,000 francs were divided among eleven missionary districts of China. The 56th allocation of available funds was made on the 17th day of last May, when the sum total at the disposal of the Central Council amounted to 3,676,000 francs, of which vast sum, collected almost entirely from the one cent contributions of children throughout the world, one mission alone, out of the 199 that shared in the distribution, obtained over 215,000 francs. Outside of China, we have the following countries as beneficiaries of the Holy Childhood: Africa, with 46 missions; Oceania, with 12; America, with 13, and 56 districts in the rest of Asia,—a vast territory, indeed, to provide for.

History tells us that the Chinese have little regard for the lives, especially, of little girls; to expose them to certain death is of common occurrence. The Holy Childhood Association, animated with the spirit of Christ, comes to their rescue by baptizing them before they die, and by gathering those who survive in asylums, maintained with the funds of its members. If infanticide is rampant in China, slavery spreads its ravages in Africa, claiming thousands of victims every year. The following words of Rev. Father

Lutz, a missionary of the Society of the Holy Ghost, in Africa, are calculated to produce a deep impression upon the mind and heart of every true Christian: "In my district," he says, "there is a tribe governed by 400 kings, wearing a red headgear as a distinctive mark of their dignity. All those who are anxious to arrive at the kingly position must sacrifice a human being alive. From this barbarous custom it is easy to ascertain the number of victims by that of the kings. This is not all—whenever they are going to die, another series of sacrifices takes place. At least three victims are immolated for every sacrifice. How many children of these unfortunate people are waiting for the charity of the missionary whom our noble Association supports in the work of redemption?"

According to the last report there are, at present, 7000 institutions of charity harboring a population of 335,000 children. Whence come the millions necessary for the maintenance and the education of all these children? From all the Catholic countries. At present Germany has the lead with a yearly contribution of 1,228,000 francs. Next is France with 1,088,000 francs. The United States contributed last year in the neighborhood of 100,000 francs. Thus there is room for improvement; especially when we consider that the various Protestant denominations in this country of ours gave nearly five millions of dollars or twenty-five millions of francs towards the foreign missions in the space of one year; "*fas est et ab hoste doceri.*"

I wish to conclude with the words of the missionary bishops of Tonkin, uttered in their meeting or Synod of March 4th, 1900, and addressed to the Director-General and the members of the Central Council: "Thanks to the very generous aid of the Holy Childhood Association, our missions are able, each year, to snatch from the devil multitudes of little pagans. Already we count by millions the souls we have saved with the monthly half-penny of our associates. What an honor for them, and what a powerful claim to the love of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me!" How much His Sacred Heart must be moved in seeing the miracles of charity wrought by children in favor of other children! If He has promised to reward the gift of a mere glass of water given in His name, with what munificence will He not recompense the alms which open Heaven to the poor and to the little ones!"



"As the magnificent river rolling in the pride of its mighty waters, owes its greatness to the hidden springs of the mountain nook, so does the sweeping influence of distinguished men, date its origin from hours of privacy resolutely employed in efforts after self employment."

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J. A. BAUMGARTNER, '01.      M. J. RELIHAN, '04.      J. A. NELSON, '04.

**SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS:**

EXCHANGES: W. J. McElligott, '01, G. J. Schalz, '01, W. J. Ryan, '02.

ATHLETICS: P. A. Gillespie, '01, J. P. Murphy, '02, M. J. Hayes, '02.

ALUMNI: J. A. Riley, '01, F. A. Maloney, '02, C. V. Halleran, '03.

SOCIETIES: G. H. Schoppel, '02, A. J. Eschman, '03, M. J. Relihan, '04

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VOL. VII.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

No. 2.

## ...EDITORIALS...

### Lessons From a Class Room.

Some few days ago a friend of the writer paid a short visit to the College, and, being closely connected with a certain Commercial College in one of the neighboring states, he was naturally somewhat curious to ascertain how affairs were conducted in this special department. What struck the visitor most forcibly was the air of earnest devotion to study that pervaded the room. There was an atmosphere of seriousness that betokened a reign of discipline as light and agreeable as it was efficacious. Both teacher and pupils exhibited an intense interest in their work such as he had never witnessed in other institutions. The appearance of the whole was that of a first-class commercial house. To look at the students transacting business it seemed as if a fortune depended upon the success of their actual work.

It is not, therefore, merely in what a student learns, but also in how he learns it, that the real test and estimate of his education, and of its future results, must be correctly made.

T. A. D.

## The Magic of Energy.

Bruce learned wisdom and perseverance from the example of the spider. Philosophers of all times have borrowed light and instruction from the most trivial illustrations or incidents of Nature's wide realm. It will not, therefore, be amiss on our part to record a lesson brought home to our minds from the casual observation of the prowess and agility displayed, in an emergency, by the youthful heroes of a junior foot-ball team.

It was at a stage of the game when things looked decidedly blue for the lighter team, of which we speak. They were being hard pressed by their heavier opponents. Suddenly, their brave little captain called out "Brace up boys! we must win this game." Then a change, as if by magic, took place. Every one seemed to take on added strength and with the energy born of a determination to win, heightened by the proximity of the end to be attained, they rose to the occasion, and succeeded in their attempt.

How often it might be equally possible for us, in a multitude of ways—in our studies—in our positions—in our business undertakings, in fact, in the conduct of our whole earthly career, were we to *brace up* on those important occasions when something is at stake, and when the earnest and intense contemplation of an immediate purpose to be reached would triple our forces, and, like a magic wand, transform the obstacles in our path into stepping-stones to success!

T. A. D.



## Importance of Condensation.

Aspirants to journalistic honors are frequently under erroneous impressions concerning the requisites exacted from them, if they wish to obtain for their writings a place, be it ever so little, in the leading journals of the day.

These requisites may be summed up in the two words; Condensation, Conciseness.

An ambitious newspaper contributor should strive to condense his articles and at the same time be concise. Thus articles destined to appear in public journals should not be characterized by prolix introductions or explanations of petty things, that had better be left to the inference of the reader.

Brief, breezy articles with pithy paragraphs are the most popular, and are devoured with the keenest relish by readers. Newspapers in which these are to be found are generally those favored with the largest circulation. They furnish a spicy intellectual repast not to be experienced in reading lengthy, meaningless articles.

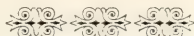
Hence, if journalistic aspirants wish to expend their energies in writing something that will be its own vindication, it is of the utmost importance that they should beware of the prevalent failings, verbiage and prolixity in their articles, as well as that they should cultivate brevity and conciseness.

J. A. R.

## LIS COMPOSITA.

Fama refert olim rhedam ascendisse forensem  
 Binas Lutetiae vetulas, quo prorsus ituras  
 Nescio; morosas vero querulasque fuisse  
 Ambas, lector, anus plane fabella docebit.  
 Rhedae cum, solito de more, fenestra pateret,  
 (Immissus volucer qua flatus temperat aestum)  
 "Heus, age, dux, quaeso, citius tu claude fenestram!"  
 Clamitat illa, "Cave ne me demittat ad umbras  
 Tussis atrox; nam vel minimi sum frigoris ipsa  
 Impatiens!" comis dux jam mandata facessit;  
 Ast: "quid agas?" cerebrosa gemit nunc altera, "noli!  
 Desine! Parce mihi! ne, suffocata repente,  
 Inteream; nec adest moriendi tanta cupido!  
 Pande fenestellam!" Rhaedae dux anxius haeret;  
 Quomodo complaceat gemebundae nescit utrique;  
 At male salsus homo, tacitus qui hucusque sedebat,  
 "Quid meditaris," ait, "litem componere vin tu?"  
 "Hanc ut tussis atrox tollat jam pande fenestram,  
 Tunc iterum claudas, mox suffocata peribit  
 Altera; sic missis Stygiis ambabus ad undas,  
 Pace quidem merita demum gaudere licebit."

*J. A. Riley, '01.*



## A TRIP TO THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

### THE ISLANDS.

In the St. Lawrence River, about twenty miles above Lake Ontario, lie a large number of Islands known as the Thousand Islands. These are supposed to have been discovered by Champlain after passing through the lake which bears his name. There is not to be found in the United States a place more suited for spending a vacation. In fact, among the Indians who formerly dwelt there, a tradition prevailed that the islands were a part of Paradise.

Last summer a party of students, including myself, decided to pass their vacation in this delightful retreat, and, to this end, procured a camping outfit. After a twelve hour drive through New York State, the train pulled in at Clayton, a little after day-break. We were then conveyed by boat down the St. Lawrence to a pleasure resort called Alexandria Bay. The scenery from Clayton to the Bay was magnificent. The early morning air was clear and cool, so much so that a fall overcoat was needed to be able to sit on deck and enjoy the beautiful scenery on all sides. At Clayton, the St.



Lawrence widens out into a very broad river, which, even at this early hour, becomes thickly studded with all kinds of pleasure-seeking parties. As the boat proceeded down the stream, the islands began to grow numerous, and, of course, demanded more attention. Some were very large, containing nearly one hundred acres of land, while others had just one tree, the rest being under water.

On the larger islands are some very fine hotels and villas, especially on the one belonging to Mr. Pullman, the Western millionaire. His is the prettiest island for miles around. Near the water's edge stands a large stone building representing a German fortress on the Rhine, while on the other sides could be discerned seemingly ruined castles. The rest of the island is covered with fresh green lawns. In fact, nearly all the islands had something quaint-looking to distinguish them.

As the boat wended its way down the St. Lawrence, the contrast between the American and Canadian islands now became more apparent. On the American islands all was in motion and full of life. On the Canadian islands just the opposite held true. All was silent and still, and scarcely a sign of human habitation could be seen. As the sun was rapidly rising, the now useless coats were discarded, and those who had gone below to avoid the chilly breath of the morning breeze, came up on deck to enjoy the increasing beauty of the islands—and while the boat neared its destination, the American islands came more clearly into view, and the same contrast presented itself more forcibly to everyone's attention.

Alexandria Bay is much the same as a small lake resort. It has its wharves and boat houses, hotels and cottages, in a word, everything that is necessary for the enjoyment of the numerous visitors who come there every year. Indeed, it is the centre of attraction for miles around, especially on American holidays, which are celebrated upon quite a large scale. The programmes are, as a rule, very interesting, and have many novel features, including country sports, which are very popular.

When our party of excursionists landed, they were immediately besieged by a troop of grinning porters, who kept dinning into their ears the good qualities of the hotels which they represented. It was impossible to hear or be heard, as each was trying to cry louder than the others. To force us to a decision, a big burly porter conceived the very questionable scheme of carrying off the smallest of the party in hopes that the others would follow and that, thereby, he might secure several new visitors for the hotel he represented. He had the poor fellow tucked under his arm, and was about to dash off with his captive when he was obliged to relinquish his hold on his unhappy victim. At last, after a brief pause, one of the party drew aside a porter and engaged his services.

After breakfast, a launch was chartered to convey us and our luggage to the camp which had been pitched some six or seven miles up the river. Again we were steaming up the St. Lawrence, and none could repress at least

a faint sigh of satisfaction at seeing everything pertaining to our old life recede from view. As the boat ascended the river, the islands became more numerous and closer together. It was marvelous to note how skillfully the captain guided his little boat through the dangerous shoals that are as numerous as the islands themselves. At ten o'clock we disembarked on a large island containing about two hundred acres of ground. It was with great difficulty that our little party, with the assistance of the launch's crew, succeeded in getting the baggage up the steep cliff that rose abruptly from the shore. After this arduous task had been accomplished, and the baggage stored away in a house that had been leased for six weeks, the tired workers sat down and ate their first meal in their island home. That "hunger is the best sauce" was certainly verified, for although the food was not of the best, as the boxes had not been unpacked, the rate at which it disappeared from sight was astonishing. Never before did anything seem so good. What was lacking in delicacies was supplied by voracious appetite. After all had dined to their satisfaction, the boxes were unpacked, the beds, stoves, and all the other household articles were put in their proper places.

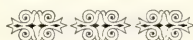
I do not think it out of place to give a brief description of the excursionists' new home and surroundings. The building is a newly erected frame house. Unlike American ones, it has no superfluous ornamentations, but merely what is of prime necessity. The Canadians are, as a rule, very simple in point of taste. The only luxury, perhaps, that could not readily be dispensed with was the porch, but the absence of this convenience was compensated for by the fact that there were no steps at all in the back of the house. To this drawback, however, we became easily reconciled as there was an abundance of logs that made good substitutes for steps. The rooms on the first floor were utilized as a dining-room and kitchen. The three on the second were converted into sleeping rooms. The house is situated on the top of a high cliff which reaches to the water's edge. The view from it is magnificent. Scattered over the river, a great many islands, both large and small, can be seen. On one side the water is as smooth as glass; while, on the other, the current sweeping around, comes in contact with another current flowing in an opposite direction, thereby causing little whirlpools, and making the water very rough. At the head of the island, a broad expanse of water stretches out for a distance of nearly four miles. Boats seldom pass there, and, consequently, for the most of the time, the water is calm and tranquil. Numerous little islands bestud its bosom, presenting altogether a very picturesque scene. It is also considered a very fine fishing ground. For, when everything is quiet, the water is often seen lashed as by the tail of some big fish, or giving other evidences of the latter's presence as the finny tribe playfully swim around.

This broad stream continues till it joins another section of the St. Lawrence farther down. It passes at the back of the island, along the Canadian mainland, and flows in an almost uninterrupted course until clear of all the

islands. No stream can be called the St. Lawrence proper, because the river at this point of its course, branches through the Thousand Islands. The streams resulting therefrom may be large or small, but none can, in any sense of the word, be called a river. The islands in the upper section of the group are well worthy of note. At first glance, one would be led to believe that a civilized being had never set foot on one of them, and in some cases, I have no doubt, this surmise is correct. The islands are generally covered with a thick growth of foliage, which gives them the appearance of miniature forests, while from the fertile soil with which they are usually coated spring an abundant variety of wild fruit trees and shrubs. There are no two alike either in size, shape, or appearance. To the tourist it is almost incredible how a fixed route could be planned through such a labyrinth of everchanging islands. From the little Sinking Island to the spacious Wolfe Island, all have a share in making nature appear in her fairest raiment.

J. A. Nelson, '04.

(To be continued )



## ADDRESS TO COLLEGE STUDENTS.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

In a recent issue of the Irish *Freeman's Journal*, we noticed the detailed account of a visit paid to Blackrock College, Dublin, by Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul's Minn., who had been the guest of the College during the day previous to his departure for the United States. The President of Ireland's premier College, the Rev. J. T. Murphy, late of our own Holy Ghost College, introduced the distinguished visitor to the Faculty and 350 students, assembled in the large hall of the College.

We have not, of course, the requisite space to give the entire discourse of the eloquent and eminent Prelate; but we cannot refrain from re-echoing one or two of the salient and more important themes which he developed.

The mission, he said, of carrying through every country of Europe the light of faith and learning—would be theirs, whether they were laymen or priests. Even as laymen, they had a far wider sphere in the present age. They reached out through all the spheres of life, and in the present age the Church needed, in a marked manner, an intelligent and devoted laity. If the priesthood of Ireland stood alone without that intelligent laity, the work that was assigned to Catholics and Irishmen would not be done: and the noblest work that priests to-day could do, was that which the priests of that great College were doing—namely, preparing the laity for the future. The first and greatest duty of the students of a College, such as that, was to realize the fact that they had this great mission before them.

It was not always the fact that the students of Colleges had done so. For many years there had been colleges and students coming out from them,



and yet, if they looked over the land for an intelligent, devoted, cultured, energetic laity, they did not find it as numerous as they might have expected. And that was true of other countries as well as theirs. It was true of America. The complaint was made there, that the pupils of Colleges did not show in actual life the fruits of their education. It was true also of countries on the Continent. The Church called for heroes, and there were those who responded; but the number was not such as they might expect. The cause of this must be that students, while they were students, did not realize all that was expected of them, and that when they were in active life they did not remember the high ideals that had been put before them. If they should have, in the three hundred now before them, true Catholics and true Irishmen, it would be well for their country and well for the Church. In the work of preparation, they should remember the absolute necessity for intellectual culture—a culture that would not be superficial, but would sink deep into their souls. They were most fortunate in being pupils of that College, the fame of which had crossed oceans. Let them open their souls to the lessons that fell from their masters, and let not a word of their teaching go astray. They should remember, also, to add to it by their own meditations and private reading; and when they went far from the College, they should continue their studies. Young men there were, who were bright in their college days and gained prizes, but who, after the valedictory had been spoken, ceased to study. But if there was in the young man's home a library of well chosen books, that showed that he was continuing the work of education. It was a complaint of the whole English-speaking world that there was very little demand for the best books on religion and philosophy. In proportion to the number of Catholics to-day, there was less demand for books of that kind than there was fifty years ago. This was certainly true of America, and from all that he heard, it was true of England and Ireland. What was the cause of this? The Catholic laity did not read, or rather they read the newspapers or the novel, or other things of that kind that were admirable for softening the human brain, but which gave no power to the soul, no thought to the mind. What was needed for Catholics to-day was not a sentimental or traditional Catholicity, but a strong dogmatic Catholicity which had such a hold of the soul that no adversity or persecution could weaken it. It too often happened that students said the prayers and went through the practices of religion without having had a substantial faith grounded into their souls. Catholics who were to-day to do battle for Holy Church, must understand the reasons for their faith, and be able to give answers to the objections of heresy and unbelief. Formerly, when the whole atmosphere of a country was Catholic, it did not matter much how a man was fashioned, because he remained a Catholic, and everything around him propped him up. But those things were changed now, and the man only remained a good and devoted Catholic, who was able to stand on his own feet, who knew what was right and felt that he must do it, even if the whole

world was against him. They had many young men who were like flowers from a hot-house: who bloomed as long as they were protected from every wind, but who withered once they were placed in the open air. No such hot-house plants were wanted to-day amongst their Catholic laity. They wanted young men who were so strong that they could be placed in every storm and who could do their duty on every battlefield—they wanted young men of mind and character, and of individual responsibility to Almighty God.

The Archbishop concluded by exhorting his youthful hearers to perseverance and steadfastness in the careers or the occupations which they might adopt. He dwelt also upon the necessity of cultivating thought for the future and that devotion to work which never allowed itself to be discouraged by difficulties. To-day nations and individuals were competing with one another; and the lazy man, and the inconsistent man, and the man who did not take kindly to labor would be left behind. Those whom he addressed should also shun drink, if they wished to succeed in life. If, then, the students were sober and industrious,—if they had pluck, and grit, and perseverance, with the addition of the education they were receiving in that College, their Church and their mother-land would be proud of them when they went forth into the world.



## AUTUMN.

Sweet season, fruitful time of quiet joy!  
 What happy memories dost thou recall,  
 As onward thro' the hoary mist of years,  
 Thou sheddest peace and beauty over all!  
 In recollection sweet thy charms arise  
 And inundate the soul with echoes blest  
 Of other days long lived, yet living still  
 In Mem'ry's secret world of placid rest!  
 Again we gather round the cheerful hearth;  
 Again we speak the tales of love and bliss;  
 Again the oft-repeated jests are told  
 Till every face beams forth in happiness.  
 The golden field is waiting for the scythe;  
 The mellow fruit-tree hangs its drooping head;  
 The woodland wild with ever-dazzling leaves  
 Is decked in glorious purple, yellow, red.  
 The birds, our summer guests, with added thrill  
 That bodes farewell, their wonted songs repeat.  
 The warbled prayer of nightingale will soon be still;  
 A summer clime will soon the King of Songsters greet.  
 At last they close—those sweet Autumnal days!  
 Too brief to be enjoyed; alas, too quick to go!  
 They point to brighter climes—more lasting joys—  
 They're resting places on our journey here below!

*A. J. Eschman, '03.*

## ALUMNI.

## OUR GRADUATES OF '00.

Messrs. Walker and Maher have entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where, according to all reports, they are succeeding very well.

Our genial friend, D. O'Hare, has taken up a post-graduate course at one of the Colleges in his native city.

Messrs. Kossler and Kraus were admitted to the Pittsburg Law School, without having to take the preliminary examinations, and they are now hard at work trying to master the difficulties of jurisprudence.

Mr. R. Walsh is now attending the Medical School of the Western University of Penna.

Mr. F. F. Turnblacer, one of last year's graduates from the Commercial Course, has a very good position as clerk in the office of the Murphy & Diebold Lumber Company.

Messrs. John W. Ryan and Henry Kubler have, both, excellent promising positions, the former in the Westinghouse Company of Pittsburg, and the latter in the Pittsburg Dry Goods Company.

Mr. E. J. Huckestein, the gold medalist of last year's Commercial Course graduates, has decided to return to College and take up the Classical Course, and if we can take the present as a criterion of the future, he will be no less successful as a classical student, than he was as an accountant.

The graduates of '93 are meeting with marked success in the respective careers upon which they entered after leaving their *Alma Mater*.

Four of them are enlisted in the service of the Altar, and displaying a spirit of apostolic zeal that cannot fail to produce fruits of edification with their successors on the College rolls.

Rev. Thos. L. Barry, who, that year, obtained the Bishop Phelan gold medal, and was awarded the degree of B. A. *cum maxima laude*—a most rare distinction, has been pursuing his course at the Catholic University in view of the Doctorate. During the summer months, he took the place of Rev. Father Conway, pastor of St. Richard's, during the latter's pilgrimage to Europe and the Holy Land. Needless to tell all who have known Father Barry, that he filled the difficult and delicate position with all the zeal and prudence of a much older man in the ministry.

Rev. L. A. Alachniewicz, C. S. Sp., has been, now for several years, the faithful and devoted assistant at the Polish Church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, on the Boulevard. He has abundance of work in that immense parish of nearly 1000 families, but it seems to agree with him. He is a great favorite with the young men, especially, on account of the many and



beautiful entertainments which he has prepared for their enjoyment, in the new Hall.

Rev. Michael G. O'Donnell is still in his first mission, as one of the assistants of Rev. H. McHugh, Pastor of St. Agnes' Church, Soho, 14th Ward. The children, the young folk, as well as the sick and poor, have a well-deserved feeling of affection tinged with veneration for Father Michael. The parish of St. Agnes was admirably administered during the absence of Rev. Father McHugh, last summer, in Europe, by his two devoted assistants, Fathers Sweeney and O'Donnell.

Rev. Henry J. Goebel, C. S. Sp., who, in '93, obtained the Gold medal for modern languages, is now exercising his first year's apostolate amidst the children of St. Joseph's House for Homeless Boys, in Philadelphia, having but lately been ordained priest, after finishing his novitiate and course of theological studies. The eminently practical spirit which distinguished Father Goebel, when a student and a prefect, has followed him to his new and important position.

Those that knew Mr. Patrick V. Doherty, another of that year's graduates, assert that the weight of passing years has not affected the old hero of the gridiron, either in reality or in appearance. After his graduation, and in spite of his retiring shy disposition, he was prevailed upon by the Sisters of the Ursuline Academy to teach the mysteries of higher mathematics to the fair young Lady Seniors of that establishment. It is said that none of his contemporaries could ever elicit a single item of his interesting experiences during that course of Lectures. He is now manager and head book-keeper of his uncle's wholesale store at the Point.

Anyone that passes out along Fifth Avenue, beyond Boyd St., may still notice Mr. Chris Gibney sitting at the very desk and near the very same window, where he has been located since he quit school in '93, after obtaining the Callery medal for general excellence in the Business Department. Chris is now the chief book-keeper for the firm of McCaffrey's Sons, and under the impression of the responsibility attaching to that exalted station, has begun to raise a mustache, but—it must be confessed—with evident lack of success.



### EXCHANGES.

THE fiction and poetry in *The Mount* not only excite our interest, but retain it until we reluctantly read the last word. The contributions of the Amateur Naturalist, especially, are interesting and useful.

THE June number of the *Lake Breeze* is indeed a Souvenir. The poems on "The Seniors" and "The Juniors" are especially pleasing. We recommend its cover as attractive in every way.

THE verse in the *Aloysian* deserves the greater praise, though the prose is also well-written. We are indebted to "A Cabinet of Curiosities" for enlightenment on the origin and application of many "time-honored phrases."

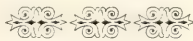
THE letters from the Philippines are eagerly read by our students; besides these letters, the *Viatorian* is noted for its wit and information.

*St. Joseph's Collegian* contains no light and frivolous fiction, but devotes its pages to deep subjects. The essay on "Edmund Burke" is well-written, though perhaps it might have been mentioned that Burke's writings are rather to be read than spoken; that this is true is attested by the well-known fact that Burke spoke to a full hall when he commenced, but spoke to empty benches at the end of his speech.

WE regret that the lack of space prevents us from more than merely mentioning our other equally good Exchanges.

WE also received the following Exchanges: "St. Joseph's Journal," "The Spectator," "The Catholic High School Journal," "Central College Magazine," "The Josephite," "Normal Record," "The Notre Dame Scholastic," "Ave Maria," "St. Anthony's Monthly," "The High School Comus," "High School Sentiment," "St. Vincent's Journal," "Sunset," "Niagara Index," "The Little Messenger of Mary," "M. H. Aerolith," "The Weekly Bouquet," "Fordham Monthly," "Abbey Student," "The Viatorian," "The Holy Cross Purple," "The Georgetown."

W. J. M.



### VISIT OF ARCHBISHOP KATZER.

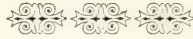
On Thursday, Oct. 18th, the Most Rev. Archbishop Katzer, of Milwaukee, Wis., visited the College. He was on his return trip from Washington, D. C., where he attended a meeting of the American Hierarchy, which meeting was held at the Catholic University. His visit was quite unexpected; yet a suitable reception was given him. His Grace arrived about noon, accompanied by Rev. Father Grutza, of Milwaukee, and Rev. Fathers Tomaszewski and Strelczok, of St. Stanislaus' Church, City. After a short rest in the parlor, he was entertained at lunch by the Rev. President and the other members of the faculty. About 2 o'clock, accompanied by the above-mentioned priests, as well as by Rev. Father Willms, C. S. Sp., Director of the Holy Childhood, Rev. Father Lee, C. S. Sp., Pastor of St. Anne's Church, Millvale, and the entire faculty, he went to the College Hall where the students were assembled to greet him. On entering, he was loudly cheered, and, as soon as the cheering subsided, a very appropriate selection was rendered by the Orchestra, and an address of welcome was read by Patrick A. Gillespie, '01. The Archbishop responded in

his own happy style. He thanked the students for the hearty welcome they had given him, and requested the Rev. President to give them a half-holiday, making the latter understand at the same time that he would not displease him by giving them a whole day.

After an excellent programme of singing, elocution and music had been rendered, the Rev. President rose and said he could not refuse the Archbishop's request, and, as his Grace was a whole-souled man, who never does things by halves, he would give a whole day in his honor.

Soon afterwards the Archbishop left, followed by the good wishes of all.

*C. McCambridge.*

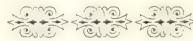


### IMPROVEMENTS.

After long and patient waiting, Cooper Street, adjoining the College grounds, has been graded and paved. Workmen are now busy changing the entrance, which formerly was reached by climbing some hundred steps, thus clearly proving that "the way to learning is hard to climb."

Inside the gate, they are constructing a fine long walk, where, the Brother says, those who wish to relax their minds from the arduous tasks in Latin and Greek, can do so by counting the boards in the walk, or by keeping time to the puffing of the small engine across the way; beside this fine walk, there will be a large fence to separate the boys from the outside world. It will add greatly to the beauty of the campus, which, even if we have to say it ourselves, is certainly one of the finest in this part of the State.

*W. J. Ryan.*



### ENTERTAINMENTS.

Our Orchestra is making rapid progress, and has nearly attained the high standard of success which distinguished it last year.

Master Edw. Kempf has been added to the Orchestra, as violinist.

A very excellent programme was prepared, within the short space of an hour, on the occasion of Archbishop Katzer's recent and unexpected visit to the College.

Up to this, the recitations delivered at our Sunday evening entertainments have been few, but well selected and carefully prepared.

Messrs. Ryan and Gillespie distinguished themselves in the Senior Debate on the dismemberment of Poland. The former has a powerful voice and an impressive manner, which he knows well how to turn to advantage, especially in sarcasm and repartee. The latter is rounding out into an



orator of pleasing address, whom we like to hear. His address of welcome to Archbishop Katzer was well delivered.

Mr. Harry Smith received unexpected but merited applause in the debate on Prohibition. He had long awaited the opportunity of discussing this familiar subject. He certainly gained the attention of his audience—and, encouraged by their sympathy, he delivered an excellent *extempore* speech in which he answered successfully the arguments of his opponent.

The speeches of the last two debates were evenly matched, in point of argument and rendition, for the Judges failed to come to a decision on both occasions.

#### PROGRAMME FOR SUNDAY EVENING, OCT. 21, 1900.

Overture, "The Soldier's Return," College Orchestra; Recitation, "The Christian Maiden and the Lions," E. S. Knabel; Song, "If the Waters Could Speak as They Flow," R. T. Ennis; Recitation, "Marion's Dinner," F. K. Neilan; Musical Selection for Violin and Piano, Rev. J. Griffin and C. P. Gwyer; Recitation, "Hamlet's Soliloquy on a Future State," J. F. Malloy; Song, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," J. F. Dwyer; Debate, "Resolved that Poland Deserved Dismemberment, in the Eighteenth Century"—Chairman, J. A. Baumgartner; Affirmative, Messrs. W. J. Ryan and F. J. Maloney; Negative, Messrs. P. A. Gillespie and G. A. Schalz; Finale, "When the Harvest Days Are Over," College Orchestra.

#### PROGRAMME FOR SUNDAY EVENING OCT. 28, 1900.

Overture, "In March," College Orchestra; Song, "The Blue and the Gray," J. A. Riley; Essay, "Mohammed," F. A. Schwab; Selection for Violins and Piano, College Symphony Corps; Song, "The Battle King," F. J. Malloy; Pianoforte Selection, "Hearts and Flowers," C. P. Gwyer; Song, "Afterwards," P. A. Gillespie; Debate, "Resolved, That Prohibition Should Be Enforeed"—Chairman, Mr. W. Fandraj; Affirmative, Mr. H. J. Smith; Negative, Mr. M. J. Relihan; Finale, "Fort Duquesne," Orchestra.

*A. J. Eschman.*



### FOOT BALL.

#### THE FOURTH TEAM.

The Fourth Team so far this season has given a good account of itself. In both games played the opposing team has been treated to a shut-out. The team, under the efficient coaching of John O'Hare, assisted by Captain J Corbett, a future Poe, is working hard for a clean record.

Although weighing but 85 pounds, they have a dash about them that is refreshing to the eyes of older fans. The following line-up has been at length decided upon as that of the present season: C., F. Hartigan, R. G.,

T. Kvatsak, L. G., H. Hartigan, R. T., C. Pascual, L. T., J. Fitzgerald, Q. B., J. McCaffrey, L. E., J. O'Connor, R. E., J. Corbett (Capt.), L. H., W. O'Connor, R. H., J. Willis, F. B., J. Callaghan.

On Oct. 12, they played the Stockdale A. C., and although the halves were considerably shortened to allow another scheduled game to proceed, they walked away with the visiting team by an easy victory of 20 to 0.

Their next important game with an outside team was on Oct. 19, when they lined up against the Flaval A. C., who gave them a very hard battle, but who were beaten by little Captain Corbett's team after two well-merited and hard-fought touch downs, making the score 11 to 0.

On the morning of Oct. 27, the Fourth Team went down to Sewickley, expecting to meet an eleven of their own age and size. But to their great surprise they had to face a team whose average weight was certainly 120 pounds. Rather than disappoint their Sewickley friends, however, the boys consented to play and were beaten only by the narrow margin of 6 to 5. Everybody admired their wonderful pluck and endurance.

#### THE THIRD TEAM (Juniors).

Since the last issue of the BULLETIN, several changes, that have served to strengthen the team, have been made in the Juniors' line-up. Relihan, O'Connor and Price are the only ones of the original team who are in the present eleven.

Watterson plays at center, and, for accuracy in snapping the ball, he is surpassed by none in his class. Price, one of last season's guards, is holding the left side of center. He is very good at stopping rushes, and, when sent through the line, is never satisfied with less than 15 or 20 yards. Oliver is a comer. Right guard is played by Liebttag, who is also good at preventing his opponents' gains. Bolus, last season's center, acts as left tackle. He is always in the game, and is a sure and clever tackler, never allowing a man to pass him. Charlie's star is brightening, and he will some day be classed among the best. Dean plays right tackle, and fills his position well. Al. Berner, one of last year's guards, is in the game at left end. He is very quick and a good tackler. Brennan holds down right end, and does very well in that position. Relihan, captain of the team, and last season's quarter-back, is again occupying that position.

The Juniors' backs, this season, are much faster than those of last year. McCormick, who played last season with the Stanton A. C. (the only team that scored upon the Juniors in '99), is at full-back. He is a very hard line buckler, and is as sure at goals from the field as some of the older ones. He never allows his punt to be blocked, and always manages to put it out of immediate reach of the opposing full-back. On his right side is our old friend, Fred Horner, from West Union, W. Va. Fred is very fast and hard to tackle, and is always in the push. Last, but not least, is Joe O'Connor

at left half. Last year Joe played right half, but has improved so much, that he is almost the fastest player on the team. He is an accurate and hard tackler, always bringing his man down very heavily. No doubt, we will some day see Joe's name among the stars of the local gridiron.

So far, five games have been played, in all of which the juniors were victorious. On Oct. 6, they opened their season, defeating the Wilmerding Juniors by the score of 12 to 0. In this game O'Connor and Price distinguished themselves. On Oct. 13, they defeated the Wilkesburg Juniors, 17 to 0. McCormick, O'Connor, and Price did good work in line-hitting in this game. On Oct. 20, just for pastime, they defeated the Pastime A. C. by the score of 16 to 0. Horner, O'Connor, Berner, Price and Bolus were the stars in this contest. On Oct. 27, the Juniors played and defeated their old rivals the Kingsley A. A., by the score of 6 to 0. In this contest the Juniors played all around their opponents, and, had it not been for the Juniors' fatal fumbling which, at one juncture, almost lost the game, the Kingsleys would have been defeated by a large score. On Nov. 3, the team went down to Bridgetown, Pa., the home of Ch. Mayer, half-back of the Reserves, who, on this occasion, occupied the same position for the Juniors. The latter, though considerably lighter than their opponents, came out of the hard struggle with a clean victory of 16 to 0, for which Ch. Mayer, O'Connor and Bolus were chiefly responsible.

#### THE SECOND TEAM.

It will not be out of the way to say that our Sophomores never before attained to such a degree of proficiency and activity in football, as during the present season.

Although none of the players exceeds 130 lbs., they are able not only to hold down the heavy weights of the first team, but also to break through their line quite dexterously.

It is really a pleasure to witness the games which they play in the College campus, but more especially when the home team is somewhat hard pressed by heavier opponents. Then it is that the exciting acclamations of the students may be heard, reviving the courage of our brave Sophomores. J. Sackville, R. Couzins and J. O'Hare deserve special mention for their activity. In fact the whole team cannot be too highly praised.

On Oct. 13, they played an excellent game against Bloomfield A. C., and beat them by the respectable score of 30 to 0. On Oct. 23, Lincoln A. C. lined up against them and were defeated to the tune of 22 to 0.

Rev. Father Gavin, who is their skilful manager, has secured an important game for them, once a week, with good, outside teams that will test their ability and prowess.

At present the following is the line-up of the team as decided on by their manager for the rest of the season: L. E., Ch. Mayer, L. T., Whalen, L. G., J. Hartigan, C., Campbell, R. G., Leahey, R. T., O'Hare, R. E., W. O'Connor, Q. B., Couzins, L. H. B., Bolus, R. H. B., Robinson, F. B., Sackville (Capt.).



### ATHLETICS.

Football has become so very popular among all the students, this year, that it has been found necessary to organize a fifth team to compete for grid-iron honors among the smaller boys. Its organization is due to the energy of the earnest advocate of Athletics in the College, Rev. P. A. McDermott.

Never has there been so much College spirit displayed among the various teams and the students in general, as this year. Everyone seems willing and anxious to be a candidate for some position or other on the respective teams. The 'Varsity team has developed into a strong aggregation under the careful training of Nalen, our old-time center. All the players have great confidence in him as may be readily seen by the hard and earnest work they do when practising.

While in the game, they have the staying power which is obtained only by constant practice. This they have demonstrated in the heavy games they have played thus far against most formidable opponents. They were never frightened by the reputation, size or weight, even of the Homestead Stars—but were always in the struggle to the last ditch, with all the vim and vigor that constitute a football player.

In their game with the Homesteads, the finest aggregation of American Rugby players ever assembled in one team from the most famous Elevens, they were beaten by 37 to 0, although the Detroit A. C. and the Altoona A. C., much heavier, were beaten by scores nearly twice as large. The All-Stars themselves, who put up their hardest game and their best men, admitted that the College boys showed wonderful pluck, good tackling and stubborn resistance. We were handicapped, in that game, by the absence of Laux, our captain and full-back, as well as of Curran, right end.

The second game was won from the Bouquet A. C., our old rivals, by the score of 30 to 0.

The third game was lost to the East End Athletic Club, which has taken the place of the old P. A. C., by the score of 28 to 0. The E. E. A. C. played a fierce and needlessly rough game, for which they have always been noted, even when under their former name of the Lalus A. C. This year, their team is far stronger and heavier than formerly, being considered even superior to Wash.—Jeff. We did not expect to win.

The fourth game was won from the Crescent A. C. team, by the score of 24 to 11. The visitors proved to be a strong, husky aggregation, that sprang a surprise on the Red and Blue by securing two successive touch-downs in the first half. But the College boys woke up, after Laux had kicked a beautiful and difficult field goal from the 35 yard line, and they never stopped until they added 17 more points, without allowing the C. A. C. to gain another yard, thus turning apparent defeat into substantial and glorious victory.

### COLLEGE NOTES.

The annual retreat was given to the boys, this year, during the first week of Oct., by Rev. Father Lee, C. S. Sp., of St. Ann's Church, Milvale. Father Lee will be well remembered by the older students, and especially by the members of the Sophomore and Freshman Classes, in whose interest he was an indefatigable worker. It is needless to say that the retreat was successful in every respect.

Rev. Eugene Phelan, C. S. Sp., our former well-known Professor of Book-keeping and Director of the Scholastics, passed a few days at the College, during October, on his return from Europe. He is now, since 1891, stationed at Chippewa Falls, Wis., where, by his tireless energy, he has succeeded in making the parochial school of that locality the largest and most successful in the whole State of Wisconsin.

The College Orchestra took a prominent part in the splendid entertainment given at Holy Trinity Hall, by the Rev. W. S. Healy, C. S. Sp., for the benefit of St. Benedict's Church. The magnificent views of African Scenery which the Rev. Lecturer exhibited will be reproduced at the College Hall, during November.

The Very Rev. President took part, on Oct. 14, in the consecration of the beautiful, new Church of the Holy Name, at Stubenville, O. The ceremony was performed by Rt. Rev. Bishop Moehler, of Columbus. The grand Church is a lasting monument to the zeal and energy of the pastor, Rev. J. J. Hartley, as well as to the devotedness and generosity of his congregation.

Some of the visitors to the College, during the past month were: Mrs. Anna Bolus Lochoit, of Canton, Ohio; Mrs. Wick, of Youngstown, and Miss Callahan, of Niles, Ohio, who called upon the former's little nephew, Roy Baker; Mrs. John Connor, of Youngstown, O., Miss Gillespie, also of Youngstown; Mr. and Mrs. C. Mayer, of Bridgeville, Pa.; Mrs. Cassidy, of Connemaugh, Pa.; Mrs. F. Lauinger, of Pittsburg; Mr. orner, of West Union, W. Va.; Mrs. S. Watterson, of Washington, Pa. Mrs. Young, of East End, City,—the aunt of Louis W. Morrow.

Among the lighter pieces which the College Orchestra has played at the Sunday evening entertainments, are some of the bright, new compositions of Professor Harry Von Tilzer, such as "Happy Home Medley," "Marching to the Music of the Band," "When the Harvest days Are Over," "My Jersey Lily," &c.

The boarders, for whom chiefly these Sunday evening entertainments are intended, have greatly appreciated Von Tilzer's Medleys and Two Steps, thus agreeably interspersed amid the weightier musical selections of the programme.



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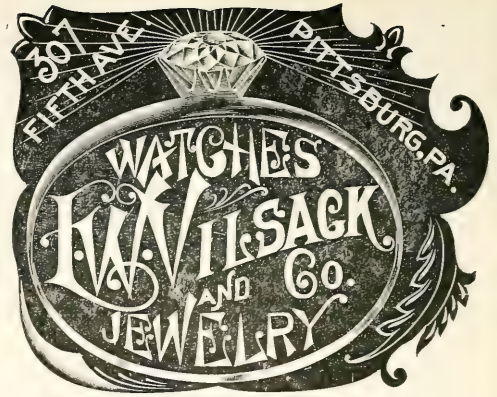
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# HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN

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## TO SHAKESPEARE.

[From the stage the beautiful and good has fallen. Tragedy has been replaced by sensation, comedy by burlesque. The box-office returns measure the standard of art. Shakespeare is dead. Does the mind no longer glory in the height to which it once had soared? Is the inspiration to higher things no longer greater than the quips and gibes tossed at them? Is the pride which our mother tongue, for three hundred years, has drawn unto herself, a cold and lifeless joy? Thus have I sung !]

What strangely potent limpidness was thine  
In tracery of thought ! Return, O Flower  
Of souls, and sing a calloused world thy power  
To lull them back from earth to those divine  
And rarer things which hide beneath a mute  
And sick neglect, as crystals in a mine,  
Before discovered ! Come, and hard impute  
To them of alien love, and drunk of wine  
From gross and bitter grapes grown out of low  
Adverse desire, a shame of redder glow  
And deeper blush than hot reflecting hell!  
Come, warrior and poet! Come, thou sage  
Composite All; return, and assuage  
A wound, that God may breathe again "Tis well!"

*Alfred McCann.*



## Was St. Thomas Favorable to a Republican Form of Government?

In discussing the respective merits of the different forms of human government, Christian philosophers usually agree in quoting St. Thomas as an advocate of the monarchical form of civil government. It is true, St. Thomas says that a monarchy responds more closely to the end of human society, which is the common good of the multitude, and the preservation of unity and peace; history also seems to him to show that monarchies have been, on the whole, more firmly established and more lasting than republics. Yet, while more in favor of a moderate monarchy than what is called a constitutional form of government, the saintly and learned doctor expresses himself in terms that would appear strongly to endorse the form of government which we, at least, enjoy under the aegis of our American Constitution.

Treating of the Mosaic Law (I. II.æ. Quest. 105, Art. xxxi.), he maintains the suitableness of its provisions concerning the rulers of the people, by laying down this position, which he styles a conclusion:—

“Since the appointment of rulers is best in a kingdom, wherein one eminent for merit presides over all others, even subordinate rulers, and in which all distinguished by their merit, even of the plebeian class, may be chosen to office and have the right of choosing their rulers, and since such was the regulation of the Old Law on this head, it is certain that its provisions concerning rulers were suitable.

“Two things must be had in view concerning the right appointment of rulers in any city or nation: the one, that all should have some share in the government, for by this means the peace of the people is preserved, and all love and maintain such an arrangement. The second depends on the form of government, whereof there are different kinds, especially that wherein *one* governs according to merit, and aristocracy, or the power of the nobles, wherein a few govern according to merit. Wherefore, the choice of rulers in any state or kingdom is best when *one* is chosen for his merit to preside over all, and under him are other rulers chosen for their merit, and the government belongs to all, because the rulers may be chosen from any class of society, and the choice is made by all. This is the best form of civil polity, resulting from a temperament of monarchy, in as much as one presides; and of aristocracy, as there are many magistrates chosen for their merit; and of democracy, or popular power, because the rulers can be chosen from the multitude, and the choice of rulers belongs to the people. Such was the divine institution, for Moses and his successors governed the people, and, as it were, singly presided over all, which is a kind of royalty: and seventy-two elders were elected for their merits, as is said in Deuteronomy: “I took out of your tribes men, wise and honorable men, and I appointed them rulers,” and this was an aristocracy. But it was also democratic, because they were

chosen from every class of people. It is said in Exod. 18, "Provide out of all the people able men, &c.," and also the people chose them, whence it is said in Deuteronomy I: "Let me have from among you wise men, &c." Whence it is evident that the provisions of the law with regard to rulers were excellent.

St. Thomas objects to himself the excellence of monarchy, as being an image of the divine government, and meets the objection by saying: A monarchy is the best government, if not corruptly exercised: but by reason of the great power granted to a king, royalty easily degenerates into tyranny, unless he to whom such power is granted be a man of perfect virtue: for only perfect men can be moderate in the enjoyment of prosperity: and perfect virtue is rarely found. The Jews especially were prone to cruelty and avarice, vices by which men fall into tyranny. Therefore, the Lord in the beginning did not appoint a king with unlimited power to govern them, but gave them a judge and governor to watch over them, and, afterwards, at the solicitation of the people, granted them a king, but with manifest indignation at the request, as is evident from His words to Samuel, I. Kings, 8: "They have not rejected thee but Me, that I should not reign over them."

These remarkable passages are found in the celebrated *Summa*, 1. 2. Quest. 105, Art. I.

They may serve to undeceive those who think that, before modern times, no just idea was entertained of popular rights, or civil polity. Even the British Constitution, with its temperament of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, does not come up to the idea of the civil government presented by St. Thomas. The American Constitution seems more closely to correspond with it; and it must be gratifying to every Catholic freeman to know that the model of our Republic was sketched by the pen of the holy Doctor, nearly six centuries before it was established.

The principles of St. Thomas on the source of legislative power are in harmony with his views of the whole system of civil polity.

"The law, strictly speaking, is directed primarily and principally to the common good: and to decree any thing for the common benefit belongs either to the whole body of the people, or to some one acting in their place. Therefore to enact a law belongs either to the entire people, or to some public person charged with their care: because in all things to whomsoever the end appertains, the choice of the means for its attachment likewise belongs."

J. A. Riley.





## A DYING YOUTH'S FAREWELL TO EARTH!

Kindly lift the window-hanging, till I look upon the Sun,  
Let me see him glorious sinking, when his weary race is run;  
Golden splendor shines around him, from his circling sapphire rays—  
Crownèd thus the Saints have rested, in the fulness of their days.

Oh! how fragrant comes the odor, borne on the enlivening air,  
Of the roses from the lattice, waving in the sunlight fair,  
Purifying the air around them, as the orisons that rise  
From a pure soul among sinners—incense sweet unto the skies.

List the music of the river, as it murmurs by the door  
On its way to meet the ocean, and to swell its solemn roar;  
So, I think, our hearts are singing, each its private melody,  
And our hymns shall one day merge in universal harmony!

That fond river never ceases its sweet air the whole day long—  
Yet, it changes with the seasons, one time joyous, one time strong;  
In the summer, light it ripples, murmuring a silver tone;  
In the winter, roars and rumbles, 'gainst the arch's highest stone.

In our life-time, too, are seasons, and our hearts prescribe their laws,  
And each season has its music, with its changes and its pause;  
Thus, our childhood's gay soprano, and our manhood's tenor sweet,  
Blending with years' solemn basso, makes the psalm of life complete.

M.



## AN ESSAY ON SOCIALISM.

(Continued.)

Without dwelling upon the *materialistic* basis of Socialism, which is one of the strongest arguments against this modern theory, I shall proceed at once to discuss briefly the main character which commonly distinguishes it, and which consists in

### DENYING THE NATURAL RIGHT OF PRIVATE PROPERTY.

A system founded on the denial of all right of private (productive) property is opposed first and foremost to the teachings of the Bible, from Genesis to the Apocalypse. St. Paul thus characterizes the old Law: "*Lex quidem*," he writes to the Romans (7. 12.), "*sancta est, et mandatum sanctum, et justum et bonum*." Now in this 'holy' law we read this 'holy and just and good command:' "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods,"—"Thou shalt not steal." How would theft be a crime against the natural law, if private property were not sanctioned by that same natural law? How could

a man *unlawfully* covet another's field, if that other had not a right to the field and to the fruits thereof? With perfect confidence, therefore, could our gloriously reigning Pontiff write (*Enc. Apostolici Muneris*): "To possess private property is a right given to man by nature;"—and he justly condemns the whole socialistic system, because it proposes the abolition of private property, as a remedy for the present disproportion in possessions.

Besides, to deny the right of private property is equivalent to denying human liberty, because such a denial involves that of all real personality and personal activity. All men have, it is true, the specific human nature, but if they had nothing more, they would be in a sad plight. Happily, human nature has been parceled out—to speak Platonically—to individuals, who are thus constituted independent by having what is called their own *personality*. The activity of each individual proceeds from his personality, and, consequently, the product of his activity belongs to his personality.

#### WRONG ESTIMATE OF THE VALUE OF LABOR.

Finally, Socialism is theoretically false in as much as it holds that the market value of goods is intrinsically determined by labor alone. Carl Marx is the founder of this extreme theory, out-stripping, in this respect, his socialistic predecessor, Ricardo; for the latter admitted that the rarity of goods affects their value. He could have added that their utility, and the risks of the possessor must also be considered, and he would have had a very fair theory of value. I do not mean to speak disparagingly of the dignity and worth of labor; on the contrary, I agree most heartily with Leo XIII. in his high praise of workingmen. "Their power," he writes, "and effectiveness is so great that it can be most truly said that the wealth of nations is born of the labor of workingmen."

Great as is the power of labor, it can, nevertheless, be overestimated. All the Socialistic writers fall into this extreme, especially when they declaim—oftentimes justly—against the usury of Capitalism. John Stewart Mill, in his Essay on Socialism, has carefully sifted this question, and vindicated honest capital. "With respect to capital employed in business," he writes, "there is, in the popular notions, a great deal of illusion. When, for instance, a capitalist invests £20,000 in his business, and draws from it an income of (suppose) £2,000 a year, the common impression is as if he was the beneficial owner both of the £20,000 and of the £2,000, while the laborers own nothing but their wages. The truth, however, is, that he obtains the £2,000, on condition of his applying no part of the £20,000 to his own use." The £20,000 belong to the laborer as well as to the capitalist, as far as their immediate use is concerned.

#### SOCIALISM PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE OF REALIZATION.

From these and like considerations—which fear of "proximity" prevents me from entering upon—it will appear evident, I trust, that the position of

Socialism is theoretically untenable. I proceed to show it is no less so practically.

In the first place, it fails of attaining its purpose. By destroying private property it hopes to benefit the workingman; to deliver him from the oppression of the employer. Now, anyone who reflects will see that the laboring class—supposing the Socialists' plans of remodeling to have materialized—will not be a whit the better off for the change of masters. It is simply a case of running from Scylla on Charybdis. Instead of having one lord, the laborer is guarded and dogged by a whole horde of state officials, intent upon getting as much as they can out of him for the sake of the *common good*—in other words, society would become very much like a big work-house—no liberty, no personal activity or independence; the rudest and most horrible compulsion, the order of the day!

In the second place, social democracy is practically impossible because the *centralization* of all production in the State is a sheer impossibility. Suppose the Socialistic State to consist of a million families; the amount of production required will have to be exactly determined—deficiency and superabundance would alike be fatal. In fact, it would require another million to find out exactly how much each one in the previous million can consume in a given time. Then comes the division of work, which must be made according to the abilities of each individual. Who will determine all this? Another swarm of officials! In the end there would be as many officials as members of the Social community.

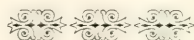
But, perhaps, the weakest point in the socialistic system is the standard set up for the distribution of the common profits. If we take the *quantity* of the work as the standard, justice will suffer; for, surely, the *quality* of the work has a right to be considered. If we take the *quantity* as a just standard, how will that quantity be measured? By the time employed at the work? That would just suit the idler. The Socialists have still another standard, viz., the requirements of each individual. But who is to judge? Another troop of officials would have to be summoned, of whom there is already a superabundance. A last resort of the Socialists is—*equal division*. But that would be a crying injustice, because the sluggard would be as well off as the industrious and thrifty laborer, and the general discontent would know no bounds.

In conclusion, therefore, it must be said that the promises and prophecies of Socialism are nothing but a heap of deceptions and follies. It betrays a lack of sound judgment—of knowledge of mankind and society. It betrays egregious presumption, in wishing to appear wiser than the wisest legislators—than even the God-sent Redeemer Himself. Moreover, instead of making a paradise of earth, it would but let loose the furies to possess and torture men at pleasure—it would degrade man below the level of the beast; it would plunge mankind into the state of nature so forcibly described by Hobbes (*Leviathan*, Part I., ch. xiii.), where every man is enemy to every



other man: "In such condition there is no place for industry, because the fruit thereof is uncertain, and consequently no culture of the earth, no navigation, no use of the commodities that may be imported by sea, no commodious building, no instruments of moving and removing such things as require much force, no knowledge of the face of the earth, no account of time, no arts, no letters, no society, and, which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death; and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short."

*John J. Laux.*



## NOT SAD! NO! NO!

Shall we be sad, Dear? Why, oh why?  
 Tho' days be long, and you and I  
 Bow down our hearts in far off lands,  
 And desert seem the burning sands,  
 And absent are the loving hands  
 That soothe to sleep, why sad, Dear, why?

Shall we be sad, Dear, when we know  
 The sacred dreams swung to and fro,  
 From mound to hill, then valleys o'er,  
 And back again, from shore to shore  
 Reverberating, ever more  
 Belong to us? Ah no! Ah no!

Shall we be sad, Dear, when our hearts  
 Know not the fawning, cringing arts  
 That smile for hungry souls, and then  
 Cry out—We've won o'er Truth again  
 And flattering have conquered men?  
 Shall we be sad, and true our hearts?

Ah, Dear, what joy to be, and see  
 We stand, unmoved in honesty!  
 What joy, tho' stormings come and go,  
 And winds howl out and shrieking blow  
 Around the world, yet still to know  
 'Tis fair in being what we be,  
 Not sad, no! no!

*Alfred McCann.*

## A TRIP TO THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

(Continued )

For the botanist and relic-searcher these little oases in the noble St. Lawrence are of infinite value. A little piece of rudely shaped rock, or a humble flower, that to the casual observer would appear common and uninteresting, sends a thrill of joy through the antiquarian and the lover of nature. The former scrutinizes the little fragment of rock with experienced eye, and would fain read its history. Perhaps it is the remnant of what was once the Redman's tomahawk, whose oft descending blows had sent many of his enemies to the land of the hereafter. Or is it a piece of pottery? Musing thus, he searches on in hopes of finding more of nature's curiosities. To the student who delights in quiet scenes where he may pore over his book without fear of intrusion, and, at the same time, recuperate his health, the Canadian Islands are an ideal resort. Nature seems to have formed them expressly for him.

Every island has its history, whether it be recorded in novel or romance. During the French and English war, the Thousand Islands were the scenes of many desperate conflicts between the French and their blood-thirsty Indian allies on the one hand, and the Colonists on the other. There was a time when every tree harbored a lurking savage ready to spring out on the unsuspecting traveler. To pass through the channel even, was fraught with danger. The tribes who dwelt there are said to have been of a nomadic disposition, never staying on the same island for any length of time, but continually roving about. Their whereabouts could never be definitely ascertained, and the peril of travelling increased proportionately. The tribes on the American side of the Great Lakes were wont to go to Canada to hunt. Consequently, they often made the Thousand Islands their rendezvous during the hunting season. Here they came in contact with Indians from the opposite shore. These tribes also made the islands their headquarters, and as there was enmity between the two, a clash was inevitable.

Indians were known to dwell on the Islands up to thirty-five years ago, but they were not by any means like their predecessors. As intercourse with the white man increased, they learned his vices without acquiring any of his virtues. They soon lost whatever good habits were natural to them and became inordinate drinkers of intoxicating liquors. Their numbers decreasing through dissipation, they gradually wandered off, and to-day very few, indeed, are to be seen. They can no longer claim these enchanting retreats as their home, and are doomed to wander amid strange scenes, or, like the rest of their unhappy race, to live on a United States reservation. Yet, it is said, the scattered tribes assemble every ten years on the Sacred Island to perform some religious functions.

Mr. Fenimore Cooper has immortalized the Thousand Islands in his well-known works of adventure. In his novel, "*The Deerslayer*," he gives a

minute description of the farthest island of the group, not as it is to-day, but when Nature in all her grandeur was queen of the forest, and the Indian, her loyal subject. One island on which many most exciting adventures occurred, is situated some five or six miles from our camp.

But let us return to our excursionists, whom we left busily arranging the chattels in order. After the most pressing work was done, all decided to take their first row on the St. Lawrence. Accordingly, when the skiffs were brought from Alexandria Bay, the party started out to explore the islands in the immediate vicinity. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun was beginning to sink slowly in the west. The water was calm and tranquil, and all was quiet save the rustling of the leaves and the harsh cry of the crow as it flitted by on some dishonest errand. The blue canopy of Heaven was reflected on the unbroken surface of the water. As our explorers rounded the bend of the island, they were struck with the entrancing beauty of the scene. Words could not express the feelings aroused within them. They rested quietly on their oars, and gazed with ecstasy on Nature in repose. At length, being roused from their lethargy by the lateness of the hour, they turned the skiff's head and proceeded leisurely homeward.

On the morrow we explored our newly acquired possessions. What a paradise it proved to be! A veritable "land flowing with milk and honey!" The woods were filled with sweet-voiced songsters which sang their unbroken melody all day long. At our approach, however, they fluttered their wings, and flew to another part of the island. Frequently, a squirrel ran across our path and scampered into the brush.

All these indications gave proof that the islands were by no means destitute of game. Wild fruits also grew in abundance. Thus far, we found everything to our satisfaction. Tired and worn out with our long tramp, we returned to the camp only to find that the supply of bread had been exhausted. Being directed to a house on the mainland, which served as a post office and grocery store for the rural districts, two of the party rowed across and procured a good supply of the "Staff of life." In the course of the conversation with the mistress of the establishment, they learned that it had not rained for several weeks and the crops were almost destroyed. Bread was becoming scarce and unless it rained, and that in torrents, nothing short of a famine would ensue. The latter was not a very bright outlook for a party of excursionists, but relief came sooner than was anticipated.

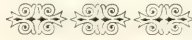
When they were about a mile from the camp, dark clouds were seen hastening from the west. The wind rose rapidly, and before they were half way across the channel, the storm swept down in all its fury. The waves ran alarmingly high and the little skiff was tossed about on their surface like an egg-shell. To turn the boat and go back was certain destruction, and all that could be done was to keep the boat's head to the waves and run before the wind. The low rumbling of distant thunder served to terrify them still more. Though an island was not far distant, to land was impossible as the



waves would certainly dash the boat against the rocky shore. They were in the most pitiable predicament. Drenched to the skin, tired and weary after their long row, and with blistered hands, they could scarcely keep the boat straight. But Providence seemed to have cast upon them a protecting eye; for, at length, the wind veered around and they were able to get on the lea-side of an island, where they remained till the storm abated.

(To be continued.)

J. A. Nelson, '04.



## THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES,

OR

Scenes from the Early Life of Charles Lamb.

"I have had playmates, I have had companions.  
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

Charles Lamb, the genial author of the famed "*Essays of Elia*," has, in these essays, and in the well-known poem—"The Old Familiar Faces"—told us his own life-story. In the essay entitled *Old Benchers of the Inner Temple*, he brings us back to his childhood days. "I was born and passed the first seven years of my life in the Temple. Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river, . . . these are of my oldest recollections."

Charles Lamb was born on the 10th of February, 1775, in Crown Office Row in the Temple.

His father, John Lamb, had come from Lincolnshire to seek his fortune in London. He found it, but it never amounted to more than a bench clerkship under old Samuel Galt. He is the antitype of the Lovel of the Essays—"A man of incorrigible and losing honesty. A good fellow, withal, who, in the cause of the oppressed, never considered inequalities, or calculated the number of his opponents."

Charles was early-sent to a private school where he learnt to read and write. The school consisted of one room, and contained many slanting desks which played havoc with the backs of the pupils. At the age of seven Lamb was sent to Christ's Hospital, a charity school founded by the boy-king Edward VI. He remained there seven years, and they were the happiest of his life. Here he formed those intimate friendships which lasted throughout his life, and proved a cheering light in his dark and stormy voyage; here he met Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and came under his peculiar and bewitching influence; here he acquired those tastes for reading and literature, which later on placed him in the foremost rank of our composers. Then he was universally loved and respected for his gentleness and amiability. He was, in fact, true to his name.

"From the most gentle creature nursed in fields,  
Had been derived the name he bore—a name,  
Wherever Christian altars have been raised,  
Hallowed to meekness and innocence."

"I never heard his name mentioned," writes one of his school-fellows, "without the addition of Charles, although, as there was no other boy of the name of Lamb, the addition was unnecessary; but there was an implied kindness in it, and it was a proof that his gentle manners excited that kindness."

It must have been a hard blow to Charles Lamb to end his school-days so soon—he was only fifteen when he quitted Christ's Hospital. But there was no other alternative. An impediment in his speech unfitted him for the ministry, and the poverty of his family clamored out to him to come and relieve it. Misfortunes, too, of a deeper dye than penury; were already "casting their shadows before."

"Hy, then, ye hours of rosy hue,  
And bear away the bloom of years!  
And quick succeed, ye sickly crew  
Of doubts and sorrows, pains and fears!"

"Where are they gone, the old familiar faces?  
I had a mother, but she died and left me—  
Died prematurely in a day of horrors—  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

The "sickly crew of sorrows, pains and fears" followed fast on the "hours of rosy hue." To understand the conditions of the home to which Charles Lamb returned in the opening days of his youth, we have only to peruse the two essays "*My Relations*," and "*Mackery End in Hartfordshire*," and the touching poem entitled "*The Grandame*."

Of John Lamb's family of seven, only three survived. The oldest brother was mean and selfish, and cared not for the others.

Charles and Mary—the Bridget of the Essays—were left to bear the brunt of the harsh battle of life in Crown Office Row.

John made some money, and went in "quite an opposite direction" on a "chanting" way, not caring to put music into the "tuneless" progress of his "poor relations."

Charles found employment in the South Sea House at £70 a year. With this he supported his mother, father, sister and himself.

In 1795, the long-threatened storm broke loose: Charles became insane and spent six weeks in a "mad-house." In the same year his sister Mary was similarly affected. At first, she had only mild attacks, but one day an apprentice excited her, and she became violent, snatched up a knife, chased the girl around the room and stabbed to the heart her own mother who had interfered. An inquest was held on the following day, and a verdict of insanity was returned in the case of the unhappy daughter.

"My poor dear, dearest sister," writes Lamb to Coleridge, "has been

the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a mad-house. My poor dear father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt." Charles was soon relieved of his charges. The aged father "palsy-smitten, in the last sad stage of human weakness"—"a remnant most forlorn of what he was"—soon followed the mother "gently" to the grave. The aunt did not tarry long, for "the common mother of us all in no long time after received her, too, into her lap." Charles was alone in the world; the home he loved so dearly was no more.—

"Ghostlike I paced 'round the haunts of my childhood;  
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,  
Seeking to find the old familiar faces."

"For some they have died, and some they have left me,  
And some are taken from me, all are departed;  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

Charles was now his own master, only to sacrifice his liberty on the altar of brotherly love. He made arrangements with the authorities to have his sister released from the asylum, pledging himself to be her life-long guardian. It was a long "wardenship," and Coleridge's prediction was fulfilled:

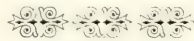
"Cheerily, dear Charles! Thou thy best friend shall cherish many a year."

Verily, he repaid with usury the "mighty debt of love" he owed her for her maternal watchfulness over his infancy and childhood. Circumstances "had called the long-protected to assume the part of the protector," and well he played his part—a hero's part. He gave up even the thought of wedding that so he might the better devote his heart and his resources to his sister. How beautiful is this their "*dual loneliness!*" Yet it cost many a pang to the tender heart of Charles, and we can enter fully into the mournfulness of his plaint:

"I loved a love once, fairest among women.  
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces "

In the case of the brother, the mania never returned; but Mary Lamb was subject to periodic attacks. Happily, these unwelcome guests always sent warnings of their coming before them, and the hosts were forearmed. A friend of Lamb tells how on the eve of one of these visitations he "met the brother and sister walking hand in hand across the fields to the old asylum, both bathed in tears."

Ralph L. Hayes, '04.





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## ...EDITORIALS...

### A Plea for the Idealist.

They say that the idealist bothers and worries and broods too much over others and their wrongs and his desires for them, when he should be thinking of himself; but, ah, reader, what is a man before God, who thinks only of himself? Perhaps worldly success depends upon what they say, but does the heart feed on worldly success, does it? Even though glory will never come to us, until we direct our aspirations and our energies over a different course than thinking of others, what would it mean, if to achieve it were to bring death unto the holiest and dearest things of the soul? . . . The Idealist, what pity goes out to him! How he is misunderstood! But let us go on, kindred heart, brooding and brooding forever and ever, until God answers our cries and gives us the work we long for! Let us keep at them, these ideals of ours, wearily though we trudge, for there shall be an end some day, and a reckoning, and a thanksgiving too! Perhaps we shall be there,

and if we are, we will press our hands together and, with hearts too full for utterance, gaze back upon the Past with our best pride and glory before us—the matured, ripened, holy fruit of our souls—the beautiful children of our own hands—the very coinage and currency of our hearts—our realized Ideals!

A. M'C.



## A Modern Art.

Writing for the press, or Journalism, has gradually developed into an art of itself. The talents demanded in a good newspaper-writer are so peculiar that a man may be possessed of an abundance of book-lore as well as of a certain ability as a writer, and still be a total failure in the capacity of an article-writer. Yet, we do not mean to say that there is any great mystery in the craft, or that any man of ordinary genius cannot acquire a certain proficiency in the art by an earnest study of its rules and principles. On the contrary, any young man who is ambitious,—we mean in the good sense—energetic and has a little “get up” in him; who has a good imagination, with the powers of grasping the shadows of current thought, and clothing them in the most showy apparel, and who has enough courage and self-confidence to speak out boldly what he thinks, may, with considerable practice, have hopes of producing something well worthy of a place in any of our leading journals.

He must, however, have practice. He must not think that, all of a sudden, when the whim comes upon him, or when he is in despair of eking out a living by any other means, he can turn to journalism as a last resource. No. If he entertain, or act upon, any such plans, he will be but one more added to the many who are laboring under the illusion that they are journalists.

Once, however, a writer has acquired the art of which we speak, it is wonderful to note the power he wields. We need only cast a retrospective glance on the past two or three years, and we shall at once recognize the fact that it is to the expert, though often unscrupulous, Journalist that must be attributed a great deal of the unnecessary excitement which has been agitating the universe. It may truly be said of him that “he wields a power with his pen which no sceptre can rival.”

T. A. D.



## Courtesy.

Courtesy, meaning politeness in its true sense, is a matter that is given but little attention. There are few virtues whose activity is more desirable, and whose manifestation more efficacious, than that of genuine courtesy. In the various trifles that make or mar the happiness of daily life, courtesy

plays a most important part. A simple good-morning to a child, uttered in cheery tones, will call up a bright reflection on the juvenile face.

In our earnest and eager pursuit for the acquisition of knowledge, the making of money, the conquest of fame or power, the meeting the varied demands of our state of life, we are apt to overlook the importance to ourselves and to those around us of a disinterested and habitual courtesy. There is a wonderful magnetism in a sunny manner that all must feel, and though this magnetism is not inherent in all natures, it may be cultivated to a great extent.

True courtesy springs from the heart and has its source in a desire to give happiness to others. We ourselves frequently feel the need of gracious words and kindly tones from those around us, and in the same manner should extend the same kind charities to others. No matter what offense our neighbor may have given us, we cannot oppose him as long as he brings to bear on us the daily musketry of pleasant tones and courteous words.

In the family, more than anywhere else, should courtesy be cultivated, since here individuals are brought in closest and continual contact. There are some who are most courteous to strangers; they are all shadow at home, all sunshine abroad. Such people never know that pure happiness which consists in finding one's own delight in the delight of the circle in which he forms a part. It is the omission of such trivial utterances as "please," "thank you," "excuse me," "with pleasure," spoken at the right moment that makes many a daily life hard and cold. He who bears about with him a constant thoughtfulness of the happiness of others, will do good often when he knows not of it. There is nothing more pleasing among college students than courtesy; if cultivated in our days at school, it will be of the greatest value to us in after years.

J. E. D.



## **Fraternity—a Holy Word!**

We are in an age of Commercialism and Competition, an age in which the keenest rivalry struggles between man and man, an age that cries out, mastery or fall; and do we think what it all means—do we think what this conflict for supremacy shall carry us to—do we think when once we pause, once every little while, to breathe again the atmosphere of higher things, that we are brothers? Ah, the soul, too, has a growth, and every movement of our form is but a medium of the soul's expression stamping, each succeeding day, a clearer index on our work . . . Muscular tissue is burnt up when the arm contracts, and the assimilated nutrition of the daily meal renews the exhausted energy and stores up the power to move again; but it is the soul that is drawn upon for the impulse that gives movement, and though we cannot change the outward curve and sweep of the circle described, yet the



quality of impulse can be better to-morrow than it is to-day. The mighty Corliss engine beats, and a power is generated almost beyond measuring, yet see its useless fury when lashing the open air. Again we see it, the same Corliss engine, harnessed now, and every throb of its giant heart sends plowing through the waters of a sea the ship which cuts along the waves ever nearer to its shore. An impulse has been given and an energy directed—that is all. The stillness of night, sometimes, when the tired brain, or the weary heart, holds a brief communion with its God, hears a gentle, hopeful, earnest uttering, and the sounds most beautiful that ever have escaped the tongue, are formed again, and, in those nobler moments when the soul is full, we whisper heavenward through the silent gloom, "Our Father!"

Is there holier thing than this for us? Is there better fruit in all the great garden of our days than this, and does the simple little word, the little impulse, "Our Father," not tell its story ever and ever anew?

God our Father! Man our——brother! This is the relationship we bear to the Maker of men. This is the impulse unrepressed, seeking its noblest outlet to a world of stagnating joys. What, then, are we to each other? Are we to plod on and on past the suffering, hungry souls that yearn for a word, past the shrinking, silent beings that long for a gentle touch, a soothing, comforting touch, a touch of tenderness and love? Are we to lift high above the bent heads of brothers an ensign of self? We ought to know, we who are under a common roof and see the struggle already producing its lines about the brows and the mouths of a hundred still in the shadow of boyhood. Yet do we act? Let us embrace these hours when the heart is yet a softer thing than stone, and when its impressions sink deeper than a scratch on steel. Let us feel that Fraternity is a holy word, a word full of noble, simple joy. Let us admit that the heart which cries out for aid, has a right to ask it; and let us know that we who have the power of granting, cannot refuse while the words, "Our Father," have still a meaning for us. Let us feel that after-days will come when we shall go different ways in Life, ways that will not often bring us together, and yet ways that will leave a lingering mist sometimes upon the eye, when memory returns to bring again its friendship from the class room. Life is not a long thing, yet it is long enough for us to pick from it some rare neglected flowers that even the coldest, sternest practicability has not withered and cannot fade. Let us bring out our finer, better, holier instincts with the rest, for, hurried as we are, we still have time for these; and what we develop of Fraternity here among us, with all its feeling, its enthusiasm, its love, will only serve as a reservoir to draw upon in later days when the brother, the citizen and the man shall realize that "we must love men 'ere they will seem worthy of our love." This for us!

A. M'C.



## RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

According to custom, the different Sodalities have again been organized in the College to promote piety among the students, and friendship among its members.

### SODALITY OF THE CHILD JESUS.

This Society embraces the scholars of the Grammar Department, and its special object is a fervent devotion to the Child Jesus, that He may receive them as clients and assist them in the pursuit of virtue and learning, turn off the snares laid against their chastity, and increase in them a purity of body and mind, but especially a pure and undefiled soul. It meets every Thursday at 3 o'clock, P. M. Officers: Director, Rev. M. S. Retka, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, Edward J. Lauinger; First Assistant, Paul M. McAteer; Secretary, Charles M. Rankin; Treasurer, Joseph H. Smith; Standard Bearer, Chas. J. Callahan.

### SODALITY OF THE HOLY ANGELS.

To this Society belong all the students of the three Academic Classes. The special end of this Sodality is to inspire its members with a spirit of prayer, a pure soul, a holy fear of God and His Angels, that they may always live in a state of purity and integrity truly Angelical, and may perform their daily duties as if they were in the company of the Angels. It meets every Wednesday at 3 o'clock P. M. Officers: Director, Rev. Wm. F. Stadelman, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, Ralph L. Hayes; First Assistant, Clarence L. Jackson; Second Assistant, George V. Braun; Treasurer, Thomas A. Curran; Secretary, Andrew C. Wesolowski; Librarian, Joseph M. O'Connor; Standard Bearer, Frank J. Hartigan.

### SODALITY OF THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY.

This Sodality contains all the members of the Freshman and Sophomore Classes and of the Business Course. It endeavors to foster and promote a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin and Her Immaculate Heart, the imitation of Her purity, and zeal for the love of God. Regular meetings are held every Tuesday at 3 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of insuring mutual edification and prayer. The meeting is closed with an appropriate address by the Rev. Director. Officers: Director, Rev. H. J. McDermott, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, Henry J. Smith; First Assistant, Alfred A. Smith; Second Assistant, Hubert E. Gaynor; Treasurer, Edward L. Davin; Secretary, John H. Sackville; Librarian, Albert M. Rahe; Standard Bearer, Richard J. Couzins.

### SODALITY OF THE HOLY GHOST.

On September 17th, the members of the Junior and Senior Classes were called to the Chapel for the purpose of organizing the Sodality of the Holy Ghost. The object of this Sodality is to promote a special devotion to the Holy Ghost, that its members may take the all-important step—Vocation,

in perfect safety. What is more necessary for these young men that are about to enter the "Combat of Life" than the gifts of the Holy Ghost as well as his fruits! It is upon this Sodality that the Holy Father has conferred so many indulgences, and it is, therefore, one which should be encouraged in all Catholic Colleges. Officers: Director, Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, Wm. J. McElligott; First Assistant, P. A. Gillespie; Second Assistant, Fr. A. Maloney; Treasurer, J. J. Huettel; Secretary, W. J. Ryan; Librarian, M. G. Hayes; Standard Bearer, G. H. Schoppol.

*G. H. Schoppol.*



### VISITORS.

Some of the visitors to the College during the past month were: Mrs. L. B. Merrill, of Seton Hill, Greensburg, Pa.; Mrs. J. B. Supler, of Clarksburg, W. Va.; Mr. and Mrs. J. G. O'Brien, of Derry Station, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Mayer, of Bridgeville, Pa.; Rev. D. O'Connell, of Chicora, Pa.; Mrs. Young, of East End, City; Mr. J. F. Miller, '89; Mrs. G. Watterson, of Washington, Pa.; Mrs. F. Lauinger, of East End, City; Rev. D. Devlin and Father Sullivan, of St. Stephen's, Hazelwood; Rev. Father Donovan, of Homestead; Master George McLane, of West Union, W. Va.; Mr. P. Marron, of Mt. Pleasant, Pa.; and the Misses Hartigan also of Mt. Pleasant, Pa.; Master Lawrence Flick, of St. Vincent College, Pa.; Mrs. T. Cassidy, of Conemaugh, Pa.

Mr. Chauncey Olcott, the well-known actor, favored us with a visit on Friday afternoon, Nov. 16. He very generously acceded to the unanimous desire of both Faculty and Students, by rendering, in his own sweet, inimitable voice, the popular songs which have made his name a household word throughout the land. The songs were received with rapturous applause. After some other music, both vocal and instrumental, on the part of the boys, Mr. Olcott was called upon for a speech, and responded by expressing the deep satisfaction such a visit—to a College—always gave him. His satisfaction on this occasion was enhanced by the fact that the College was a Catholic Institution. He could not forbear declaring the pride he took in belonging to the Catholic Church, which, like an aromatic flower, spread its sweet incense through the world and made happy the lives of those who lived within the radius of its influence. He urged the boys to be true to its traditions and to improve the shining hours of their college school-days.

On Friday evening, Nov. 30, we were honored with a visit from the Rt. Rev. Nepomucene Jaeger, O. S. B., Abbot of St. Procopius' Monastery, Chicago, Ill. The Venerable Prelate had come to Pittsburg for the purpose of assisting at the public celebration that took place, on the previous Sunday, Nov. 25, at St. Stanislaus' Church, in which parish he had labored some sixteen years ago, before the erection of the beautiful new Church at 21st and Smallman Sts. After dinner, Mgr. gave the students and Faculty a rare



treat in the nature of an impromptu concert, bringing strains from the violin that ravished the ears and hearts of his rapt auditors.



### ALUMNI.

Mr. John A. Hanlon, '97, paid us a brief visit, on Thanksgiving Day. It was his only "day off," said John, and his great desire was to see a foot-ball game on the College grounds. The old students of '95, '96 and '97 will remember him as one of the most active and successful members of the Base-ball teams, in those famous days. He is now Head Book-keeper for the House-Moving Firm of Contractor John Eichleay, of Brownsville Ave., Southside.

His brother Tom, '95, has also put to profit the lessons he received in the College Business Department; for he is keeping books in the office of the Pittsburg Galvanizing Works, 26th street and Allegh. V. R. R. Tom was also one of our well-known athletes, who gave study and recreation their proper share.

Several of our old boys have taken unto themselves "help-meets and life-partners," within recent date. In some cases we have been somewhat late in learning thereof, and must, consequently, apologize for our tardiness in congratulating them upon an event which so clearly indicates prosperity in the career of life which they have mapped out for themselves, since leaving their *Alma Mater*.

Amongst them we must, first of all, mention Mr. Jas. P. Kelly, '84, whom we had begun to consider as a confirmed bachelor, but who, on the very day of our Commencement Exercises, last summer, led to the Altar, at St. Paul's Cathedral, a most estimable young lady, in the person of Miss Mary Giblin, of Wylie Ave. James has never lost his "old but ever new" interest in the Alumni Association, which he hopes to see springing into renewed activity in the near future. He still loves to come around when there is a good foot-ball game on the campus. James P. is the successful Business Manager of the A. H. Childs' Co. of Iron Brokers.

One month later, on July 18, our old friend, Mr. J. P. Donovan, '96, decided to enter the ranks of the Benedicts, in the companionship of Miss Emma Anderson, of Steubenville, O. The marriage was performed at the residence of Mr. Donovan's parents, on Forbes St., by Rev. Father Sweeney of St. Agnes' Church.

The most recent wedding that we have the pleasure of chronicling is that of Mr. Fred. H. Good, '95, to Miss Pearl Gleason, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred. S. Gleason, of McKeesport, Pa. The ceremony was performed in St. Peter's Church, in that city, by Rev. C. A. McDermott, Rector, on Wednesday morning, Nov. 28. The bride's attendants were her sister, Miss C. Gleason, Miss Rose Curran, of Allegheny, and Miss Margaret Good, sister of

the bridegroom. The latter was attended by two of his former school-mates at this College, Messrs. Joseph Cawley, '94, and Raymond Franz, '95. After their return from an extended wedding trip through the South, the young couple will locate near Sewickley, where Fred is interested in the oil business as well as in the care and cultivation of a large estate.

### OBITUARY.

It is with the deepest and most heart-felt sorrow that we are obliged to announce the sad tidings of the death of MR. MARTIN HEHIR, the nephew of our Very Rev. President, which took place on Wednesday, Nov. 7. Only a year ago, he was in our midst, a talented and zealous student, and an edifying, holy scholastic. But ill-health compelled him to revisit his home, in Co. Clare, Ireland, where death called him away, fully prepared and thoroughly resigned, to his heavenly and everlasting home, in the flower of his youth, just as he was completing his 23rd year.

Solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated, for the repose of his soul, on Thursday morning, Nov. 22, in the College Chapel, the Celebrant being his uncle, the Very Rev. President of the College, who was assisted by Rev. A. Gavin, C. S. Sp., as Deacon, and Rev. M. Retka, C. S. Sp., as Sub-deacon. A beautiful and touching sermon was delivered on the occasion by Rev. W. Stadelman, C. S. Sp., who had been his spiritual director.

In our next issue, we promise to give a more extended notice of our deceased and regretted fellow-student, as well as a synopsis of the edifying details dwelt upon by Rev. Father Stadelman in his funeral sermon.

Both Faculty and Students were prompt and earnest in extending to the Very Rev. President the expression of sympathy for the loss he experienced in the death of one to whom he was so deservedly attached. They also begged him to convey to the members of the bereaved family the assurance of their sincere condolence. *R. I. P.*

### EXCHANGES.

Many persons are averse to the studying of Ancient languages, because they believe that these languages cannot add to the money-making powers of their children.

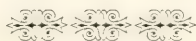
The objections advanced by these opponents of the Classics are ably answered in *St. Joseph's Collegian*, in the article on "The Old Classics." The author dwells, especially, upon the vast difference between "the logical adjustment of material" in the ancient works and the poor judgment used by many of our modern authors "who crowd things together to the exclusion of connection and sense," and who "say the little they know at the very outset of their composition."

*The Dial* begins seriously with "A Reverie" but immediately relaxes into a comic essay, "The Kelly-O'Grady Foot-ball Game." "The Fall of Jefferson of Boone" is like the beginning of a Kentucky feud.

*The Cherry and White* contains nothing but Alumni notes, a page from somebody's diary and a bit of fiction. We should like to see what there is in it worthy of the title "Literature."

The *Abbey Student* begins with a sermon in the "Lament of the Age." The other articles are well-written, the editorials being excellent.

We also received the following: "The Notre Dame Scholastic," "The Niagara Rainbow," "The Laurel (Sept.)," "Jubilee Year," "Fordham Monthly," "The Tamarack," "Georgetown College Journal," "Niagara Index," "St. Vincent's Journal," "Loretto Magazine," "The Weekly Bouquet," "M. A. Aerolith," "De La Salle," "The Mount," and "The Ave Maria."



## ATHLETICS.

### IN-DOOR SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS.

It has always been maintained, and justly so, that out-door exercise is one of the essential and most efficacious means of promoting the health of the body. By bringing into vigorous action the various muscles, it facilitates the circulation of the blood, promotes digestion, and tends to expand and strengthen the lungs. Moreover, it affords much healthful pleasure, of a kind peculiar to itself. It recreates the mind thoroughly, by withdrawing it, for a while, from the cares and duties that disturb it. The advantages to be derived from it are very numerous; while it is attended with but little danger, when practised with prudence and moderation.

When the condition of the weather or other causes render out-door sports impracticable, in-door amusements,—such as pool, billiards, gymnastics, bowling, and even basket-ball and base-ball—best supply their place. While they partake, in some degree, of the nature of out-door games, they depend less on physical strength than on quickness of perception and readiness of action. We cannot, however, consider them as mere substitutes for out-door games. They are a distinct class, and hold a place of their own. Their utility is often enhanced by turning them to uses not merely pleasurable, and thus many of our in-door match games acquire a new and important feature.

Aside from the pleasure they cause, they train the mind to be attentive, as well as quick at judging results, and judging them correctly. A person is easily and agreeably formed into the habit of observing carefully, and following perseveringly, whatever may be under consideration. Hence it comes that such games as chess and checkers, while extremely interesting, are great



helps in forming and developing this habit of concentration, which is so invaluable to the student, and which very few persons possess naturally, to any great degree. Pool, billiards, and bowling, train the eye to be keen, and the hand to be sure in following it. A considerable amount of dexterity is required in these games, and only by constant practice can this facility be acquired.

Thus, in in-door games, pleasure and profit go hand in hand; and what seemed a mere pastime, becomes the source of great mental advantages.

The football season of '00 has passed into history.

On the whole, it has been a successful one, and both major and minor teams have done excellent work. We need not again allude to the heavy games played by the 'Varsity Team against such Elevens as Homestead and East End. Since those big contests, we lost but one game, during November, and that was the game with Geneva, in which the final score was 5—0 in favor of the visitors. Geneva was very strong this year—and we were handicapped by the illness and absence of two or three of our best men in the line, on which the Covenanters made most of their successful assaults. The rapid work of the visitors took the College boys almost off their feet in the first half, at the beginning of which the only touchdown of the game was secured. But after that, the home team played a better defensive game, and, at one time, came very close to their opponents' goal, but lost the ball on a fumble, after which the visitors, by hard and brilliant work, devoted all their efforts to prevent the College from scoring.

Since then, the two most important contests of the season were the games played, on Sat., Nov. 10, at the Arsenal grounds, with the officers and men of the U. S. A., and on Sat., Nov. 17, on the College grounds, with the strong Coraopolis Team. The wretched weather that distinguished the latter part of the month interfered considerably with our schedule, and obliged us to cancel the two great games which had been arranged with D. A. C., at Duquesne, and with Geneva College, at New Brighton.

The contest with U. S. Army Team was a desperate struggle, in which the Soldiers played a great mass on tackle, but in which the superb kicking of Captain J. J. Laux turned an almost certain defeat into a glorious victory for Pittsburg College over the United States Army. During the season he has been credited with the longest kicks seen on any local gridiron, not excepting even the Exposition grounds, when the famous Brooke, of Pennsylvania renown, added science to strength on the Homestead team. Laux's punts averaged close on sixty yards, and one of them enabled the students to score their only touchdown of the game. The teams were matched, the losers preponderating in weight, the victors in skill. United States Army played a mass game on tackle, invariably making gains until the students were put on their mettle to defend their goal near the five-yard line. A powerful swing of the Captain's ready leg, after a third down's ineffectual attempt had caused the oval to change hands, sent the sphere to the center of the field, and United States Army had a task again before them worthy of Sisyphus in ancient mythology.

In the first half, each side scored a touchdown, that of the College being chiefly due to a long and splendid punt by Laux, which was muffed by C. Lyons, and secured by Gaynor

and Smith, from which Laux kicked an easy goal. Weiraugh soon rounded the ends for another for U. S. A., which Lyons failed to improve. With this the scoring ended, the Students playing a magnificent defensive game, in which Russell, Newell, Shindey, Smith, Gaynor and Nalen appeared to great advantage. For the United States Army, Riddell and Weiraugh made most of the end gains. Vetter, McChesney and C. Lyons hit the line hard, and L. Lyons advanced the ball well on two delayed passes.

On Sat., Nov. 17, the College First Eleven played what turned out, through subsequent bad weather, to be their last game of the season. It was a splendid and even contest, from start to finish, the score standing 5-5, when darkness set in and stopped all further play. The gridiron was in a muddy condition and favored the side that had the ball in its possession. In the first half Coraopolis showed up remarkably well, massing on tackles for small gains of from one to four yards, and carrying the ball down the field, without a fumble, until T. Broderick crossed the goal line for a touchdown. L. Broderick's kick lacked steam, and the ball failed to reach the posts.

Nalen kicked off to May on the 10-yard line. Coraopolis kept the ball in its possession until time was called, the oval resting on the 25-yard line.

In the second half the College men played a much superior game, and out-classed their opponents in every department. Laux got the ball on the fly, and carried it to the center of the field, where, with only one man to pass, he was downed after a magnificent run. Russell, Burkhardt, O'Connor, Gaynor and Laux rushed the oval to the 15-yard line, where it was lost on a fumble. Shortly after, Coraopolis again lost it in like manner, Curran securing the ball and advancing it to the 5-yard line, whence he was pushed over, on the second trial, for the only touchdown secured by the College players. Laux failed to make the winning point.

When play was resumed, Curran and Burkhardt made two magnificent runs of thirty yards each. After a further gain by Gaynor of four yards, the ball went to Coraopolis on a fumble. The shades of night were now falling fast. Wrapped in gloom and almost stygian darkness, T. Broderick emerged from an indistinguishable mass of mud-coated players, and, with a handicap of 10 yards, pursued by Smith, Gaynor and Mayer, headed for the spot where he thought the goal posts were located. He covered 50 yards before the shade of Alf Smith loomed up fast from the bewildered pack, and, with a flying tackle pulled him down to Mother Earth, who received him with gentle embrace in her muddy arms. In the absence of lamps and electric light, the game was called, leaving honors even.

#### SECOND AND THIRD TEAMS.

We have not space, in this issue to give more than the brief record of the games played by these two teams during the past season, reserving for a future number a more detailed account of the players themselves and of their individual work. It will be seen that neither team's goal was once crossed, which is a distinguished record, considering the heavy teams which they both faced.

- Oct. 13, P. C. II. vs. Bloomfield A. C., 30-0.
- Oct. 23, " " vs. Lincoln A. C., 22-0.
- Oct. 30, " " vs. Pastime A. C. I., 30-0.
- Nov. 10, " " vs. Eureka A. C., 7-0.
- Nov. 17, " " vs. Carnegie H. Sch., 12-0.

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Oct. 6,	P. C. III. (Juniors),	vs. Wilmerding Jrs.,	12-0.
Oct. 13,	" " "	vs. Wilkinsburg Jrs.,	17-0.
Oct. 20,	" " "	vs. Pastime A. C. II.,	16-0.
Oct. 27,	" " "	vs. Kingsley A. C.	6-0.
Nov. 3,	" " "	vs. Bridgeville A. C.,	16-0.
Nov. 17,	" " "	vs. Forbes A. C.,	5-0.

A new team, composed of the youngest available football material in the College, was formed late in the season, at the earnest request of the youthful candidates themselves, under the immediate direction of Rev. P. A. McDermott, our veteran Athletic manager from time immemorial. To select, instruct, and coach, a new team of the kind, within four weeks of the season's close, was no easy undertaking. But with the able assistance of Mr. H. Gaynor, the well-known L. E. of the First Eleven, it was successfully accomplished, and everybody was astonished at the wonderful ability and athletic talent which the "Junior Stars," as they were called, displayed from the very start.

Twenty candidates offered themselves, and, after careful selection was made, their choice for captain fell unanimously upon Master James Collins, who, it must be said, came up to all expectations admirably. Dennis Killian had no rival for centre and was quite at home in the position. For guards, two young heroes of the Sobieski kind, were named, Mackinkowski and Sierakowski; at tackle Rankin had no peer, on the left side, while his partner on the other wing was Wesolowski; the right end was held, without change, by Captain Collins, but for the left there were several candidates of about equal ability, Julius Kvatsak, Griffin, and Dullard, with the odds in favor of the first. The back field was exceptionally strong and active for such young boys, little Louis Zaronsky being the undisputed Q. B.; while Quigley, R. H. B., and Sweeney, L. H. B., were the regular Half Backs, with Donovan, at Full. Moran and Nasky made very good substitutes behind the line, while Vislet was ready, when necessary, to take the position of Centre. Their average weight was from 85 to 90 pounds.

From the very outset they contested the claim of the Fourth Team, already in existence since the beginning of the season, to the Fourth place in the list of teams; so, a series of games between the two teams was proposed. The suggestion was acted upon, and two contests, each resulting in a tie, took place. It may be said, without exaggeration, that no struggles ever came off upon the College grounds, that were so even, so interesting, so exciting, as those two games, and it is everybody's fondest hope that they will again be rivals for the next season.

The Fourth Team, also averaging 90 pounds, was made up of admirable material, especially in its backs and ends. It is safe to say that the College has never had, on any of its teams, better players for their size than Callahan at full-back, Willis and Frank Hartigan, at half-back, and Corbett and Connors, at the ends. On Thanksgiving morning they defeated the Iron City Juniors by the score of 39-0, thus closing the season in a blaze of glory.

*J. Malloy.*



# List of Passes, Distinctions and Honor Certificates,

AT THE

## FIRST TERM EXAMINATIONS,

HELD IN

NOVEMBER, 1900.

To secure a Pass a Student must get 60 per cent.; to obtain a Distinction it is necessary to get 80 per cent.

Certificates are given to Students who have obtained 80 per cent. in two subjects, provided they pass, i. e., obtain 60 per cent., in the other subjects of their course.

Both oral and written examinations have been taken into account for the Passes and Distinctions of the following lists.

### GRAMMAR CLASS.

BAKER, ROYCE—P., Penmanship.

D., Drawing.

BURLAGA, FRANK A.—P., Arithmetic, Polish.

D., Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Drawing, Penmanship.

CAVENAUGH, MICHAEL—P., History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

D., Religion.

CAVENAUGH, THOMAS E.—P., Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

D., Religion.

DALEY, MICHAEL—P., Religion, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

D., Drawing.

HEILMAN, CASPAR—P., Bible History.

D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

HERBST, WILLIAM—P., Arithmetic.

D., Religion, Bible History, History, English, Geography, Drawing, Penmanship.

HORNER, FREDERICK—P., Religion, Drawing, Penmanship.

KROLIKOWSKI, PETER—P., Arithmetic.

D., Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Drawing, Penmanship.

LAUNGER, EDWARD—P., Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

D., Religion, Drawing.

MAMAUX, ALBERT—P., Bible History, History, Geography, Drawing.

D., Religion, English, Arithmetic.

MASLEY, JOHN—P., Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Drawing, Penmanship.

D., Arithmetic.

MCATEER, PAUL—P., Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

D., Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, English.

MCCORMICK, CLARENCE—P., Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

D., Religion.

MILLER, HARRY—P., Bible History, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

D., Drawing.

- MOESLER, JOHN M.—P., Bible History, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Drawing.
- MORROW, LOUIS—P., History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, Bible History.
- OTAZO, JULIO—P., History, Geography, Arithmetic.  
 D., Religion, Bible History, English, Drawing, Penmanship.
- QUIGLEY, ROGER—P., History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.
- RANKIN, CHARLES—P., Religion, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.  
 D., Bible History, History, Geography, English.
- RINGER, GLENWOOD—P., English, Arithmetic.
- SMITH, JOSEPH—P., Bible History, Drawing.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.
- SLATTERY, PAUL F.—P., Religion, Bible History, English, Drawing, Penmanship.  
 D., History, Geography, Arithmetic.
- SUPLER, CHARLES—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing.
- VISLET, VICTOR—P., Bible History, History, Geography, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Drawing.

### THIRD ACADEMIC.

#### DIVISION B.

- ARTHO, JOHN A.—P., Religion, Algebra, English.  
 D., History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic, Penmanship.
- ALBTIUS, ALBERT G.—P., Religion, English, Algebra, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D., History, Geography, Latin.
- BAUM, KARL J.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Algebra, Penmanship.
- BERGHAMMER, PETER G.—P., Religion, English, Algebra.  
 D., History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic, Penmanship.
- DONOVAN, JAMES J.—P., Arithmetic.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Algebra, Penmanship.
- ENNIS, MICHAEL—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.
- FLANAGAN, JOHN—P., Religion, Latin, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D., History, Geography, Arithmetic.
- GORECKI, BRONISLAUS—P., German, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Penmanship.
- HALLY, EUGENE—P., Religion, Arithmetic.  
 D., History, Geography, English, Latin, German, Algebra, Penmanship.
- HALEY, MARTIN—P., Religion, English, Latin, Arithmetic.  
 D., Penmanship.
- HARTIGAN, FRANK—P., Religion, History, Geography.  
 D., Penmanship.
- HARTIGAN, HYACINTH—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.
- KOLIPINSKI, STANISLAUS—P., Religion, History, Geography.  
 D., Latin, German, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.
- KRESS, JOSEPH—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Algebra.  
 D., Penmanship.
- KVATSAK, JULIAN—P., English, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
 D., History, Geography, Latin, Penmanship.

- LEJKOWSKI, FELIX—P., Religion, History, Geography, Algebra.  
D., Latin, Penmanship.
- LUTZ, JULIAN—P., Penmanship.
- MACHNIKOWSKI, FRANK—P., History, Geography, English, Latin.
- MATUSZEWSKI, JOSEPH—P., Religion, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D., Latin.
- MCDONALD, ROBERT—P., History, Geography, English, Latin.
- McKENNA, COL.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D., Latin.
- McNALLY, FRANK—P., Religion, English.  
D., History, Geography, Latin, French, Algebra, Penmanship.
- MISCHLER, CLARENCE—P., Religion, History, Geography; Arithmetic, Algebra.  
D., English, Latin, Penmanship.
- MILLER, ERNEST—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Penmanship.
- MORAN, JOSEPH—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D., Latin.
- NASKY, SAMUEL—P., Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Penmanship.
- O'CONNOR, JOSEPH—P., Penmanship.
- O'HARA, WILLIAM—P., English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.
- PLANITZER, OTTO—P., Religion, Arithmetic.  
D., History, Geography, Latin, English, German, Algebra, Penmanship.
- POLUKAJTIS, JOSEPH—P., Religion, History, Geography, German, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
D., Latin, Algebra.
- POPP, THOMAS L.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Penmanship.  
D., Arithmetic.
- SHIPE, EDWARD—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, German, Algebra.  
D., Latin, Penmanship.
- TANNEY, JOSEPH—P., Religion, History, Geography, French, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D., Latin, Arithmetic.
- THORNTON, JAMES F.—P., German.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, English, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.
- UNGASCHIC, FREDERICK—P., German, French, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Penmanship.
- VOGEL, JOSEPH—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, French.  
D., Penmanship.
- WILLIS, JOHN—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Algebra.  
D., Penmanship.
- WOODARD, JAMES—P., History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
D., Religion, Latin, Penmanship.

DIVISION A.

- BRIGGS, BERNARD—P., Religion, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D., History, Geography.
- CONNOR, JOHN—P., Latin, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Algebra.
- CURRAN, THOMAS—P., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
D., English, Penmanship.



- DULLARD, WALTER—P., Latin.  
D., Penmanship.
- ENNIS, RICHARD—P., History, Geography, Latin, Algebra.  
D., Penmanship.
- GRIFFIN, FRANK—P., Latin, Arithmetic.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Algebra, Penmanship.
- HUCKESTEIN, EDWARD—P., Latin.
- HUFF, FRANCIS—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, German, French, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
D., Penmanship.
- JACKSON, EDWARD—P., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic.  
D., English, Algebra, Penmanship.
- KEANE, CHARLES—P., Religion.  
D., History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.
- KILGALLEN, JOHN—P., Religion, French, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
D., History, Geography, English, Latin, Penmanship.
- KORITKO, GEORGE—P., Religion, English, German, Algebra.  
D., Latin, Penmanship.
- KVATSAK, THEODORE—P., Latin, German.  
D., Penmanship.
- LANAHAN, JOHN—P., Religion, English, Penmanship.  
D., Latin, German.
- LIEBTAG, EMMET—P., History, Geography, English, Latin.  
D., Penmanship.
- MARRON, FRANK—P., Religion, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D., History, Geography.
- MISKLOW, PHILIP—P., English, Latin, Arithmetic.  
D., History, Geography, Religion, Algebra, Penmanship.
- MCMALE, MICHAEL—P., Religion, English, Latin, German.  
D., History, Geography, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.
- MCKERNAN, JOHN—P., Religion, English, Latin, German, Penmanship.  
D., History, Geography.
- MUHA, ANDREW—P., Latin, German, Penmanship.
- O'SHEA, TIMOTHY—D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.
- OBER, ROBERT—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D., German.
- PASCUAL, CARLOS—P., English, Arithmetic.  
D., Religion, Latin, Algebra, Penmanship.
- ROZPARSKI, ANDREW—P., Latin, German, Algebra, Penmanship.
- SIMON, JOHN—P., Arithmetic, Algebra.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, German, French, Penmanship.
- SWEENEY, EDWARD—P., History, Geography, French.  
D., Latin, Penmanship.
- ZAREMBA, JOHN—P., Latin, Penmanship.

## SECOND ACADEMIC.

- AYLWARD, JOSEPH—P., Religion, English, History, Geography, Latin, Greek, German, French.  
D., Arithmetic, Algebra.

- BARLOCK, GEORGE—P., Religion, English, History, Geography, Latin, Greek, German, Arithmetic, Algebra.
- BENZ, PHILIP—P., English, History, Geography, Latin, Greek.  
D., Religion, Arithmetic, Algebra.
- BRAUN, GEORGE—P., Latin.  
D., Religion, English, History, Geography, Greek, German, Arithmetic, Algebra.
- BUBNIS, PETER—P., Religion, German, French, Algebra.
- CASSIDY, WALTER—P., English, History, Geography, Latin, Greek, Mechanical Drawing.  
D., Religion, Arithmetic, Algebra.
- CONNOR, JOHN—P., English, History, Geography, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
D., Religion.
- DEKOWSKI, JOHN—P., English, Latin, Arithmetic.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, Greek, German, French, Algebra.
- DRISCOLL, GEORGE—P., Arithmetic, Algebra.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Greek, English, German, French.
- ENRIGHT, JOSEPH—P., Religion, English, History, Geography, Greek, Algebra.
- JAWORSKI, JOSEPH—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic.  
D., Religion, German, French, Algebra.
- KILLIAN, DENNIS—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, German, Arithmetic, Algebra.
- LAUINGER, FREDERICK—P., English, Algebra.  
D., Religion.
- MICHALSKI, J.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
D., German.
- MCCAMBRIDGE, CHARLES—P., History, Geography, Latin, French.  
D., Religion, English, Greek, German, Arithmetic, Algebra.
- MCKAVENEY, JOHN—P., History, Geography, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
D., Religion, English.
- MCLAUGHLIN, ALEXANDER—P., English, Latin, Greek.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra.
- MCLAUGHLIN, CHARLES—P., Latin.
- NEILAN, FRANK—P., Religion, English, Latin, Greek,  
D., History, Geography, German, French, Arithmetic, Algebra.
- PATTERSON, JAMES—P., History, Geography, Latin, Greek, German, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
D., Religion, English.
- SIERAKOWSKI, CHESTER—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Algebra.  
D., Religion, German, Arithmetic.

### FIRST ACADEMIC.

- BEJENKOWSKI, ANDREW—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, French, Algebra, Geology.  
D., Polish, Geometry.
- DAVIN, EDWARD—P., Religion, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Geology,  
D., History, Geography, English.
- GWYER, CHARLES—P., History, Geography, Latin, French, Geology.  
D., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry.
- HAYES, RALPH—P., Latin, German, Arithmetic, Geology.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Greek, Algebra, Geometry.

- HENNEY, MICHAEL—P., Latin, Arithmetic, Geometry, Geology.  
D., Algebra.
- LAGORIO, JOHN,—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Geology.  
D., Geometry, Arithmetic, Algebra.
- RAHE, ALBERT—P., English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Geology.
- SCHWAB, FRANCIS—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Geology, French, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
D., Latin, German, Geometry.
- SUMIERSKI, FRANCIS—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geology,  
D., Religion, German, French, Geometry.
- WESOLOWSKI, ANDREW—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Greek, Arithmetic, Geometry, Geology.  
D., Latin, Polish, French, Algebra.
- WHELAN, JOHN—P., Geology.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry.

## COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

### Preparatory Course.

#### DIVISION B.

- BRENNAN, LEO—P., Penmanship.  
D., Arithmetic, Shorthand.
- EHRlich, ANTHONY,—P., Religion, Penmanship.  
D., Arithmetic, History, Geography.
- FRANZ, MILTON—P., Religion, Book-keeping, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship, History, Geography.
- FITZGERALD, MATTHEW—P., Religion, Civil Government, Book-keeping, English, Penmanship.
- GAPEN, JAMES—P., English, Arithmetic, Type-writing, Penmanship.
- HARTIGAN, JOHN—P., Religion, Book-keeping, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship, History, Geography.
- HUTH, CONRAD—P., Religion, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship, History, Geography.
- LEAHEY, JEREMIAH—P., Religion, Book-keeping, English, Penmanship, History, Geography.  
D., Arithmetic.
- MACKIN, IGNATIUS—P., English, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Geography.
- MCCAFFREY, JOHN—P., Religion, Book-keeping, English, Penmanship, History, Geography.
- MCCORMICK, JOHN—P., Religion, Book-keeping, Penmanship, History, Geography.  
D., Arithmetic.
- STRATMAN, HERMAN—P., Religion, Book-keeping, English, Penmanship, History, Geography.  
D., Arithmetic.
- WATTERSON, LEO—P., Religion, Book-keeping, English, Penmanship, History, Geography.  
D., Arithmetic.



## DIVISION A.

- BERNER, ALOYSIUS—P., Book keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship, History, Geography.  
 BERNER, JOHN—P., Religion, Book-keeping, English, Penmanship.  
 D., Arithmetic, History, Geography.  
 BROWN, JOSEPH—P., Law, Book-keeping, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, English, Arithmetic, History, Geography.  
 DANNHARDT, JOHN—P., Penmanship.  
 DEAN, JOSEPH—P., Book-keeping, English, Penmanship, History, Geography.  
 D., Religion, Arithmetic.  
 JACKSON, CLARENCE—P., Religion, Book-keeping, English, Shorthand, Type-writing, Penmanship.  
 LACKNER, ANTHONY—P., Religion, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D., History, Geography, English.  
 MALONEY, WILLIAM—P., Civil Government, Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Shorthand, Type-writing, Mechanical Drawing.  
 O'CONNOR, WILLIAM—P., Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 PRICE, OLIVER—P., Religion, Book-keeping, English, Penmanship.  
 D., History, Geography, Arithmetic.  
 VOELKER, ALOYSIUS—P., Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D., History, Geography, English, Religion.  
 WEAVER, JOSEPH—P., Religion, Book-keeping, English, Penmanship, History, Geography.  
 WIEGEL, CHARLES—P., Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D., History, Geography, English.

## BUSINESS COURSE.

## DIVISION D.

- COLLINS, JAMES—P., Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Civil Government.  
 ELLIOTT, RHEA—P., Religion, Law, History, Geography, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 HAYES, JAMES—P., Law, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, English, Correspondence, Civil Government.  
 KEMPF, EDWARD—P., Religion, Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D., Civil Government.  
 MAYER, CHARLES—P., Religion, Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D., History, Geography.  
 O'HARE, JOHN—P., Religion, History, Geography, Book-keeping, English, Penmanship.  
 ROBINSON, JOHN—P., Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Civil Government.  
 VONDERAU, EDWARD—P., English, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Civil Government.  
 D., Religion, Book-keeping.  
 WHALEN, JOSEPH A.—P., Law, Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, Penmanship, Civil Government.  
 D., Arithmetic.  
 ZAHRONSKY, LEWIS—P., Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, Arithmetic.  
 D., Penmanship, Civil Government, Religion, Law.

## DIVISION C.

- BOLUS, CHARLES—P., Religion, English, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D., Civil Government, Book-keeping, Law.
- COUZINS, RICHARD—P., Religion, Law, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Penmanship,  
 Civil Government.
- O'NEAL, CHARLES—P., Law, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Shorthand, Pen-  
 manship, Civil Government.
- SMITH, ALFRED—P., Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship.  
 D., Civil Government, Arithmetic, Law, Religion.
- SACKVILLE, JOHN—P., Law, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Civil Government, English.  
 D., Correspondence, Penmanship.

## DIVISION B.

- GAST, WILLIAM—P., Law, Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, Arithmetic, Shorthand,  
 Civil Government.  
 D., Penmanship, Religion.
- KAUTZ, FRANK—P., Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, Arithmetic.  
 D., Religion, Law, German, Shorthand, Penmanship, Civil Government.
- MAYER, FRANK—P., Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship, Civil Government.  
 D., Arithmetic.
- MCALLISTER, RICHARD—P., Law, Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, Arithmetic,  
 Penmanship, Civil Government.
- McLAUGHLIN, JAMES—P., Law, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Civil Government.  
 D., Penmanship, Arithmetic.
- ROEHRIG, GEORGE—P., Religion, Book-keeping, English, Correspondence, Arithmetic,  
 Civil Government.  
 D., Penmanship, Shorthand, Law.

## FRESHMAN CLASS.

- COSTELLOE, PETER A.—P., Church History, History, Geometry, Chemistry, English,  
 Greek.  
 D., Latin, German, French, Algebra.
- DURA, STANISLAUS—P., History, English, Greek, French, Algebra, Geometry.  
 D., Church History, Latin, Polish, Chemistry.
- KNAEBEL, EDWARD—P., History, English, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.
- MALLOY, J. R.—P., Greek.  
 D., Church History, English, Latin, German, French, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.
- NELSON, JOSEPH—P., Algebra.  
 D., Church History, History, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Geometry,  
 Chemistry.
- O'BRIEN, JOHN—P., Algebra, Geometry.  
 D., Latin.
- PIETRZYCKI, FRANK—P., English, Church History, Latin, Greek, French, Algebra,  
 Chemistry.  
 D., Polish.
- RELIHAN, MICHAEL—P., History, English, Greek, Chemistry.  
 D., Latin, German, French, Algebra.
- SMITH, HARRY—P., Church History, History, English, Latin, Greek, French, Algebra.
- WALTER, ADAM—P., Church History, English, Greek, German, Algebra, Geometry,  
 Chemistry.  
 D., Latin.

### SOPHMORE CLASS.

- ESCHMAN, ALBERT J.—P., Church History, Latin, Greek, German, French, Algebra, Chemistry.  
D., English.
- FANDRAJ, WALTER—P., English, Greek, Geometry, Chemistry.  
D., Church History, History, Latin, German, French, Algebra.
- HALLERAN, CHARLES—P., Church History, English, Latin, German, Geometry.  
D., Algebra, Chemistry.
- JEROZAL, FRANK—P., English, Latin, Geometry, Chemistry.  
D., German, Algebra.
- MAJESKI, ANTHONY—P., Church History, History, English, French, Algebra, Chemistry.  
D., Latin, Greek, German, Geometry.

### JUNIOR CLASS.

- DUNN, TIMOTHY A.—P., Greek, German, French.  
D., Scripture, History, English, Latin, Natural Philosophy, Physics, Trigonometry.
- HAYES, MICHAEL—P., Scripture, History, English, Latin, Natural Philosophy, Physics.  
D., Trigonometry.
- HUETTEL, JOHN—P., History, English, Greek, German, French, Natural Philosophy, Physics, Trigonometry.  
D., Scripture.
- MALONEY, FRANK—P., History, English, Greek, German, Natural Philosophy, Physics, Trigonometry.  
D., Scripture.
- MURPHY, JOHN—P., History, English, Greek, German, Natural Philosophy, Physics, Trigonometry.  
D., Scripture, Latin, French.
- O'CONNOR, PATRICK—P., History, English, Latin, German, French, Trigonometry.  
D., Scripture, Greek, Natural Philosophy, Physics.
- RYAN, WILLIAM—P., Natural Philosophy, Trigonometry.  
D., Scripture, History, English, Physics.
- SCHOPPOL, GUSTAVE—P., English, Greek, Physics.  
D., Scripture, History, Latin, German, Natural Philosophy, Trigonometry.

### SENIOR CLASS.

- BAUMGARTNER, JOSEPH—P., English, Latin, Greek, Physics, Trigonometry.  
D., Scripture, History, German, French, Natural Philosophy.
- GILLESPIE, PATRICK A.—P., History, English, Latin, Natural Philosophy.  
D., Scripture, Physics.
- McELLAGOTT, WILLIAM—P., English.  
D., Scripture, History, Latin, Greek, Natural Philosophy, Physics, Trigonometry.
- RILEY, JAMES—P., German, Trigonometry.  
D., Scripture, History, English, Latin, Greek, French, Natural Philosophy, Physics.
- SCHALZ, GEORGE—P., Latin, German, French, Physics.  
D., Scripture, History, English, Greek, Natural Philosophy, Trigonometry.

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N. B.—The names of the students who were absent from the examinations, or who failed to pass, are not given in the above list.





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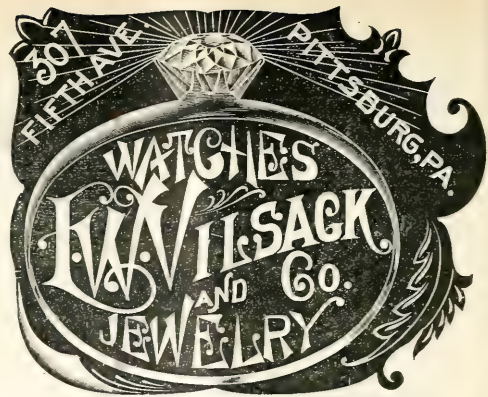
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# HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN

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Vol. VII.      Pittsburg, Pa., January, 1901.      No. 4.

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## CHRISTI NATALIS.

Orbis silescit, nox tegit aethera;  
Dum somnus omnes occupat inscios  
Casta Bethlem Salvator infans  
Virgine nascitur, Alleluia!

En mulcet auras angelicum melos;  
En rura, valles cantibus insonant;  
Laudant Creatorem creata,  
Stellaque nuntiat, Alleluia!

Te nulla, Jesu, stramine fulgida  
Vestit cubantem purpura, nobiles  
Rex regias temnis, Deoque est  
Hospitium specus, Alleluia!

O, laete pastor, desere ovilia,  
Eoa, reges, linquite litora,  
Ite, ite ovantes atque nato  
Munera ferte Deo, Alleluia!

Et vos, puellae, texite floreas  
Fronti coronas, vos, pueri, modos  
Cantate suaves, sitque Jesu  
Gloria, laus, honor, Alleluia!

*L. G.*

## A Trip to the Thousand Islands.

(Continued.)

Before I proceed any further with my narrative, I deem it advisable to introduce to my readers the several participants in our excursion.

Father Joseph, the leader of our party, has spent his life in the midst of boys. He reads their character as readily as a book. He knows their ways, their weaknesses and their good qualities; discovers what is best in them, and develops it; encourages what in them is noble and manly; detects their faults, and directs them in the practice of the opposite virtues. He is, moreover, an enthusiastic sportsman and an ideal organizer—a sure shot, a keen fisherman, an expert oarsman and an indefatigable walker—he takes an active part in every species of healthy out-door games, and makes life additionally cheerful for his companions by devising plans unceasingly for their entertainment, and varying them to suit the circumstances of weather and surroundings. He interests himself in everything that interests boys, and is never so happy as when they are happy. With his usual foresight, he arranged all the details of our trip weeks beforehand, and secured all that was necessary for our comfort and thorough enjoyment.

Mr. W. F. Brougham, a useful link of the law, has been handsomely endowed by nature with a ready tongue and facility for invention. The number of his stories, as well as his legendary lore, is inexhaustible; what his reading has not furnished, his imagination can supply, and this, too, with such circumstantial detail that none but the most exhaustive book-worm ventures to question his veracity. His achievements on the diamond and grid-iron, with the fishing-hook, with the gun and on the campus; his ever jubilant spirits and unflagging energy—the fruits of a cheerful disposition—all go to make a companion after a boy's own heart.

Fra Girardo is a gentleman of mature years and ripe experience. Though a rigid disciplinarian, he can unbend with ease, and enjoy a holiday with all the zest of a schoolboy. An adept in all the mysteries of the art of cooking, his presence at a pic-nic or excursion is invaluable; surprises in the matter of pies or other dainties, he can furnish *ad infinitum*.

Walter Perry is the strongest and most athletic member of the party. Gifted with a marvelous memory and no ordinary taste for reading, he is an authority on the early history of America, and has profited copiously of the researches made by the Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia. The writings of Fenimore Cooper are familiar to him; his imagination pictured the islands as still inhabited by the Red Man ready to spring with stealthy step from behind the trunk of every neighboring tree, and carry off his scalp as another trophy captured from the Pale Face. Every nook and sheltered cave and winding stream has its history for him; and every flattened stone speaks to him of the war hatchet and its bloody tale of daring or midnight treachery.



Emilio Lomares hails from the sunny land of Cuba. He brought with him to the States a gentle disposition and a correspondingly delicate frame. He would rather make excursions in search of birds' nests than join in the fatiguing adventures of the chase, and would prefer to explore the windings of a creek, culling the pretty wild flowers that adorn its banks, than take his turn at the oar in a fishing expedition.

Roland Boyle is the midget of the company—being the smallest and youngest amongst us. A perennial smile lights up his handsome little face. Mischief plays in his twinkling eyes ever flashing with an exuberance of vitality; his cheeks shine with a lasting bloom of health. His expression of innocence and candor mirrors the charms of his soul, and win upon the stranger at first glance.

Harry Chase and Howard Hannigan are of a thoughtful temperment, and would prefer to take silent rambles through the islands, or sit at the feet of Mr. Brougham, drinking in with avidity his never-ending tales of Sleepy Hollow, the adventures of Red Jacket, or his reminiscences of the Bowery.

Andrew McGowan has a fatal facility for misinterpreting orders. With the best intentions in the world, and a most obliging disposition, he is more frequently in hot water than any of his companions, and often, instead of receiving the congratulations he thinks he merits, he is overwhelmed with the censures of those with whom he would have served.

From the faithful though imperfect sketch I have thus drawn of our little company, it can be readily guessed who were the members of our first fishing party.

#### FIRST FISHING EXPEDITION.

The boats were got in order, the tackles fixed and the provisions stored in the bow of the skiff. The party was divided under the leadership of Father Joseph and Mr. Brougham. Father Joseph took the channel and Mr. Brougham determined to show his skill by trawling along the Canadian shore. But in spite of Mr. B's facility for inventing tales of adventures, the boys preferred to go with Father, for he had an anecdote, or a reminiscence to bring up about every nook and corner. The day being too bright for fishing, the party disembarked on a little island some five miles from the camp, and there they built a fire and partook of some refreshments; for it must be remembered that a five-mile row cannot be accomplished on a hungry stomach. After all had appeased their appetite, Father Joseph took out his little red book, which, I may say by way of explanation, he always carried about him, and read the following interesting history of the Lost Channel :

During the French and English War, an expedition was fitted out by the British in August, of 1760, for the final subjugation of the Canadas. The only strongholds of the French were at Montreal, together with a strong fort on an island in the St. Lawrence River, about three miles below the present city of Ogdensburg, N. Y., known as Fort Levis, and commanded by a distinguished French officer, Captain Pauchot.

The expedition consisted of 10,142 British regulars, and colonial troops from Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey. Among the Massachusetts troops were Israel Putnam, who was then Lieutenant Colonel, and a few others of Revolutionary fame. In addition to these troops, there was a force of about 1,000 Indians under the command of Sir William Johnson. The officer in charge of the expedition was General Jeffrey Amherst; the second in command was General Gage, of Boston fame.

At that time the English had two armed vessels on Lake Ontario, the Onondaga and the Mohawk, commanded by Captain John Loring, as Admiral of the fleet, with 177 batteries and 72 whale boats, hospital boats and boats for sutlers' use.

The first detachment of troops sailed in the two vessels, on the 7th of August, for the rendezvous at Basin Harbor, Grenadier Island, at the head of the St. Lawrence River. Six days later the entire army was assembled on the island, and early on the morning of the 14th, the expedition set out. Captain Loring, with the two vessels, had gone ahead; instead of keeping straight down the south channel, he crossed just below the foot of Wolfe Island into the Canadian channel. The French had been expecting an attack from this direction for a whole year, and, in consequence, had kept a lookout on Carleton Island, from which they could very easily see the British forces enter the river. With their swift war canoes, they could readily convey the intelligence to the fort below.

When Loring had fairly entered the Navy Group, he was assailed on every hand. The islands seemed to swarm with French and Indians, who raked his deck with musketry. To add to his discomfiture, he knew nothing of the river, nor of the labyrinth of islands in which he found himself; but ordering a boat and crew, he sent back word to prevent the Mohawk from entering the same perilous way, and then, manning his guns, he swept the islands round with grape and cannister, whilst all the time he drifted with the current, he knew not whither. Fortunately, he got clear of the islands, and coming to anchor, he dispatched two other boats to find the first one he had sent out, but they returned unsuccessful—having attempted in vain to discover into which of the channels the first crew had been lowered. They never saw this boat again, and, ever afterwards, in speaking of the spot, they called it "the place of the lost channel." Two or three years later, the crew of a batteau found a broken yawl-boat bearing the name "Onondaga" at the head of one of the water-ways, which, since that time, has been known as the Lost Channel, a name appropriately given to it by Captain Visler. In all probability, the crew of the yawl-boat were killed and scalped by the Indians, and their boat stove in and sunk.

We found this account very interesting, and yet there are very many places of historical value to which equally interesting legends are attached. After we had strolled around the island to our heart's content, the utensils were collected and we started down the stream, keeping the boat's head to-

ward Canada. All attempts at fishing were abandoned, as the water was as clear as crystal. Any fishes in the immediate vicinity were frightened away by the rattling of oar-locks and the shadow of the skiff.

On approaching Canada, a magnificent panorama presented itself. The lowlands along the shore were clothed in bright green. As the hills rose higher the scene presented a wild spectacle, and the neat little farm-houses nestling in the bosom of the forest, became fewer and less pretty until the wild, craggy Gibson mountain lifting its desolate peak high above the clouds crowned the scene with a wild romantic grandeur. Of this mountain, I shall have an opportunity to give a more minute description.

The party followed the shore till a little village called Ivy Lea was reached, and then, turning eastward, proceeded leisurely to the camp.

*J. A. Nelson.*



### Lines to a Little Friend.

To picture you with written word  
 Would be of all things most absurd;  
     For who, forsooth, has ever known  
     The winds on canvass to have blown?  
         Or who has heard the bugle's blast,  
         Or listened to the creaking mast,  
 Or ever heard an angel sing,  
 As it upward soared with spreading wing—  
         On canvas?

A skillful hand and clever pen  
 Can tell in words the deeds of men;  
     But human art can never show  
     A pure, sweet soul in virtue's glow;  
         And so in this lies my excuse,  
         For my poor pen cannot produce  
         In writing,  
 Thy virtues nor thy charms, my dear,  
 Nor even tell to thee, I fear,  
     How meaning are my words to thee,  
     Nor, little one, how tenderly  
         We love thee!

—*Alfred McCann.*



## Our Departed Confrere.

In our last issue, the exigencies of space obliged us to be content with merely mentioning the sad and unexpected tidings of the death of our late fellow-student, MARTIN HEHIR, the nephew of our Very Rev. President. But at present we feel bound to give a more extensive notice of his edifying life, of which we have known the better part, and gathered the fruitful influence.

Mr. Martin Hehir was born November 24, 1877, near Kildysart, County Clare, Ireland. He was blessed, with a good Christian, Catholic mother, who procured for him every opportunity of obtaining a liberal education. Martin was an exceedingly bright boy, always holding the head of his class and winning for himself all possible distinctions. He was, moreover, very pious, and as early as the year 1884 expressed the desire of becoming a priest. After receiving his first Holy Communion in 1890, this desire of becoming a priest and a religious became still more ardent, and a short time after, in 1894, he expressed his intention of coming to America to enter college. His mother, whose favorite child he was, considered the sacrifice too great, and was loath to part with him so young. Yet, far from discouraging him in his desire to become a priest, she sent him during the following three years to a first-class parochial school some three miles distant. Martin, ever docile and obedient, deemed himself only too happy to be allowed to attend this school, even though obliged to walk this distance every day.

During all this time the exterior signs of his vocation to the religious and sacerdotal state were becoming daily more apparent, and finally his mother, fully convinced that God in His love demanded the sacrifice of her, consented to allow him to follow the call.

With true Christian fortitude and trust in God, he bade adieu to all he held dear on this earth, and embarked for America early in the month of October, 1897. On the 22d of the same month, he arrived here at the college, and entered the Scholasticate as a postulant.

In the short space of about two years he had by his studious application passed successively through the three Academics, and was at the time he took sick one of the leaders of the Freshman class.

Shortly before February 2, 1900, the day on which he was received into the congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Immaculate Heart of Mary as a Titular Scholastic, he became slightly indisposed. He at first looked upon his illness as but a passing indisposition, but gradually his health began to fail, and at length the college physician ordered an immediate change. He was then sent home in the hope that his native air might restore him. But all to no avail. Though there was a slight improvement for a time, still he never regained his normal strength.

In his frequent letters he expressed a longing to be with his companions

and at his studies, but always ended with a perfect act of resignation to God's holy will. On Saturday, November 17th, two beautiful letters written by himself reached the college, and only two days later a letter from his sister filled the hearts of his many friends here with grief, by the sad news of his death, which occurred on Wednesday, November 7th. Though, as we have said, he had been ailing for a considerable length of time, nevertheless, the end was sudden and unexpected. He was not, however, found unprepared, as he received the Last Sacraments from the hands of his pastor, Rev. Father Hayes, and died a calm, peaceful and most saintly death, being fully conscious to the last moment.

His funeral took place Friday, November 9th, and he was interred in the cemetery of Kilfidane, on the right bank of the river Shannon.

To all who knew him whilst amongst us, but to those especially who had the pleasure of being his intimate friends, as had the writer, the news of his death came like a thunderbolt. When he left us a few months ago, little we thought that his sickness was unto death, and that we should meet no more on this side of the grave. On the contrary, we expected he would return to our midst soon again fully recruited by his visit to his native soil. But such was not the will of God.

Martin was a young man of exemplary habits and loved by everyone. As a friend he was constant and true, as a student, diligent and successful, and as a postulant, fervent and holy.

The students paid his memory one more tribute of their sincere attachment by assisting at the Solemn Requiem Mass which was sung for the repose of his soul, on November 22, in the college chapel.

On that occasion, the sermon was delivered by the Rev. William Stadelman, C. S. Sp., '92, who had been his spiritual director during the last year spent by him in the college. We reproduce, in full, this touching, but faithful and edifying tribute to the memory of one whose virtues have left in our midst an abiding fragrance :

“ Long, long be our hearts with such memories filled,  
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;  
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang 'round it still!”

#### REV. FATHER STADELMAN'S SERMON.

“ Afflicted in a few things, in many they shall be well rewarded; because God hath tried them and found them worthy of Himself.”—*Wisdom, Chap. 3, verse 5.*

“ Man knoweth not his own end, but as fishes are taken with the hook, and as birds are caught with the snare, so men are taken in the evil time, when death shall suddenly come upon them.”

This inspired truth, corroborated by the painful experience of 6000 years, appeals to us this morning with more than its usual force; for what else does this scene of mourning indicate but that another golden chord is

broken, another silver fillet shrunk; that death has ravished another victim? What else signify the sad? plaintive moanings of the organ? what else the pensive accents of the *Dies iræ*? what else the dull brown wax candles? the sable robes of the ministers of God? and the silent catafalque, but that, in the pathetic language of the Church's liturgy, we pay to-day our tribute of sorrow to the memory of a beloved, a departed member of the student-body?

Little, no doubt, did he, in the strength of his youthful vigor, suppose that his name was next on the death list; that death had already singled him out as the victim of its unerring shaft, when, along with the other college students, he paid the last honors to another excellent boy in this chapel, last January! But whatever may have been the thoughts of the late Martin Hehir on that day, this we know full well, that death, though it came suddenly, did not surprise him, for he was wont to die each day to himself and to the world; he was wont to spend each day of his life as if it were the last; he suffered not riches, honors or pleasures, to bind him to earth, so that, when the summons came to appear before God, it was not the call of a criminal to appear before the bar of an angry judge, but the loving invitation of a kind Father, to bestow on his son, as a reward for his fidelity, the crown of eternal life.

Born November 24, 1877, near Kildysart, County Clare, Ireland, the late Martin Hehir was the second of four children, and lost his excellent father at the early age of six years. This doubtless accounts, in part at least, for the intense love that bound Martin to his mother, one of those valiant and noble-minded Christian mothers as only the religion of Christ and a Catholic country can produce. Like a skillful artist, she fashioned the heart and mind of her darling boy to those virtues which reached such an astonishing and uncommon development within the short span of 23 years. Scarcely had young Martin made his first Holy Communion in 1890, when he ardently desired to immolate himself to God completely, by embracing the sacerdotal, religious and missionary life. And so he coaxingly entreated his mother to let him go; but she, desirous of lavishing, for a few years more, her maternal care and love upon her child, withheld for a while her final word. In the fall of 1897 she gave her consent as well as her blessing, and young Martin sailed for America. He entered the Scholasticate of the Society of the Holy Ghost and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, connected with the College, on October 22, 1897, and on February 2, 1900, Feast of the Presentation of Our Lord in the Temple, consecrated to God forever his talents, his energy, his whole life, by emitting solemnly the engagements usually taken by Candidates upon their entrance into the Society. and Obedience.

Martin Hehir embodied the saintly scholastic, the ideal student and the promising levite. His great spirit of sacrifice and untarnished innocence deserve especial mention.

His widowed mother naturally looked to him as in future the stay and



solace of her old days. Yet when God's wish manifested itself, yielding nothing in alacrity and generosity to the greatest of Christian mothers, she readily sacrificed her son, as a trust that had been confided to her keeping; and he, like another St. John Berchmans, though loving kith and kin intensely, quit home and country to pursue the most sublime phase, the acme of sacrifice and perfection amid the slow, piece-meal martyrdom of religious life. To forsake the enchanting walks of his native land, to desert the scenes of his childhood, to break the ties of kindred, to leave all that human heart holds dear, to undergo toils, labors, trials, sufferings—to become a priest, a religious, a missionary, to become an ambassador of Christ, to announce the glad tidings amid the cold of the North and the heat of the tropics, in the jungles of Africa and the plains and forests of America, to civilize the savage, to instruct the ignorant, to nurse the sick, to enlighten the pagan seated in darkness and infidelity, to do this for 10 or 20 or 50 years—behold what lured Martin Hehir from his happy Irish home, and caused him to voyage 4000 miles to consecrate himself as a holocaust to Almighty God! And if his desire remains unrealized, it still is true that God called him from the ends of the earth, and from the remote parts thereof; that He called him, saying: "Thou art my servant, I have chosen thee, I have not cast thee away, fear not, I am with thee," for "afflicted in a few things, in many *shalt thou* be well rewarded."

If Martin Hehir's spirit of sacrifice was admirable, his shining innocence was not less notable. I have been assured, and I believe it myself from what knowledge I have of him, that he preserved stainless the white robe of baptismal innocence. To him are applicable the eloquent words of the Book of Wisdom, 4th Chapter, "O how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory, for the memory thereof is immortal, because it is known both with God and with man! When it is present they imitate it, and they long for it when it hath withdrawn itself, and it triumpheth crowned forever, winning the reward of undefiled conflicts."

As soon as the first symptoms of sickness, which hurried him to the tomb, manifested themselves, last February, his Superior, on medical advice, sent him home, in the hope that the change of climate and his native air would restore him. On that occasion as on many others, he showed how completely grace had conquered nature, for he showed no eagerness or desire to return home, but rather with a heavy heart and tear-bedimmed eye, he bade his confrères what has since proved a last farewell. Perfect resignation to God's will breathed in all his letters, two of which he wrote to his friends in the college, shortly before his death. This resignation, I am sure, but increased when, on November 7, after being strengthened by the last Sacraments, his beautiful soul burst the last feeble ties that bound it to earth, and winged its flight heavenward, where, crowned with the aureola of virginity, he took, we trust and hope, his place amid the white-robed body-guard of

the Lamb that was slain, joining in that inimitable canticle, chanted only by the flower of the elect.

It is sad to think that his innocent, bright eye will accost us no more; it is sad to think that his modest form will no longer share the innocent pleasures of recreation; it is sad to think that he shall compete no more in the class room for the prizes of talent and application, that we are bereft of the beneficial influence of his edifying life; that his name has been erased from the roll of the living,—all this is sad; it is especially sad to think that he who came adorned with innocence of life and integrity of moral character; who came endowed with brilliant talent, high ideals and sanctity of purpose, has been thus cut off in the middle of his course, mowed down by the Grim Reaper in the bloom and flower of life, naught remaining to us but his memory and the perfume of his virtues. He passed away, to fame and glory unknown, but his name is registered in the Book of Life. May he sleep now and take his rest in the little churchyard of Kilfidane, on the right bank of the River Shannon! May he rest there, his mortal limbs on his narrow bed of clay, but his soul, his spotless soul—may it be to the scholasticate and the college at large, may it be, with the souls of the saintly levites, Heilman, Danner, Brady, Fieser, Barth, Carey and others, may it be an additional angel and patron pleading our cause at the great white throne, that of us, too, may be said, at the hour of our death, the words of my text: “Afflicted in few things, in many shall they be well rewarded, because God having tried them, found them worthy of Himself!”



## To the Memory of Eugene McCarthy,

*Our Editor-in-Chief of '97 and '98.*

Dear faithful soul and friend of by-gone days,  
 What sighs we heave! what bitter tears we weep,  
 To think grim Death should bear thee to that sleep,  
 That lasting sleep, in which earth's joy decays!  
 For though thy noble soul had walked the ways  
 To learning's Fount where living draughts flowed deep,  
 Yet couldst not reach the cliffs of Fame so steep,  
 Nor sing aught of the heavenly Muse's lays.  
 But thy frail bark most nobly didst thou steer,  
 Across the sounding main—life's ruffled sea!  
 So, now, we hail thee, in the clime more dear  
 Of everlasting Peace and Sanctity!  
 Though far from thee, our thoughts are ever near,  
 Till we, too, reach that Home—Eternity.

—A. J. Eschman.

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## ...EDITORIALS...

### A Happy New Year!

We wish a Happy New Year to all our readers and subscribers—to all the students past and present, of Holy Ghost College—to all the members of our esteemed Faculty—to all the parents and families of our fellow-students—to all the friends of our Institution—to all the business men who have so generously and confidently advertised in our BULLETIN—to all of these we send our heartiest greetings, that this coming year may be fruitful of many blessings, both spiritual and temporal, for themselves and the members of their respective families.

We extend the same good wishes to the Rev. Clergy, who have always, by their kind assistance and encouragement, contributed so largely to the progress and success of the College.

But foremost in our thoughts and earnest greetings for a Happy New Year, must be mentioned our Right Rev. and Venerable Bishop, as he has



always been first in encouragement and patronage for our welfare. May he be long spared to preside over the vast and varied interests of this ever-growing Diocese, which he has now for nearly 20 years directed so wisely, so prudently, so paternally, both for the priests and people confided to his solicitude.

T. A. D.



### National Equilibrium.

If, laying aside all prejudices and political views, we take a cursory glance at the present state of our Government, it is very interesting as well as pleasing to note what a stable equilibrium we are in as regards our dealing with foreign powers.

A short time ago the cry was current that we had raised our center of gravity too high, and were inclining overmuch toward the English in sentiment and action. To-day, in the adoption by the United States Senate of the Davis amendment to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, it is clearly evident that we have swung back to the other extreme. That our relations with England are not so amicable as some suppose them to be, may be gleaned from the editorial comments of several of the London papers on the adoption of this same amendment.

We quote the *Daily Chronicle* alone, which says :

"The news is very serious indeed. It means in a word that the jingoes and anglophobes of the United States Senate have triumphed and that we are back again to-day where we were at the time of the Venezuelan imbroglio, and President Cleveland's insolent and provocative speech. The Americans intend to fortify the Canal in spite of the treaty engagement to the contrary. We cannot possibly stand by and allow the Clayton-Bulwer treaty to be thus imperiously set aside. This is the outcome of Mr. McKinley's re-election. Worse could hardly have happened if Mr. Bryan had been returned."

Hence we see that, oscillate as we may when duty necessitates, or our interests as a nation require it, we are, nevertheless, prone to swing back to our "state of rest."

T. A. D.



### The Christ-Child—Youth's Ideal.

"To One alone my thoughts arise,  
The Eternal Truth—the Good and Wise—  
To Him I cry,  
Who shared on earth our common lot."

—Longfellow's *Coplas de Manrique*.

All men who have not entirely "lowered to the level" of the brute creation, have before them an aim towards which they desire to direct their en-

ergies. They live on principle, as Cardinal Newman says, they set up a standard and take to themselves such examples as seem to them to fulfill it. The reason of this is because man is a rational being, and therefore cannot "live at random," for his reason does not make him independent, as many erroneously imagine; on the contrary, "it forces on him a dependency on definite principles and laws, in order to satisfy his own demands. He must by the necessity of his nature look up to something; and he creates, if he cannot discover, an object for his veneration." (Newman). In other words—everyone must have his *ideals* to which he looks up, which he admires and venerates, and according to which he shapes, or tries to shape, his own conduct.

The springtime of life is the season of ideals—the young man, the child even, feels a consciousness within him of aspirations which must have an object. This consciousness is awakened in various ways, but never so strongly as in contemplating the works of God. How often does it not happen that in later years men recall the magic that the forest exercised on them in their younger days; how they rocked in the branches of the trees and followed with jealous eyes the flight of some lightsome bird; how, for hours at a time, they wept in silence—from lonesomeness, they thought—but in reality from a deep uncomprehended longing after something higher, heavenborn; from dissatisfaction with things earthly—

"That type of *Perfect* in his mind,  
In nature can he nowhere find,  
He sows himself on every wind."—*Tennyson*.

As time goes on these vague aspirations, these airy ideals, take on a definite shape—the young man embodies them somewhere. "That type of *Perfect* in the mind" he wants concreted, realized. He looks out upon the world, and its thousand ideals, or rather idols, confront him. Woe to him if he pursues these delusive bubbles, that

"Vanish ere death shuts the eye,  
And leave no trace!"

They will drag him down to their own grossness; for the idols of the world are *sensuality*, *avarice* and *pride*, not indeed, always labeled with these hideous names, but often disguised, displayed under a false light, to deceive the unwary. If youth must have a hero to worship, why not fix on one who is the living personification of his ideals? He need not ascend to heaven to draw Him down; uncreated Beauty and Wisdom and Truth and Goodness, came down to us; placed Himself within our reach; clothed over his divinity with our humanity, in order to clothe over our humanity with His divinity.

The Christ-child of Bethlehem and of Nazareth and of the Temple—here is the Ideal of youth; here is his hero, his model, his friend—a friend alone worthy of the ardent and fresh love of his young heart. Real, personal love for the youthful God—a love like that which the Baptist must have had

for Him, and which drove the Beloved Disciple to His bosom, and which made St. Paul (who did not know the Lord in the flesh), cry out: "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me,"—behold the answer to the yearnings of the heart of every noble youth, the object of his aspirations. Love begets imitation. When difficulties arise, when temptations press on, when the shades of melancholy fall upon the soul, then, O youth, exclaims St. Augustine, look at the Christ-child in the manger, look at your Saviour, and learn to be brave, learn to be humble.

When anger wells up within your breast, and pride puffs you up, look at the Eternal, the Immense, the Almighty, wrapped in swaddling bands, and what mountains, says St. Bonaventure, will not crumble down? *Humiliavit semetipsum.* "He humbled Himself."

When disordered nature, full of untamed love of freedom, rebels against all subjection and control, then look at your God in the humble house of Nazareth, and learn obedience, *Erat subditus illis.*—"He was subject to them."

When work seems hard and bears you down, or you become ashamed of it, remember that Christ, too, labored and toiled many years, and ennobled and blessed it. *Nonne hic fabri filius?* "Is not this the carpenter's son?"

When studies are tedious and uninteresting, and sloth disgusts you with them, then look at the heavenly scholar "sitting in the midst of the Doctors, hearing them and asking them questions," and learn that He remained behind in Jerusalem, for many reasons, perhaps, but surely that He might hallow and bless the work of Christian educators by his presence in the school, that He might leave behind on earth an ideal alike for the teacher and the taught.

Who has gazed on Hoffmann's beautiful painting, and remained unmoved, unattracted, by the aspect of that gracious child! While we gaze at Him we feel that virtue goes out from Him, as it went out from Him to the sick, and lame, and blind, along the Gallilean Lake, and our hard hearts are melted, our sluggish thoughts raised to regions divine, our breasts filled with noble, generous, great resolves.

*A Jesus proficiebat sapientia et setate, et gratia apud Deum et homines.* And Jesus waxed in wisdom and age, and grace before God and men." Such is the Evangelist's summary of the thirty years of our Lord's hidden life, the period of His Life during which he consecrated childhood and youth, those most beautiful portions of the Christian life. "He went Himself through all the stages, He practiced most perfectly all the duties and humilities and submissions and obediences of this period of human existence." So much so that He who had the plenitude of grace and wisdom and truth, in whom real growth in grace or wisdom was out of the question, still in the eyes of those around Him was ever advancing to nobler, holier, more beautiful proportions. "He became like us in all things." Christian youth, all over the world and in all times, has the blessing and the ideal which He has left behind Him for the happiest years of life, "happy in themselves, and happy, far more truly, in the harvest of manly virtues of which they are the seed-time.



### THE FACULTY.

An exceptionally large number of changes have been made among the Faculty this year; and owing to the marked increase of students and the opening of a Night-School several new professors have been added to the teaching staff.

Rev. Father Hehir, our esteemed President, though laden with the onerous duties and responsibilities incumbent on such an office, is loath, nevertheless, to abandon the Professor's Chair. The members of the Junior and Senior Greek, as well as of the Second French, classes are congratulating themselves that their good fortune has again placed them under his guidance.

The Musical Department is still under the supervision of Rev. Father Griffin. He seems to have the power of reading the talent for music in a boy's face. With the assistance of Mr. C. B. Weiss, he has already organized the Orchestra, which promises to be a great success this year. Rev. P. A. McDermott has been appointed to assist him in the direction of the Congregational singing in the chapel.

Rev. Father Rumbach resumed the same positions that he held last year, as Professor of the Fourth German and French classes and Third Academic Latin.

Rev. P. A. McDermott still continues Professor of Philosophy. He also teaches Scripture and all the English subjects of the Junior and Senior Classes. Along with these subjects he is giving the members of the same classes a thorough drilling in Essay-writing and an extensive knowledge of Modern History.

Rev. Father Stadelman, Director of Scholastics, occupies the Latin Chair in the First Academic, Freshman and Sophomore Classes. He also presides over the curriculum of the First German Class.

All the Mathematics and Sciences of the College proper are taught by Rev. F. A. Danner; whilst those of the Academics are in the hands of Rev. Fr. Ward, Messrs. J. C. Fisher and J. R. Campbell.

The excellent work being done in the Junior and Senior Latin Classes must be attributed to the untiring efforts of their learned professor, Rev. L. Galette. The intricacies of Horace's *Satires* and Tacitus' *Germania* disappear readily under his guidance. The members of the classes express, by their assiduous application, their undisguised satisfaction at the way in which he handles this department.

In the French Department are found the Rev. President, Revs. P. A.

McDermott, Rumbach and Galette; and in the Germna: Fathers Stadelman, Danner, Rumbach and Mr. John Laux.

Rev. Father Ward is kept busy looking after the progress of two of the most important and most interesting classes in the house, namely, the Second Academic English, and the First Academic Mathematics.

Rev. H. McDermott is vested with the burdensome functions of Disciplinarian. However, he is the man for the charge and bears his burden well. We think the secret of his great success in this office is that he acts *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. He is also professor of the Freshman and Sophomore English classes.

Fr. McDermott is ably assisted in his direction of the Boarders by Rev. Fr. Gavin, who has charge of St. John's Hall, and is also English professor of the Business Department.

Mr. John Laux, who is professor of Greek in the First Academic, Freshman and Sophomore Classes, has astonished the members of these classes by his familiarity with the Greek Language. Of all the beauties to be found in this Language—and they are many, especially in the authors which he is teaching, viz: Plato and Homer—he suffers none to escape unnoticed.

The Night School, which has recently been inaugurated in the College, is under the efficient direction of the Rev. President himself, assisted by Messrs. Stackable, Fisher and Campbell.

Mr. A. McCann, whose remarkable elocutionary talent is well known to all who witnessed the play of "Virginius," in which he took so prominent a part, last year, has been appointed professor of the Elocution Department, and of the Junior Business English.

Rev. Father Retka holds the professorship of the Third Academic Latin, and of the First Polish class, besides being charged with the penmanship in all the Academics.

Mr. J. C. Fisher is one of the busiest members of the Faculty. He has charge of the greater part of the subject matter studied by the Second Academic Class—the Classics and Mathematics. He also presides over the Mathematical department of the Third Academic Class, Division B.

Mr. Theo. Maniecki is teaching Book-keeping in the Junior Business Class; besides, he is an indispensable auxiliary to Fr. McDermott in the direction of the Boarders.

The high degree of efficiency attained by the Business Department is due especially to the incessant and self-sacrificing efforts of its competent professor, Mr. J. B. Topham. During vacation the Business Hall under-

went a complete renovation; new apartments were added, and it is now in a condition far superior to what it ever was previously.

Mr. J. B. Haney has again assumed the position of Professor of Mechanical Drawing.

The English of the Grammar and Third Academic classes is in the hands of Mr. Stackable. He also has charge of the Grammar Mathematical class.

Mr. Campbell is doing excellent work in the Third Academic Mathematical, and Business Arithmetic and Book-keeping Classes. He seems to have found the secret of successfully encouraging his youthful charges along the "flowery but rugged path of knowledge."



#### ALUMNI.

Rev. M. J. Buchheit, '90, paid us a visit *en route* to his home on the banks of the Arkansaw. He is at present pastor of two congregations at Meadow Bluff, Greenbrier Co., W. Va., and doing wonders—making new Churches and pastoral residences spring up as if by magic, where, but quite recently, the signs of civilization were few and meager.

Mr. A. B. Mahler, '93, so well known to the College students of the past seven years, is making his novitiate at Corwells, Pa. He writes that he is happy and contented, but longs, sometimes, for the old faces and scenes on the Bluff.

Messrs. Lawrence E. Farrell, C. S. Sp., '96, and John. N. Wietrzynski, C. S. Sp., '97, received Holy Orders at the hands of Archbishop Corrigan, in Dunwoodie Seminary, Saturday, Dec. 22. They celebrated their first Masses in Philadelphia on the following day. Their many friends in Pittsburgh send the new Levites a hearty *ad multos annos*.

Mr. Michael J. McGarey, '98, was raised to the Sub-deaconship in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, on Dec. 22. Taking the *grand pas* with him was an old acquaintance of ours, Celestine Fallon, whose unfailing humor used to light up many a grave student's countenance with a smile, and made even the professor bite his lip to keep down the struggling mirth. We hope he has not lost any of his power of "driving dull care away."

Rev. C. Tomazewski, C. S. Sp., '92, the well-known pastor of St. Stanislaus' Church, has published an historic calendar—a beautiful work in design, matter and illustration—as a souvenir of the silver jubilee of the parish, celebrated some weeks ago.

Mr. B. J. Johnson, '87, paid us a visit recently, and inspected every nook of the old place, and never tired of praising the great improvements effected since "his time."

J. E. R.



## A PSALM OF LIFE.

What the Heart of the Young Man  
Said to the Psalmist.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
    "Life is but an empty dream!"  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
    And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
    And the grave is not its goal,  
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
    Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
    Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
    Find us further than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
    And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
    Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
    In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
    Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant;  
    Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act,—act in the living Present!  
    Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
    We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
    Footsteps on the sands of Time;

Footsteps, that perhaps another,  
    Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother  
    Seeing, shall take heart again.

**CARMEN VITAE,**

**Quod vati juvenis fidenti pectore fudit.**

Ne mihi, flebilibus numeris, ne carmine, "vitam  
Esse nihil praeter somnia vana," canas!  
Nam devicta jacet mens quae torpore gravatur;  
Et falsa specie res latitare solent.

Vera subest vitae vis, insunt munia vitae;  
Nulli funereus meta suprema lapis.  
Etsi "vilis homo pulvis, pulvisque futurus,"  
Sunt haec jussa animae non subeunda tuae.

Nec sunt deliciae, tibi, nec dolor ultima finis,  
Vel, qua te fatum pergere jussit, iter.  
Sed cures ut, quaeque dies cum crastina lucet,  
Hesterno potior sit labor atque decus.

Artis opus lentum, dum praeceps labitur aetas;  
Quamvis nostra sinu vivida corda micent,  
Attamen, ut pompae lugubria tympana, pulsu  
Ad sua nos duci quemque sepulchra monent.

Orbis in immensa decertaturus arena,  
Vitam belligeri militis instar agens.  
I, nec hebes, pecus ut mutum stimuloque coactum  
Pugna magnanimi more modoque viri!

Fallaci nimium stulte ne crede futuro;  
Quaeque prius fuerint esse sepulta sinas.  
Nunc, nunc instat opus, nunc coeptum sedulus urge!  
Forte gerens pectus, fisus adesse Deum.

Sunt quae nos doceant praeclare gesta virorum  
Omnes egregios degere posse dies,  
Migrantesque aevo vestigia linquere laudis,  
(Ut pede, qui calcat littora, signat humum);

Quod si forte miser, jactatus turbine vitae,  
(Oceano qualis navita fertur aquis)  
Viderit indicium, quasi fracta puppe dolenti  
Jam nova fortunae spes melioris erit.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
 With a heart for any fate;  
 Still achieving, still pursuing,  
 Learn to labor and to wait.

The indulgence of our readers is requested for the appended translation, into Latin verse, of one of our best-known poems by Longfellow.

Everybody who is familiar with the ancient Classics, as well as with the deeply metaphorical character of our mother tongue, will readily comprehend how hard a task it is to translate English poetry—particularly that of Longfellow—into Latin verse, where the idiom or genius of the Language demands such constant use of concrete terms in which to condense the more expansive and diluted phraseology of the English tongue.

As an instance of such difficulty, most successfully encountered and overcome, we give some specimens taken from a little pamphlet published, some years ago, by one of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost Order, Rev. N. J. Brennan, C. S. Sp., for many years a most eminent professor at Blackrock

## WATERLOO.

Stop! for thy tread is on an empire's dust!  
 An earthquake's spoil is sepulchered below!  
 Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?  
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show?  
 None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,  
 As the ground was before, thus let it be;—  
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!  
 And is this all the world has gained by thee,  
 Though first and last of fields! king-making Victory?

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,  
 The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!  
 How in an hour the power that gave annals  
 Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!  
 In 'pride of place' here last the eagle flew,  
 Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,  
 Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through:  
 Ambition's life and labours all were vain;  
 He wears the shattered links of the world's broken chain.

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;  
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when



Ergo rumpe moras, invicta mente labora,  
 Seu te laeta manent tempora, sive dolor.  
 Assiduo nisu, gnavus, peragenda sequendo,  
 Disce laboris onus, taedia disce pati.

*J. A. Baumgartner, '01.*

College, Ireland, and now President of Rockwell College, in the same country, and under the direction of the same religious order. In his preface, he says very appropriately; "The enormous difficulty of translating Byron into any language, and especially of attempting to turn into good Latin verse the powerful and magnificent descriptions forming the most sublime and intricate portions of his *Childe Harold*,—which is all a maze of the most deep and subtle thought, bristling with phrases and ideas altogether foreign to the Latin Muse,—cannot fail to strike even the most superficial reader of Byron's poems. The remembrance of this fact, while it must enhance the merit of successful rendering where great obstacles were to be overcome, will, it is hoped, at the same time, secure the reader's indulgence for any shortcomings in the following lines."

### FUNEBRIS BELGICA ZAMA.

Siste pedem! regni cineres vestigia calcant!  
 Hic terræ motûs spoliis immane sepulchrum!  
 Nulla locum vasti signârunt busta Colossi?  
 Nulla triumphali specie Rostrata columna?  
 Nulla: rei sincera magis sic fabula simplex,  
 Qualis et ante soli facies, stet talis in ævum.  
 Messis ut hoc rubro pinguescit sanguinis imbri!  
 Tantillo per te rerum natura upotitur,  
 Summa viris acies, genetrix Victoria regum?

Te profugus fœtum lustrat nunc ossibus arvum,  
 Belgica letalis Gallorum Zama Sepulchrum!  
 Quæ dedit, ut paullo tollit sua dona potestas,  
 Transfert et pariter fugientem munere famam!  
 Hic Aquilæ volitant supremum Marte superbæ,  
 Unguibus et carptim lacerant hic rura cruentis;  
 Has jaculo feriunt conjunctæ fœdere gentes:  
 Ambitionis erant frustra fœra vita, labores;  
 Vincla gerunt Aquilæ mundi disrupta catenæ.

Bacchantes epulis resonabant gaudia noctu;  
 Belgica virtutem tunc urbs ea prima virorum  
 Feminæumque decus collegit; luce puellæ  
 Formosæ fortique viro fulsere lucernæ:  
 Felici trepidant centum dulcedine corda;

Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell.  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.  
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear  
That sound, the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;  
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:  
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated; who would guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;  
And near, the beat of alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;  
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering, with white lips—'The foe! They come!  
they come!'

Et lyra cum strepuit lascivo plena tumultu,  
Molle fatens oculis oculus respondet amorem;  
Ut genialis Hymen, lætum regit omnia fatum.  
At sonus ecce! gravis, veluti plangore coörto!

Non vos audiistis? Non: nil, nisi murmura venti,  
Rhedave rauca fuit crepitans per strata viarum  
Procedant nullo gaudendi fine choreæ:  
Mane sopor tantum: juvenes et blanda voluptas  
Tum rapidi coëunt horas agitare calentes.  
Sed gravis ecce! sonus rursus perrumpit in aulam,  
Nubibus illius veluti referentibus echo!  
Clarior, et propius, funestior ingruit horror!  
Arma parate, viri! resonant tormenta fragorem!

Illius in tecti sinuosæ luce fenestræ,  
Dux moriture, sedes; inter sollemnia primus  
Captum præ sagâ leti bibis aure sonorem;  
Et quum riderent propius quod adesse putares,  
Verius O! nimium noscens bene corde tonantem  
Clangorem, feretro patrem qui morte cruento  
Straverat ille tuum, rabiem concivit amaram  
Sanguine placandam solo, procurris in hostem,  
Primus et in medio moreris certamine pugnans.

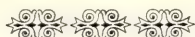
Ah! tunc huc illuc discursus undique tristes;  
Tunc orto fletu luctus, mœstique tremores,  
Pallentesque genæ, minimam quæ temporis horam  
Ante rubescebant propii vel laude coloris;  
Discessus subiti quales e pectore vitam  
Eridunt juvenum, gemitus suspiria nunquam  
Fors iteranda! micent oculis hi mutua rursus  
Ecquis divinet, talis cum possit oriri  
Exceptura dies dulcem fœdissima noctem?

Quadrupedem properabat eques, conscendere saltu;  
Ibat equus, turmaeque leves, crepitantia plaustra,  
Praecipiti rapide currunt effusa tumultu  
Festinis aciem formant instructa catervis:  
Crebra gravi fremitu displosa tornitrua longe,  
Et prope terrificum resonantia tympana signum,  
Lucifero cierant nondum surgente cohortes;  
Dum volitant cives muti terrore frequentes,  
Aut "Venit hostis, adest!" pallentes ora susurrant.



## NAPOLEON.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,  
 Whose spirit antithetically mixed  
 One moment of the mightiest, and again  
 On little objects with like firmness fixed;  
 Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,  
 Thy throne had still been thine, or never been;  
 For daring made thy rise as fall: thou seek'st  
 Even now to reassume the imperial mien,  
 And shrke again the world, the Thunderer of the scene!



## SUNDAY EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

The selections rendered during the past two months at our weekly entertainments reflected much credit upon the thorough training of the young musicians. Undoubtedly, the Orchestra, as arranged at present, is as good as it ever was in past years.

Up to this, we have heard little of the Boarders' Glee Club. We should like to see them organize, as was customary in past years, at least after the Christmas holidays.

We must congratulate Eugene Hally, a member of the Orchestra, on his masterly rendering of "The Blue Bells of Scotland" in variations. He is becoming quite an expert violinist.

Space will not permit a eulogium on Mr. Murphy's speech on "The Contribution of National Songs to the Prosperity and Glory of a Country." His well delivered speech elicited great applause. Mr. Murphy shows signs of becoming an accomplished orator.

### PROGRAMME FOR SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11TH.

Overture, "Soldier's Love" (Chas. J. Orth), Orchestra; Recitation, "The Puzzled Dutchman," F. Ungaschick; Soprano Solo, "The Angelus," R. T. Ennis; Oration, "Our National Character," A. Walter; Selection for Violin and Piano, Rev. J. Griffin and Mr. C. B. Weis; Recitation, "A Country School Exhibition," A. J. Eschman; Baritone Solo, "The Palms," J. Gagan; Recitation, "Speech of Marullus to the Roman Mob," A. Rahe; Finale, "When Knighthood Was in Flower" (Louis Gustin), Orchestra.

### PROGRAMME FOR SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18TH.

Overture, "The White Queen" (O. Metra), Orchestra; Recitation, "Old Tom," H. Miller; Recitation, "The Death of Napoleon," J. Gagan; Flute Solo, selected, F. Kautz; Essay, "The Life of Goldsmith," F. Griffin; Recitation, "A Leap for Life," M. Haley; Debate, "Resolved, That National Songs do not contribute to the prosperity and glory of a Country," Chairman,

## GALLORUM CLARUS ACHILLES.

(NAPOLEON.)

Maxime, tuque virum celebri non pessime campo  
 Decidis, ingenium varie contraria mixtum,  
 Plurima jam pollens, simili jam robore nugax,  
 Omnibus extremum. Medius si forte fuisses,  
 Nunc tibi, vel nunquam, staret fundamine regnum;  
 Ascensum peperit praeceps audacia, lapsum:  
 Imperii grandes habitus assumere rursum  
 Nunc etiam quaeris, rursum quassare trementem,  
 Ipse tibi faciens locuta tonitrua, mundum.



Mr. P. J. O'Connor; Affirmative, Messrs. T. Dunn and J. Huettel; Negative, Messrs. J. Murphy and W. McElligott; Finale, "Marching to the Music of the Band" (H. Tilzer), Orchestra.

### PROGRAMME FOR SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25TH.

Overture, "Pleasant Memories (Beyer), Orchestra; Duette for Clarionets, "The Early Spring Bird" (Abt), Messrs. J. Baumgartner and H. Hartigan; Recitation, "The Vision of Belshazzar," M. McHale; Essay, "An adventure with a Bison," J. Marron; Song, "Love's Old Sweet Song," R. T. Ennis; Recitation, "Der Patter ob der Schingles," A. Smith; Recitation, "Rienzi's Address," J. E. Dwyer; Violin Solo, "The Blue Bells of Scotland," E. Hally; Debate, "Resolved, That Vivisection is Justifiable," Chairman, Mr. A. Majeski; Affirmative, Mr. F. Jerozal; Negative, Mr. J. Malloy; Finale, "Janice Merideth" (L. Gustin), Orchestra.

### PROGRAMME FOR SUNDAY, DECEMBER 2ND.

Overture, March, "A Day and a Night" (Zimmerman), Orchestra; Recitation, "The Bridge," C. Pascuale; Essay, "Snuff," G. Schalz; Gavotte, "Bright School-Days" (Rev. J. T. Griffin), Orchestra; Recitation, Selected, A. Smith; Essay, "An Antique Treasure," T. A. Dunn; Recitation, "Cataline's Defiance," E. Davin; Finale, A Lady of Quality" (A. Stone), Orchestra.

### PROGRAMME FOR SUNDAY, DECEMBER 9TH.

Overture, "Singing Girl" (Victor Herbert), Orchestra; Recitation, "Sheridan's Ride," J. McCaveney; Song "The Holy City," J. Gagan; Cornet Solo, "Emily Polka" (Levy), F. Hartigan; Recitation, "The Bridge," J. Moran; March, "Across the Continent" (Jean Schwartz), Orchestra; Debate, "Resolved, That the Statesman is more Servicable to the Commonwealth than the Warrior," Chairman, Mr. P. Costello; Affirmative, Mr E. Knabel; Negative, Mr. J. Nelson; Finale, Waltz, "When Wealth and Poverty Meet" (Harry Von Tilzer), Orchestra.

*A. J. Eschman.*

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# HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN

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Vol. VII.      Pittsburg, Pa., February, 1901.      No. 5.

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In an old thread-bare copy of the *Catholic Herald* of sixty years ago, 1841, we find an excellent translation of a poem, which is the production of Derzhavin, a Russian author of considerable note. Accompanying the poem is the following editorial remark: "It is said to have been translated into Japanese, by order of the emperor, and hung up, embroidered in gold, in the temple of Jeddo. It has also been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the imperial palace of Pekin. It is well worthy of all these honors."

## GOD!

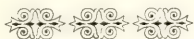
O Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright  
All space doth occupy—all motion guide;  
Unchang'd through Time's all-devastating flight,  
Thou only God! There is no God beside.  
Being above all beings! Mighty One!  
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore!  
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone,  
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—  
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy  
May measure out the ocean deep—may count  
The sands, or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee  
There is no weight nor measure, none can mount  
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,  
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try  
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;  
And thought is lost, ere thought can soar so high,  
Even like past moments in Eternity.

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,  
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;  
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,  
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.

What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?  
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?  
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?  
A glorious company of golden streams?  
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! As a drop of water in the sea,  
All this magnificence in Thee is lost;—  
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?  
And what am I? Of what can I, then, boast?



## A TRIP TO THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

(Continued.)

It is very hard to beach a skiff on a rocky shore. No matter how light the boat or skillful the rower, the experiment is not to be tried at hazard. Just such a difficulty caused Mr. Brougham to set to work and build what he termed the "Brougham Landing." He had been on numerous hunting expeditions, and knew how such inconveniences were to be remedied. At first he drew up a plan for a veritable pleasure pier, but considering the time and trouble it would cost him, his "Landing" dwindled down to a wooden platform of modest proportions. This structure greatly facilitated the arduous task of landing, but it was the cause of a merry mishap to its builder. On coming in from a fishing expedition some days later, Mr. Brougham made a long circuit that he might have the pleasure of trying the stability of his "Landing." Reaching the wharf, he began to cut some figures to show its solidity. Suddenly, his foot slipped on the wet boards, and he went back plump into the water, presenting such a ludicrous figure that all near were convulsed with laughter, in which he himself was obliged to join as he beheld himself calmly sitting midst the rippling waves. Ever afterwards it was called "Brougham's Landing" with a well-implied meaning.

About five or six miles from the camp there is a beautiful sheet of water known as the Lake of the Isles. It was proposed by one of the party to make an excursion thither, for the fame of this beautiful expanse was known over all the surrounding country. The route is long and circuitous, but by no means tedious or irksome. Rising headlands and wooded cliffs line the shore on both sides, and the everchanging scene presents a variety of Nature's beautiful masterpieces which do not suffer from comparison with even the world-renowned scenes on the Rhine. In connection with this channel there comes down to us a brief chapter of history arising out of the division of the islands between America and Canada. As every student of history doubtlessly knows, the Thousand Islands were first the possession of

the French. Under them the region was known as *Les Mille Isles*. After the war between the French and English, the latter acquired possession, retaining control until the American Revolution, when they were divided. This division was not determined by fixed rule, but was the result of mutual agreement. The present dividing line between the United States and Canada cuts no island into fractional parts, *i. e.*, England and the United States hold no islands jointly. When the islands had been satisfactorily partitioned and the boundary line decided upon, the English and American governments adopted two entirely dissimilar courses in the disposition of them. The American possessions, lying within the boundary of the present State of New York and owned by the same State, were sold successively to several purchasers, and it may be interesting to note that for all these American Islands the sum of but \$3000 was paid.

The Canadian government, on the contrary, has disposed of no large number of islands until recent times. Their sale was effected by auction. Even now a very large number still remain the property of the government. As I said before, though the Canadian Islands are picturesque and healthy resorts for tourists, yet they are, for the most part, uninhabited.

But to continue our narration of our trip to the Lake of the Isles. In less than an hour we reached the Lake, a charming stretch of water, but sadly deserted, I scarcely saw any dwellings with the exception of two or three dilapidated farm houses. The scene was beautifully wild. By this time the wind was blowing strong, and the waves were so high that it was very dangerous to come near the shore. Now came a hard and exciting pull across the Lake. Going down, the current and wind were with us, but, returning, we had to face the current, wind, and big, rough waves over which our light Canadian skiff bounded with scarcely a perceptible lurch. We got through safely, and entered the channel again on our homeward trip. Objects of interest were seen on every side; here, were king-fishers on the shore, and birds that looked like wood-chucks; there, a flock of sheep in a valley, guarded by shepherd dogs. Excitement was added to pleasure, for the boat was stranded in the shoals and we were constrained to get out and push. At length, by dint of hard labor, we cleared the shoals and proceeded homewards without delay.

The evening was too warm for out-door sports; consequently, the boys remained on the porch and enjoyed the soft, balmy breezes blowing in from the river. The evenings are, as a rule, very pleasant on the islands; indeed, a short sail on the St. Lawrence would give an adequate idea of the beautiful scenes that may be witnessed at the rising of the moon. Sunsets are magnificently grand and a fitting departure for the god of Day; but when the moon rises modestly and sheds its soft mellow light on the serene surface of the water the scene that is presented defies pen and brush to do justice to it.

*J. A. Nelson, '04.*



## Metempsychosis and Its Developments amongst the Greeks.

In the second Olympic Ode of Pindar we find traces of a doctrine which was of deep significance for the whole religious life of the Greeks, the doctrine, namely, of the *metempsychosis*, or transmigration of souls, and, in close connection with it, of the *pre-existence* of souls, or their priority to the body.

"Happiest they (writes the poet) that thrice endure  
Through life and death, and still from sin are pure."

Plato indorsed and elaborated this doctrine, to which he lent dignity by the influence of his name. "It is an ancient tradition," we read in the *Phaedo*, "that souls go there (*i. e.* to the other world) from hence and back again return hither and arise from the dead." On this supposed metempsychosis Plato founds his famous theory of the origin of our ideas, to-wit, that knowledge is nothing but reminiscence. The soul is immortal, he argues in the *Meno*, and is ever dying and is ever born again. While thus migrating from body to body, she has learnt all things, but also forgotten them. Association, however, brings them back again, for all nature is akin and strikes a common chord. Wordsworth was surely influenced by this doctrine of Plato, when he wrote those lines in his well-known *Ode on Immortality*.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar:  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
Nor yet in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come  
From God who is our home."

Amos Alcott, too, the American transcendentalist, has professed himself a disciple of pre-existentialism. He writes: "And but for our surface and distracted lives—lived here for the most part in the senses—we should have never lost the consciousness of our descent into immortality, nor have questioned our resurrection and longevity . . . . Ancient of days, we hardly are persuaded to believe that our souls are no older than our bodies, and to date our nativity from our family registers, as if time and space could chronicle the periods of the immortal mind by its advent into the flesh and deace out of it."—(*Tablets*, p. 205).

Ruminating on the prevalence of evil in the world, and searching for its origin, the great Alexandrian, the light of the third century, the learned Origen himself, resorted to the old soul-wandering theory for an explanation. In his book, *de Principiis*, he maintains that all souls were created by God unconnected with matter, but, unfortunately, they rebelled against their Creator, and, to punish them, God created the world and imprisoned each

sinning soul in a body. According to Origen, therefore, the world was not made for the manifestation of good, but for the punishment of evil.

It is truly wonderful that a man so learned in the Scriptures could have failed to see the utter unscripturalness of his doctrine. He must have made complete abstraction of the opening words of the Bible: "*In principio creavit Deus coelum et terram . . . et vidit Deus cuncta quae fecerat, et erant valde bona.*"—(*Gen. I.*).

Great and lasting as was the influence of the pre-existence and transmigration doctrine on the Greek, and even Christian mind, still we cannot point to this or that philosopher as its originator. The idea had been prevalent in Greece long before Pindar and Plato. Pythagoras and Heraclitus and Empedocles had already taught it; but whether it was indigenous and an offspring of the Hellenic intellect, or imported from Egypt, or, more probably, from Asia, is still an open question. One thing is certain—it was a most widespread religious tenet amongst the ancient peoples, and greatly influenced their views about the after life.

In this doctrine there was a noble element of truth—the feeling that man, since he has gone astray, and wandered so far from his God, must needs exert many efforts, and undergo a long and painful pilgrimage, before he can rejoin the "Source of all perfection."—(*Schlegel*). They looked on the metempsychosis as a great calamity—a punishment, a purification state, which they did all in their power to avoid, even the arts of magic being resorted to. Hence the origin of the various secret mystic associations amongst the pagans of old.

Thus the doctrine of transmigration is the basis of the two great religious and ascetic sects amongst the Greeks—the *Orpheans* and the *Eleusinians*.

Aristotle (*De Anima, I.*) tells us that in religious matters the Orphic poets were pantheists, believing the soul to be a breath emanating from the Universal Soul. Plato (*Cratylus, 400*) speculating on the origin of the word *soma*—body—incidentally mentions the Orphic poets and their doctrines about the soul and their rites or mysteries. "Some say," remarks Socrates, "that the body is the grave (*sema*) of the soul which may be thought to be buried in our present life; or again the *index* of the soul, because the soul gives indications (*semainei*) to the body; probably the Orphic poets were the inventors of the name, and they were under the impression that the soul is suffering the punishment of sin, and that the body is an enclosure or a prison in which the soul is incarcerated, kept safe (*sozetai*), as the name *soma* implies, until the penalty is paid." The more she sins, the longer is her liberation delayed. But "All flesh is grass and withereth"—bodies will decay and crumble into dust, oftentimes before the penalty of the soul's sins is paid—a new body must be procured. A transmigration of the soul takes place, a *palingenesis*, a *renascence*—the soul is continually being born again. There is only one way (according to the Orpheans) in which this planetary

existence of the soul can come to a stop, and man himself sink into the *pleroma*, and soar to the bright spirit world—interior purgation and liberation from sin is required, and initiation into the Orphic mysteries gave men the power to effect this.

The Orphic sect, as its name implies, claimed the fabled master of music and song and poetry,

"Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,  
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans  
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands."—(2 *Gen.*, *Ver.* III. 2).

as its founder, but its real patriarch was Epimenides, and no traces of the brotherhood can be found earlier than 600 B. C. The object of the Orphic mysteries was, first and foremost, to diffuse more serious doctrines, and more spiritual views of life, and a sounder morality than the popular mythology. The initiation consisted in the eating of the mangled flesh of an ox sacrificed to Dionysus. The life of the initiated was an austere one. Strict abstinence from all flesh meats was observed; woolen garments were not worn, and purity of life was aimed at by all. A firm belief in the final emancipation of the spirit from the thralldom of the senses and of matter was their leading religious tenet. In opposition to the Homeric doctrine, they taught a real, conscious immortality of the soul, and strict retribution in the next world, and thus had no small share in dispelling the popular notion of the hopelessness of the life to come. Then they exerted a wholesome and beneficial influence by serving as a connecting bond between the divided and discordant nations of Greece. This was when the Orpheans were in their prime—especially when headed by Pythagoras who systematized and elaborated their doctrines—for after Plato's time they ceased to exist as a sect, though their rites, modified to suit the passions of the vulgar, remained in vogue for many years, and were administered by strolling priests, known as *Agyrtes*.

After the Orphic speculations and fancies and mummeries had their day and their meed of success, the *Eleusinians*, (not essentially differing from, and for a time co-existent with, the Orpheans) took the field in earnest, and essayed to teach the people a nobler, more hopeful and in every way more perfect doctrine of the soul's destiny.

The fertile plains around Eleusis—a town about fifteen miles from Athens—early offered opportunities for agriculture and the consequent worship of the deities who were supposed to inhabit the inner parts of the earth. Hence there existed in Eleusis from time immemorial a harvest festival in honor of Ceres or Demeter, the protectress of agriculture, and the giver of all fecundity. But the historical establishment of the Eleusinian festival, and its development into a special religious institution with accompanying rites and mysteries, falls in the period after Homer. The basis of these mysteries was the story of Demeter's child, Persephoné, whose changing fortunes were a beautiful symbol of the changing conditions of the earth and of life.



Without directly imparting instructions about the future life, the Eleusians gained their object by means of the melodramatic representations which terminated their yearly Festivals. Through these the initiated received the deepest lessons on the nature of the gods, and of man, on the immortality of the soul, retribution, expiation, piety and temperance. After the example of Demeter and Persephoné, and Dionysius Zagreus, the initiated were to be led through the toilsome mazes of this life and the horrors of the nether world to the hard-won blessedness of the pleroma, or life of light, and spiritual immortality.—(from Plato's *Phaedo* 69 C.)

In this way the best philosophical thought of the day was conveyed to the myriads that yearly thronged the fields of Eleusis, and served to prepare the Greek mind for the still more congenial and catholic doctrines of Christianity. When St. Paul preached to the Athenians the living God, known through His works, who made heaven and earth and all things, and told them of the realization of the Messianic idea underlying the story of Zagreus, to whom, according to the Orphic and Eleusinian tradition, the All-father had granted the dominion of the earth, together with his throne and sceptre and thunderbolt and who, slain by wicked men, had arisen again in altered guise and become the liberator of the souls of men and offered to teach them—all and not a chosen few only—not in Eleusis alone, but everywhere—*omnes ubique*—so as to be prepared for the final reckoning, of which their own Plato speaks—it was then that the Greeks understood their national way of salvation to be intrinsically wrong, and the mysticism of Eleusis—obscure, unsatisfactory, unfolded to the few—easily gave way to the consoling, all-embracing, hidden, yet luminous mysteries, that were heralded to all Hellas, to Greek and barbarian, from the hill of the Areopagus. The Eleusinian mysteries maintained a precarious existence under the early Christian emperors, and were finally suppressed by Theodosius the Great.

Such are the leading features of the two great mystic associations of ancient Greece. Some modern writers have exaggerated, others minimized the benefits conferred by them on Hellenic life and thought, but there are few, I think, who will not agree with the great Frederic Schlegel in his tempered judgment. "Although these mysteries," he writes in his *Philosophy of History*, "which exerted such a mighty influence on public opinion, on science, and on the whole system of thinking, nay, on life itself, disclosed far graver and profounder doctrines than the vulgar mythology of the poets, on all the great questions relative to the human soul, its capacity and original dignity, as well as to the hidden powers of nature and the whole invisible world, still we must not imagine that the influence of these mysteries, was always salutary, or that their internal constitution and ruling spirit were in their ultimate tendency always entitled to commendation."

J. J. Laux.

## A LULLABY.

(To a little girl just nine years old.)

'Ere the morning's first gleam,  
     With its soft swelling beam,  
 Appeared in the Eastern sky,  
     Awake was I lying,  
 While the night winds were sighing;  
     Yet happy, dear Nellie, was I.

For I had been dreaming  
 A dream that was teeming  
     With joy, and from sadness free;  
 And its memory—stilling,  
     Yet tingling and thrilling—  
 Before me, my darling, brings thee.

And thy face, little dear,  
     Sure, 'twas hovering near,  
 And my soul did upward fly  
     For thy voice, in sweet song,  
     Through my sleep lingered long  
 With the croon of its lullaby.

—*Alfred McCann.*



## Sir William Hamilton on the Art of Reading.

Aristotle commences his metaphysics with the solemn declaration "All men are actuated with the desire for knowledge." Cicero repeats the same sentiment. "*In primisque*," he writes (in his *De Officiis* 1. 4), "*hominis est propria veri inquisitio*," a proof of which is man's love of his senses on account of their utility and their being sources through which he acquires knowledge.

Now, if man is thus constituted, it is of the utmost importance for us to know by what means, and in what way, knowledge is to be acquired. It is an important inquiry, and in instituting it, we purpose to follow the leading of a master mind. Who has not heard of that celebrated and illustrious Sir William Hamilton, who is, perhaps, the peer of all English philosophers? He has, of course, said erroneous things; but whatever his demerits it is certainly remarkable that, notwithstanding the false ideas of the German philosophers which pervaded the schools of Great Britain during the first half of the present century, Hamilton does not go to Fichte, Schelling and

Hegel for his inspiration, but draws from more limpid and wholesome sources.

Far from being ashamed to quote the Subtle and Angelic Doctors, as were many of his contemporaries, we find Hamilton giving an honorable and very conspicuous notice to the opinions of the Scholastic philosophers.

In his treatise on Logic, Hamilton tells us that communication of thought is the most important means by which knowledge is compassed by man. "Communication of thought is a means of intellectual improvement not only to him who receives, but to him who bestows, information; in both relations, therefore, it ought to be considered and not, as is usually done, in the former only."

Further, he tells us that man is naturally determined to communicate his thoughts, and that by this communication he obtains a clearer understanding of the subject of his cogitations than he could otherwise have mastered.

Next, he explains the two modes in which communication of thought is conducive to the perfecting of thought itself. The first is by reciprocally determining a higher energy of the faculties and powers of a man, which are relative to, and consequently find their development in, the company of his fellow men; and the second by imposing the necessity upon us of obtaining a fuller consciousness of knowledge for ourselves.

Hamilton advises those pursuing the acquisition of knowledge to adhere faithfully to the Scholastics' maxim, "*Disce ut doceas*." He tells us that no man can be considered a master of a subject unless he is competent to teach that subject to another, and that man's power of communicating a subject is the only criterion of his understanding it.

He then proceeds to consider the influence of communication of thought on those to whom it is addressed. And treating of communication of knowledge in this respect, he says, "I shall in the first place consider communication of knowledge as unilateral, and in the second, as reciprocal, or bilateral." It is to the former, the one-sided, or unilateral, that Hamilton gives most of his attention.

After dividing it into oral and written instruction, both of which, as he informs us, are subject to the same laws, he indicates the proper and peculiar advantages that each possesses. The oral is superior to the written in as much as it is the more impressive, since it is the more natural. For hearing rouses the attention and keeps it alive far more effectually than reading. Again, oral has an advantage over written instruction, since the very fact of its being less permanent than the written causes it to be more attended to and followed. "To reading we can always refer at pleasure; whereas we are conscious that the winged words are lost to us forever if we do not catch them as they fly."

Another reason for the superior efficacy of oral instruction is the natural tendency of man to find more pleasure in the society of his fellow-men; and



since oral, contrary to written, instruction, supposes more than one party, he acquires the former more easily, as well as more adequately, than the latter. "Reading is a solitary, hearing is a social act."

After having kept our attention thus far, Hamilton enters upon a rather extensive but most masterly consideration of the subject upon which the theme of this article is based; namely, written instruction, or, in other words, reading.

At the outset the advantages of written instructions are considered: the most important of which are; its superior accessibility, its comprehensiveness and its permanency. We are then advised to employ written and oral instruction conjointly. Now, since the latter supposes a speaker, while the former implies a writer, it naturally follows that the capacity of both writer and speaker must equally fulfil certain common requisites. They should not only be fully masters of the subject with which their instruction is conversant, but also should be willing and competent to impart to others the knowledge they possess.

With oral instruction we are not concerned. Regarding written instruction and its profitable employment as a means of intellectual improvement, the rules that ought to be observed, and which together constitute the proper method of reading, may be reduced to three classes, as they regard, 1st, the quantity, 2nd, the quality (that is to be read), 3rd, the manner of reading what is to be read.

As concerns the first of these Hamilton tells us there is a single rule to the truth of which time and experience have ever attested, that is "*Multum, non multa*," which is merely an affirmation of the old adage "*timeo hominem minus libri*."

The necessity and importance of this first principle is quite palpable, since this golden rule has stood the test of ages. "*Multum legendum esse non multa*" has been the rule of study established by all great thinkers, even those of antiquity, such as Pliny, Seneca and Tertullian. To the one who reads many books superficially, but masters no particular one, the words of Seneca are especially applicable: "*Nusquam est qui ubique est*."

Treating of the qualities of what is to be read, Hamilton advises us, 1st, to select the work best suited to our aim in reading or to our own individual disposition or wants; 2d, not to read the more detailed works upon any science until we have mastered the rudiments of it in general; 3d, to make ourselves familiar with a science in its actual state, before proceeding to study it in its chronological development; 4th, in order to avoid erroneous and exclusive views, to read and compare the more important works of every sect and party; 5th, to combine with the study of works which cultivate the understanding the study of works which cultivate the taste; in this way avoiding a unilateral development of mind.

No one will dispute that for the accomplishment of an end, we ought to employ the means best calculated for its accomplishment. Yet this is pre-

cisely the sum and substance of the first rule, considered under the head of *quality*. When we consider for what purpose or for what end we read, we shall appreciate the practical advice contained in this rule. Not merely for the sake of reading do we read, but in order that we may think and think intensely, and reading which does not make us do this, although it may serve occasionally as a means of alleviating the mind, is of little practical value to us.

The expediency of the second rule of quality is quite obvious, for it is next to impossible to read with advantage an extensive work, on any branch of knowledge, if we are not acquainted with the general bearing, and with the relation in which its different parts stand to one another, since the mind becomes overburdened with the mass of details presented to it,—details, the significance of which it is as yet unable to recognize. Hence, as Hamilton puts it, “A conspectus,—a survey of the science as a whole ought to precede the study of it in its parts; we should be aware of its distribution before we attend to what is distributed,—we should possess the empty frame work before we collect the materials with which it is to be filled.” The student who observes this rule will always know where he is, and becomes aware of the point towards which his author is conducting him.

The propriety and utility of the third rule is evident, since, unless a science in its present or more advanced state is thoroughly familiar to us, it is impossible to distinguish what is more or less important and, consequently, impossible to distinguish between what is and what is not worthy of our attention in the doctrine of its earlier cultivators. For instance, it is of little practical value to study Philosophy historically, until we have mastered a knowledge of it in its actual results.

If we wish to be impartial and unbiased in our views and sentiments, we would do well to listen to the advice contained in the fourth rule of quality. For in proportion as different opinions may be entertained in regard to a subject, the more necessary is it that we should weigh with care and impartiality the reasons on which these different opinions rest. In order, for instance, to learn the truth about a war, or anything of the sort, we should be familiar with the writings of the historians of both countries at war. We should not only read the account of a battle of the Revolution by an American historian, but should also read what an English writer says about it, and thus by the comparison of the two, we will be enabled to form a correct opinion.

While it is true that in the writings of one party we frequently find adduced the reasons of the opposite, these, as Hamilton tells us, are frequently so distorted, mutilated, enervated, that their refutation causes but little difficulty. Hence the necessity of adhering to the principle of the rule in question.

The meaning entailed and the advantages resulting from the observance of the fifth rule of quantity are so very evident as not to need further eluci-

dation. Our next step is to consider the excellent rules prescribed by Hamilton for the manner of reading. The first of these is: "Read that you may accurately remember but still more that you may understand." We are here reminded that reading is not a mere learning by rote, but an act of reflective thinking; and that we must not lose sight of the fact that memory is a subsidiary faculty, valuable only inasmuch as it supplies the material on which the understanding is to work. Hence we should consider the primary purpose of reading to be the understanding of relations, not merely the remembering of facts; and from this follows the fact that the committal to memory of what we read, before we elaborate it into an intellectual possession, is not only useless but detrimental. "The cause, and the effect, often of a mental weakness is the laying up in the memory of what has not been well digested."

Professional critics and reviewers would do well to observe the second rule of the manner of reading; viz., "strive to compass the general tenor of a work before you judge of it in detail." Nothing can be more absurd than to attempt to judge a subject in parts without comprehending the subject as a whole. Yet, as Hamilton tells us, "unfortunately nothing is more common, especially among critics. This proceeding is, however, as frequently the effect of wilful misrepresentation as of unintentional error."

Some books are to be only dipped into; others, to be run over rapidly; and others to be studied long and sedulously, is the doctrine inculcated in the fourth rule considered under this head: "Accommodate the intensity of the reading to the importance of the work." This is merely another way of expressing Lord Bacon's celebrated saying, "Some books are to be tasted, others are to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention."

Sir Wm. Hamilton in concluding his treatise informs us that rapidity in reading depends upon our acquaintance with the subject of discussion. "At first, upon a science we can only read few books and laboriously. By degrees, however, our knowledge of the matter treated expands, the reasonings appear more manifest, we are able without overlooking anything of importance, to read with a velocity that appears almost incredible for those who are only commencing the study."

Thus the great and manifest advantages which would, without doubt, accrue to the observer of the rules of reading laid down by Hamilton may be readily seen. These principles are not beyond the student's sphere, but are quite practical.

The student that reads well, is capable of writing well; and hence, when he ventures out upon the broad ocean of life, he is able to show something to the world for the training given him by his *Alma Mater*; for he is, in the words of Lord Bacon, a full man.

J. A. Riley, '01.



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## ...EDITORIALS...

### The Grand Old Man of the Century.

It is not with a mere, narrow sentiment of pride, or of denominational self-satisfaction, that we feel bold in looking upon the great Pope that rules the Catholic Church to-day, as the Grand Old Man of the 19th Century. This is the unanimous sentiment of all honest, intelligent men—whatever be their creed. Could we, who are his children, utter more expressive words in this regard, than are found in the following acknowledgment of a distinctly non-Catholic organ, *The Church Times*: "The fact remains that the Roman Pontiff is the leading Bishop in the Church of Christ. No one can take his place in Christendom. He has an interest in us all. He represents pre-eminently the claims of the Church; he ought to represent the spirit of Christianity. By the world at large he is accepted as its most conspicuous exponent."

T. A. D.

## A Great Work Marred.

One of our most esteemed Catholic monthlies, *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, has rendered a valuable service to the cause of historical science, in drawing attention to the absurd and unaccountable mistakes made in the recent translation of Janssen's "History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages." It bears upon its face the unmistakable marks of having been translated by a non-Catholic scholar, who, evidently, could not have been expected to be cognizant of all those expressions which demand a specifically Catholic training and instinct.

But what is most regrettable, especially to the student of Ecclesiastical History, is that the evidences of such outrageous and unwarranted mis-translations, that are alike jarring to the scholar and to the Catholic, must necessarily tend to discredit the English version of such a precious and magnificent work, which it should be our pride and our ambition to place, in this form, within the reach of the English-speaking public seeking for the truth. Is it possible that for mercenary reasons, or through the hurry and anxiety to put such a work upon the market, it should be subjected to such an unworthy - and, in the long run, unfavorable - process?

J. L.



## "Despotism of Dogma."

"Despotism of Dogma is dead," was the startling and absurd title of a recent sermon, to which a more than usually large amount of space was allotted in the Monday morning columns of one of our prominent Pittsburg papers. We presume that the esteemed gentleman who delivered the sermon, either never studied logic, or has forgotten what little he ever learned, for it is evident that no one acquainted with the primary principles of Truth and Certitude could be capable of uttering such an absurd sentiment. He should remember that Dogma, as admitted and understood by every sane Philosopher, is nothing other than Truth itself, and hence it is that those who adhere to the immutability of Truth are termed Dogmatists, as opposed to the Skeptics.

Truth is despotic, unchangeable, unconquerable; it is subservient to no conditions or circumstances, and can be beaten down by no ability. Hence, Dogma and Truth being practically the same, to deny the despotism of the former is paramount to asserting that Truth is on the wane and losing its influence over the human mind..

Is it not strange that, after Dogma has stood the test of ages, it should be reserved for the gentleman in question to startle us by the wonderful discovery that Dogma is no longer a living factor, but a dead letter. No, this is far from being the case. Dogma and Truth are

" . . . . constant as the Northern star,  
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament.

(*J. Caes., Act III., Sc. 2.*)

On this head, especially in its relation to revealed dogma, no words could be clearer and simpler than those of Pope Leo XIII. in his recent Encyclical Letter on Christ, our Redeemer. "To reject Dogma is simply to deny Christianity. Our intellect must bow humbly and reverently 'unto the obedience of Christ,' so that it be held captive by His divinity and authority . . . . By obeying Christ with his intellect, man by no means acts in a servile manner, but in complete accordance with his reason and his natural dignity. For by his will he yields, not to the authority of any man, but to that of God, the author of his being, and the first principle to Whom he is subject by the very law of his nature. He does not allow himself to be forced by the theories of any human teacher, but by the eternal and unchangeable truth. Hence he attains at one and the same time the natural good of the intellect and his own liberty."

J. A. R.



## OUT OF THE WOODS A VOICE.

I'd stop and linger with you, *friends*,  
     While tenderly my heart amends  
         Its kindnesses undone,  
 If loitering were given me,  
     As 'tis to winds forever free,  
         To play here in the sun.

I'd hold a life time's revel o'er  
     These miracles of green far more  
         In harmony with Love,  
 Than ever soul feels for a soul,  
     Whose perfectness is even whole,  
         Were my will willed above.

But ah, tho' only transient here,  
     And passing all and all in fear,  
         I'll stop, sweet haunt of mine,  
 A little hour amid thy shade,  
     And drink thy silence heaven made,  
         And on thy breast recline.

I sleep! I dream! I feel! What rest  
     Pours out thy kindly evening crest  
         O'er all of night's domain!



What strength, and hope, and prayer and joy—  
What ecstasy without alloy—  
Fills up this weary brain!

Is it that this soft earth knows not  
That all the outer world is hot  
With friction's selfish fire?  
Or is't because the moon, no man  
E'er frowned upon since earth began,  
Has drawn a little higher

Unto its quiet and its calm,  
With soothing as of some strange psalm,  
This fevered soul of me?  
Or is't because in Nature's laws  
There's all of ease and not of flaws,  
This shackled soul is free?

Come wake you sleeping birds and bees!  
And answer from your thrones, the trees,  
And speak what is the charm  
That steeps you deep in harmony,  
When naught of effort man can see  
That wrests you out of harm.

You, running waters, stop your flow  
Until this searching heart shall know  
Why all these woods smile on,  
When hopes, and fears, and joys, and tears,  
And grinning, jealous, jangling leers  
Make human beauty wan!

*Alfred McCann.*



## AN ANTIQUE TREASURE.

One of the professors of the house is the fortunate possessor of an old American newspaper which was published before the Revolution. It is an original copy of the first issue of the *Maryland and Baltimore Journal and Advertiser*, and bears the date August 20, 1773. It was published in "Baltimore, printed by William Goddard, at the printing office in *Market St.*, opposite the Coffee House," and is a treasure not only for its antiquity, but for the valuable information it contains as well.

The front page-heading is given in most elaborate style for that early

period. In the center of the Title is printed the old coat-of-arms of the state of Maryland, which is substantially the same except that all original traces of Royalty and English supremacy have given place to the proud and lordly Eagle. For the sturdy farmer and the hunter (or rather the fisherman) are still found on Maryland's present escutcheon, leaning on the same shield, with the same prophetic legend: *Crescite et Multiplicamini*—"Increase and Multiply." But the shield is no longer surmounted by the double crown, nor is there inter-woven overhead the wreath of rose and thistle branches, with the double flag all plainly symbolical of England and Scotland, the United Kingdom. Little the editor of this first issue of Maryland's first paper foresaw that such a momentous change was destined to take place within three years from the date on which he wrote. Little he thought that in August, 1776, Maryland would be changing her badges of subjection into the incomparably nobler symbol of a free and independent state.

In selecting, as his motto, the beautiful and appropriate lines of Horace:  
*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,*

*Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo*; the editor exhibits not only a judicious and classic taste, but also a thorough realization of what should be the great and ultimate aim of true journalism, namely, to impart to the reader instructive information as well as the peculiar delight which literature, or language in its varied forms, can alone communicate.

In size it resembles very much the papers printed in our country towns or villages to-day, the principal types used being antique and Italic. The first of its four pages is given entirely to a "Letter from the Bishop of C. to the Earl of Bellamont, on his late duel with Lord Townsend"—which contains much sensible advice, but whose length forbids our giving it space—and an extended article to the public on the delineation of his plans for the management of his paper.

The country was at that time, as every schoolboy knows, under the dominion of King George III. of England. Freedom of speech was then unknown in America, and people were obliged to weigh well every word before uttering it, through fear of being dragged before a British tribunal for high treason. This same "servile fearfulness" is strikingly evidenced not only in the general tone of the paper, but also by the frequent occurrence of *His Majesty*, *His Highness*, and like expressions. But thanks to the courage and heroism of the colonists, under their noble leader, George Washington, we have now long since been freed from the tyrannical sway of a King George; and "John Bull" must be content with whatever appellation we may wish to apply to him.

In a prominent corner of the paper, we read an announcement from Thomas Brereton, Commissioner and Insurance Broker, who begins most rhetorically and insinuatingly by stating that he "gratefully acknowledges the favor of his friends, and hopes for a continuance of their correspondence." Then, after a long and eloquent dash——, he winds up with the

following complex declaration, which would startle many of our staid and dignified brokers of to-day : "He has now for sale a Pocket of good Hops, a ten-inch new cable—and wants to buy a *negro girl*, about twelve years old."

Some of the "run-away" notices are not only good samples of description, but real models of sagacious reasoning, as the one which says "Strayed from town, last night, six Wagon Horses, and a servant man, named Wallace, the property of Leigh Masters, Esq., at *Pipe Creek*. As five of the horses were seen this day (two or three with collars on) not far from town, 'tis very likely the said servant has rode the other one off."

But it was not always the luckless negro that "ran away", and thus became liable to pursuit and to all the severity of penal legislation, as we read from an advertisement headed by the attractive but ominous title "Ten Pounds' Reward." Even if we had not the body of the notice to assure us thereof, the very name itself would go a great ways to establish the nationality of *Owen McCarthy*, the next unfortunate subject of a "run-away" ad.

It would be interesting to know how he came by the "scar under the right eye," unless we might infer its *genesis* from the fact of his having been a soldier, some twenty years previously. The poor fellow must have found bondage doubly galling beneath the yoke or ownership of a master who, no doubt, like himself, hailed from the Emerald Isle, since he signed himself "Bernard Reilly."

The longest advertisement of all—but probably the most precious in the eyes of the historical relic-hunter—is one signed by no less a personage than the "Father of his Country" himself. It bears an additional interest from the nature and details of the announcement which it contains, as well as from its reference to our own old "Fort Pitt," which was, at that time, as it is to-day, the gate to the West, the heart of commercial enterprise, the market-center of the great Ohio Valley. The advertisement, which is very lengthy, was written at his home, "Mt. Vernon," in Virginia, July 15, 1773, and pertains to the letting of "Twenty thousand acres of land in the Ohio and Great Kanhawa, which he purposes to divide into any size tenements, that may be desired, and lease them upon moderate terms, allowing a reasonable number of years' rent free."

That the Irish, in those early days, were numerous enough to scare any possible "patriots" of the A. P. A. type, we may readily judge from the long "List of Letters" left at Mr. William Adam's, in Baltimore, by the Frederick-town Post." For at every step in this interesting list of names and places, we are confronted with such unmistakable cognomens as Charles Collins, Barney Doherty, James Fleming, John Finn, Michael Reilly, James Geehin, besides a host of Carrolls, and, of course, the inevitable "John Smith."

Farther down, in a despatch from New York, dated August 12, 1773, we are told that "within this fortnight three thousand five hundred passengers have arrived at Philadelphia from Ireland." This was, indeed, a large



number for such a brief space of time, at a single port. With such a proportion sustained throughout the year, or even for the summer alone, it would be safe to surmise that the Irish formed a considerable share of the population during this important year, whose closing days beheld the Boston "Tea-Party," and the consequent budding of our desperate struggle for Independence. In another dispatch from Philadelphia, we are informed that "since our last, arrived here the ship 'Alexander', Capt. Hunter, with 500 passengers; and the ship 'Hannah', Capt. Mitchel, 550, both from Londonderry." We could have imagined the causes which drove to our hospitable shores a great many of these voluntary exiles. But the following notice takes particular care to dispel any doubt on this head, by saying that "the ship Walworth, Capt. McCausland, sailed from Londonderry for South Carolina, about the first of June, with 300 passengers and servants, who were obliged to leave their native country, not for their misbehavior, but on account of the great distress among the middling and the lower class of people."

Even at this early date, we have a column devoted to the list of current prices at Baltimore, from which we learn that wheat sold for 6s. 6d. per bushel, and corn for 2s. 9d., while bar iron was rated at 26 shillings, and pig iron at 8s. per ton.

They had their hunting stories, too, in those days, as we have, at the present time, recorded the wondrous exploits of our modern nimrods. "A few weeks ago, we are told, a large rattle-snake was killed on a Gentleman's Plantation, in the neighborhood of this town, in the belly of which was found three middle-sized rabbits, and was supposed to be about 13 years old."

One of the most interesting columns of the *Journal* is the one devoted to the news received from its London Agent, which was exactly two months old. It has frequent allusions to such well-known historical personages as Lord Chatham, who was in his present retreat, as he says in his letter to Lord Camden, the former Chancellor under the Grafton Ministry, "an inactive, though not unaffected spectator of the depredations of the Minister (Lord North) on the constitution of his country." The famous minister, just spoken of, Lord North, comes in for a fair share of attention, and we find several little scraps of news thrown into a few lines, and scattered here and there, which must have seemed of trivial importance to the Baltimore reader of the *Maryland Journal* in August, 1773, but which, read by us in the light of future American History, bear a most weighty significance and import. For instance, we are made acquainted with the details of the East India Bill, by which Lord North's government limited the powers of the East India Company, for which limitation, the minister extended to the shareholders, as compensation, the permission to bring their tea to England and export it to America without paying any duty in England. "They could thus, thought Lord North, sell it in America at a low price and yet make a profit, while the Americans would get the advantage of cheap tea!"

But alas for his confident expectations! As we all know from Burke's famous speech, and from our own history, it was regarded by our forefathers

as a mere trick to induce them to submit to the duty on tea—and we all know the result, in the immortal incident, at Boston, on the 16th of December, 1773. From all this we are not surprised at the appearance, in an innocent-looking paragraph of three lines, farther down, of the significant declaration: “It is said that larger orders have been given within this week, for goods to be exported to America, than at any one time for years past.” No wonder the orders for export goods to our side of the Atlantic were so numerous, when the British merchants and their Tory accomplices or partners in New England found this opportunity of unloading upon us their “cheap tea” with profit to themselves, but—what they little recked—dishonor to us!

We are not surprised, accustomed as we have been of late years to such periodical outbreaks, to be informed “that the Spaniards had received intelligence that an insurrection had broken out at Chili, on the coast of South America, and that the native Chilese had absolutely re-possest themselves of the best part of that country, and partly drove all the Europeans from it, and had taken many towns and cities, and destroyed several thousand Spaniards and their allies—that the Spaniards have a strong fleet fitting out, which they say is to be sent to awe their rebellious subjects in the West Indies.” It is evident that in those days, Spain had difficulties of a serious nature with her “rebellious subjects,” especially with those in South America, who, from 1750 to 1810, were in a constant state of insurrection, or of local guerilla warfare, with the Mother Country. In the advices which have reference to the “West Indies,” we are reminded of a very interesting chapter of history, which was to have import for us in later years. Just ten years before the date of our *Maryland Journal*, in 1763, the Treaty of Paris, which brought temporary peace between England, France and Spain, restored to the latter Power the two important cities of Havana and Manila, that had been taken, the previous year, by the English. The siege of Havana was almost as memorable a one as that of two years ago, the English fleet, under Lord Albemarle, consisting of more than 200 vessels of all sorts, and the army, of 14,041 men, while the Spanish army consisted of 27,610 men. The siege was most vigorously conducted on the one hand, and on the other, most obstinately resisted. The English commenced operations on the 6th of June, but it was not until the 30th of July that the Moro Castle surrendered; and, on the 14th of August the city of Havana capitulated, three million pounds worth of treasure falling into the hands of the victors. Another expedition was directed at the same time against Manila, the capital of the Philippine Islands, which was taken by the English fleet under Admiral Draper. In the numerous and important territorial exchanges, which were included in that famous “Treaty of Paris”, Havana was given up to Spain as the equivalent of the Island of Minorca, while it was stipulated that Manila was returned as “a free gift.” Was this an indication of political foresight that made the British government of that day believe in the impossibility or inadvisability of burdening itself with the administration of those distant and unwieldy Islands?

T. A. Dunne.

OBITUARY.

On Wednesday morning, January 16, a solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated in the College Chapel for the repose of the soul of the late CAPTAIN MICHAEL MUNHALL, who was numbered among the chief benefactors of the Holy Ghost College. His death occurred on Friday, January 4, after a long and painful illness, which a journey to Europe during the spring of 1900 had failed to cure or diminish. The celebrant of the mass was the Rev. W. McMullen, '89, the nephew of the deceased, and at present assistant pastor of St. James' Church, Wilkinsburg, who was assisted by Rev. H. J. McDermott, deacon, and Rev. William Stadelman, sub-deacon. All the members of the faculty, as well as the students, were at the mass. A large number of the members and friends of the family were also present, including his widow, his brother and sister, as well as the three sons, Robert, Charles and William, who had all made their studies in the Holy Ghost College.

In thus solemnly celebrating the Sacred Mysteries for the repose of his soul, the College Faculty wished to show their gratitude to MR. MUNHALL, who was the first lay gentleman to found a burse in the college. His wife followed his noble example and donated \$1,000 to the erecting and frescoing of the College chapel. *R. I. P.*

The recent death of MR. MICHAEL McCORMICK, father of one of our old students, Edward J., '89 and '90, and of John, who is now a member of the Senior Business Class, was as sad as it was unexpected. He died on Saturday, January 26, at his late residence, Staunton and Collins Avenues, East End, surrounded by his sorrowing and bereaved wife and nine children, after a brief but persistent attack of acute pneumonia that had made itself felt only one short week before his death. Deceased was a member of the well-known firm of James Lappan & Co., and was universally respected in the East End, where he had resided for nearly thirty years. We extend to all the family, and especially to our comrades of the past and of the present, the expression of our sincere condolence.

Another recent death which elicits from us the expression of our deep and sincere sympathy for the afflicted family, is that of MR. ANDREW L. REIMAN, the well-known and esteemed father of Mr. Joseph H. Reiman, who graduated from the college, with high honors, in '85. His death occurred on the afternoon of Sunday, January 20, after an illness of a few weeks. It was only a day or two before Christmas that he ceased active participation in the conduct of the dry goods store at 1104-1106 Penn Avenue.

MR. REIMAN was for many years identified in an active way with everything tending to the advancement of the interests of the Church. He was especially active in the progress of St. Philomena's and St. Augustine's parish affairs. He was a member of the Newman Literary Association, prominent in earlier days within this diocese.



He has certainly left a remarkable example of virtue, public and private, not only to the members of his own immediate family but to all that came within the sphere of his influence or acquaintanceship.

### SUNDAY EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

The selections on the musical programme at our weekly entertainments during the last month were very successfully rendered.

Selections from the well-known composers, H. von Titzler, Charles B. Orth, Louis Gastid, A. Stone, Jean Schwartz, Max S. Wit, Max Dryfus and others were well received and deservedly applauded.

Recently the members of the Orchestra had the privilege of rendering a few selections from the above named composers at successive lectures delivered by Rev. W. S. Healy, C. S. Sp., entitled "A Night in Darkest Africa." With his lecture, he also presented about two hundred stereopticon views of the African customs, peoples, climate, &c. Father Healy speaks from personal experience ; many of the pictures he presented, he himself had taken.

The programmes for the month of January were the following :

#### PROGRAMME FOR SUNDAY, JANUARY 13TH.

Medley, "Harvest Days" (Tilzer), Orchestra ; Recitation, "The Par-don Came Too Late," J. L. McCambridge ; Song, "Call Me Back Again," J. J. Riley ; Recitation, "Only a Dream," J. L. Jaworski ; Selection, "Danse Antique, Henry V." (Max Wit), Orchestra ; Pianoforte Selection, L. Kvatsak ; Song, "The Bandolero," A. J. Eschman ; Finale, "Ain't Agoin' to Weep No More" (Tilzer), Orchestra.

#### PROGRAMME FOR SUNDAY, JANUARY 27TH.

Overture, "Soldier's Love" (Charles Orth), Orchestra ; Recitation, "A Parody," J. Patterson ; Violin Selection, "The Last Rose of Summer," E. J. Hally ; Recitation, "Cardinal Wolsey on His Fall," J. Malloy ; Recitation, "The Little Boy's Troubles," M. J. McHale ; Finale, "Marching to the Music of the Band" (H. Filzer), Orchestra.

#### PROGRAMME FOR SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23D.

Overture, "Capellbrucke," College Orchestra ; Recitation, "Cataline's Defiance," E. Davin ; Song, Selected, R. T. Ennis ; Recitation, "The Battle of Hohenlinden," Thomas Popp ; Recitation, "The Captain," E. Knebel ; Selection, "Tiger Lily," Orchestra ; Song, "Erin's Wail," J. E. Dwyer ; Recitation, "The Murderer," A. J. Eschman ; Debate, "Resolved, That Washington Was Greater Than Napoleon as a Warrior, a Statesman and a Man," Chairman, Mr. P. J. Costelloe ; Affirmative, Messrs. A. J. Rahe and C. V. Halleran ; Negative, Messrs. E. J. Huckestein and J. J. O'Brien ; Finale, Medley, "When Harvest Days Are Over," Orchestra.

*A. J. Eschman, '03.*

### EXCHANGES.

"The Notre Dame Scholastic" contains an essay entitled "The Interpreter," in which the author undertakes the task of showing the difference between criticism and interpretation.

The essay shows that no little care was taken in its composition, yet, methinks, some little confusion has crept into it.

"Criticism and interpretation must not be confounded," is the very first sentence of the essay. Yet further on we find the words, "critic" and "interpreter," so indiscriminately used that we are forced to the conclusion that either a good critic is an interpreter, or there cannot be a good critic. For he quotes Coleridge thus, "He who tells me there are defects in a book, tells me nothing \* \* \* But he who points out and elucidates the beauties of an original work \* \* \*," and adds: "The first is the work of a critic, the last the work of the interpreter." But Quackenbos, who is an authority on this subject, says: "A true critic will rather dwell upon excellences than on imperfections; will seek to discover the concealed beauties of a writer and communicate to the world such things as are worthy of their observation."

"Maguire's Box" is a fairly developed tale, conveying the oft-proved proverb, "Honesty is the best policy."

"Anglo-Americans and Latin Americans" is long, but as interesting as such essays usually are.

The biographical sketch on "Edgar A. Poe" in the "St. Joseph's Collegian" shows clearly that the author has spent both time and care in the study of that poet's life. He favors Poe, and is very vehement in his denunciations against many of his biographers.

"Debates and Their Import" contains many truths told in a clear manner. The only defect, perhaps, is that the introduction is rather long.

The story of "Theophilus," whose end, however, is the exception rather than the rule, is that of many a wayward youth.

The author of "A Modern Freak" takes a very pessimistic view of some things.

An abstract subject is more difficult to treat than any other. Hence the author of the essay on "Love" is to be commended on the fact that his attempt contains none of that dullness so common in like essays.

By far the most praise must be given to the "Collegian" for its editorials, in which it surpasses most of our other visitors.

"A Christmas Surprise," in the "Mount," is a pleasing tale of the "lived-happy-ever-afterwards" species.

The efforts of the Amateur Naturalist are ever interesting and instructive. In "Janet's Repentance," envy works havoc, but "Do unto others as

you would they would do unto you," brings the tale to a happy conclusion.

It would be unjust to pass over the poetry in this number, but good works need no praise.

The "Normal Record" contains five stories which, to say the least, are pleasing.

The editorial and exchange columns are—well, this is a case where speech is silver but silence is gold.

Brace up, "Record!" use a little of that "grit and determination which has always been an important element in your football" in wielding your pens.

Editor of the "Record," make your paper more like the representative paper of a State Normal School than like a family story-paper, which it much resembles at present, not in form but in substance.

W. F. McE.



### NOTES FROM THE CLASS ROOMS.

The results of the recent examinations were, on the whole, very satisfactory, as the Rev. President himself asserted in the College Hall.

The Seniors and Juniors deserve special mention. They handle Criteriology with the dexterity of a Roman student, listening to the daily lectures of Card. Zigliara.—The arguments of Torquatus defending Epicurus on the opinion of the *maxima voluptas* have lately formed a topic of the highest interest for the Seniors. Aristotle's sublime thoughts are imbibed with great satisfaction. Hard luck! was the unanimous ejaculation of both classes, when they had reached the *finis* of Nasidienus' banquet.

Strange but true—the History Class begins the reign of Queen Victoria, just when the latter ends it.

In the Senior French Class a famous comedy of Coppée gives the members a perfect idea of modern French. In *Maître Ferrari*, they see a consummate type of a musician; in *Philippo*, the noble character of *Pathfinder* repeated; and in *Sandro*, they find that affection of envy, than which none, except love, says Bacon, "have been more noted to fascinate or bewitch."

In the Senior German Class, active, genuine work is displayed. They are translating the works of Goethe and Schiller.

In the Sophomore and Freshman classes, the students are making rapid progress in the Classics, the recent examinations have plainly shown. Homer and Virgil are their favorite authors. Plato seems to have given them a good practical knowledge of induction—they are getting very logical, whatever the cause may be.



In History, a few seem to have been deceived by the familiar saying : "History repeats itself."

The way in which the Freshmen and Sophomores take to Cicero "On Old Age" shows that they can appreciate a good thing. General approval seems to have recently hailed this passage, where the grave Cato says: "I love a young man in whom there is something of the old, and an old man in whom there is a trace of youth." The poetic view of Halleran, however, makes him involuntarily sigh after a second course of Virgil.

John Whelan and Ralph Hayes had a very spirited race for first honors in the First Academic Class.

The History of Greece has already been completed, and Rome's varied fortunes are eagerly followed by the pupils, but the old worthies of Greece still possess all their interest.

Charles Lamb and his quaint *Essays* make the chief literary study. Charles Gwyer is becoming so imbued with the spirit of Lamb that *quaint sayings* are no rarities with him.

Xenophon is endearing himself more and more to all, as the interest of the narrative increases. The battle between the brothers is eagerly looked for.

The members of this Class are also kept busy trying to keep square with the "Circle" geometrically considered.

The members of the First Academic Latin Class have commenced the study of Ovid. His *Fasti*, or Roman Calendar, so teeming with astronomical facts and embellished with historical and mythical allusions, offers a fair insight into the marvellous flexibility of the Latin tongue. Harry Smith, deeply versed in Roman History, delights particularly in the succinct references scattered at random in the poetic effusions of the amorous bard, and seldom does a class go by but he has an extensive comment to offer on some passage or another.

In the English department of the Second Academic, the pupils seem to be developing a marked taste for the Classics. Our own Washington Irving's *Sketch-Book* is positively relished by every one. Quite a hit was made the other day by the Professor, when a parallel was drawn between Rip Van Winkle and a certain member of the class who forgets to provide himself with paper or other necessary writing material when the time comes for active work.



To our great regret, the Notes gathered by our "Class Reporter," from the other Classes, have been crowded out.

The same thing must be said of the "Alumni" and Athletic Notes.

T. A. D.

# Robert McGraw,

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## PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

# HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN

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## 'Twas Whispered One Night in the Hall Of a King.

'Twas whispered one night in the hall of a king,  
Swift, silent and sure, with no echoing,—  
With no echoing, with no echoing—  
That a spectre was there, a fiend of despair,  
Stalking over the stones to a rhythm of moans,  
And a measure of groans, and dolorous tones,  
As of funeral bell or of death-tolling knell,  
But with no echoing; no, no echoing !  
This reverberating, non-echoing thing !

O marvellous thing ! that the soul of a king  
Should be of Despair the haunt and the lair—  
Should be of Despair the haunt and the lair—  
When the peasant's long, deep and sweet blessed sleep  
Gives form unto air, all hallowed and fair,  
In an unbolted bower, with sceptre nor power,  
Nor canopied down, nor gold heavy crown,  
But only the thing that's denied to the king !  
O marvellous, marvellous, marvellous thing !

*Alfred McCann.*





## Historical Reading—Its Pleasures and Advantages.

*"Historia testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriæ, magistra vitæ, nuntia vetustatis."*—Cicero, *De Orat.*

No one will deny that there is a real relation between culture and books. Of course, a great deal of culture can be got without books, but there is one part of it (and that, an important part), which certainly cannot, namely, that which comes from a knowledge of the past—from history.

Historical reading is an unfailing source of gratification and amusement. What pleasures can exceed those of travelling through distant lands, seeing strange peoples, observing strange manners and customs, and comparing them with our own?

If no inconveniences attend our voyages, no extremes of heat and cold, no perils by land or sea, then our pleasure is full. Now, history is such a travelling in the past; books are the trains and steamboats and camels and horses we travel by, the telescopes through which we view distant scenes and facts, the "Open Sesame" that introduces us to wonders that we never dreamed of—we are brought back to the early ages and we witness the growth of the world as it advances from stage to stage; we see our own nation emerging into being, developing and coming to its present state. As we gaze on the past, our sympathies are expanded, we cease to be narrow local beings; we recognize the existence of the good and the beautiful, the noble and the heroic, outside of our own territorial limits; thus our patriotism is prevented from being egotism.

What would the world of to-day seem to us, if all the past were a great blank? I wonder how we should feel, suppose we knew nothing of the War of Independence, or of the Civil War, of the Discovery of America, or of the Middle Ages, and of the Protestant so-called Reformation? Rome, Greece, Palestine, Egypt—these become for us, if we are well read in history, no mere names; they are magic air-ships, which carry our minds back to distant ages when men and things were not as they are now, while our minds are widened and our sympathies expanded by the contemplation. If it was not for history, what would attract thousands every year to Athens or Jerusalem, Venice or Rome?

Above and beyond the pleasures afforded us by the reading of history, there is a real and solid utility attached to its study. The contemplation of the many admirable actions of patriotism, justice, clemency, magnanimity, temperance, performed by the pagans of old will make us blush, who, with the superadded strength of Christian regeneration, are not ashamed to be less virtuous than they. Such considerations show us, furthermore, that man, after the fall, is not wholly corrupt; that he is free to do good or evil; that

God's assistance has ever been proffered to those who want to do good, thus furnishing solid proofs for some of our most important dogmas.

The perusal of Sacred History brings us in contact with the highest and best models for personal imitation. Here all our cravings for hero-worship are satisfied; here we have the hero who dies for a noble cause—his Faith. As we read, our souls are stirred, and we, too, feel ourselves ready to die for our Faith.

In short, history is a mirror in which the lives and deeds of men are reflected, and from which, while contemplating it, we may draw lessons applicable to the present. Histories are those sands of which the poet speaks, on which the footprints of the good and the wise have been left to lead us on to higher things.

*J. Whelan, '04.*



## WINE, FRIENDS AND BOOKS;

### Or, The Literary Life of Charles Lamb.

---

“I have been laughing, I have been carousing,  
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,  
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.”

After the great calamities and misfortunes that befell Charles Lamb during the years 1795-96, misfortunes such as fall to the lot of few—homicides, insanity, extreme poverty, desolation—his character was radically changed, and he became very melancholy. He was not a saint, so we must not judge him too harshly if we see him resorting to rather unevangelical remedies to drown his sorrows and coax forgetfulness. Wine was his favorite “Lethean cup,” and it must be admitted that he sometimes indulged rather freely. Still, great injustice has been done him on this head. For instance, shortly after his death, he was portrayed in *Fraser's Magazine* seated at a table, eagerly leaning forward over one of his “old ragged veterans.” On either side of the book was a candle, while at his elbow handily within reach, were not only a glass and a spoon, but a bottle with a “rakish cork cocked sidewise.” Such a caricature would lead one to believe that Lamb was an habitual toper. He was anything but that. To quote Carlyle's words, “He was never tipsy, but just elevated.” His drinking was not habitual; he even tried to forego the “sparkling cup” forever, but invariably the society of his old boon companions—his “bosom cronies”—and the desire to rid himself, for a few hours at least, of the burden of his own troubles, prompted him to join the general mirth and drain the social cup—“a blessing cup,” remarks a friend of his, “no less to himself than to others, and for both parties its in-

gredient was, not a devil, but an angel;" at any rate, the Angel of Sleep, for sleep would on such occasions "descend upon him as softly as a shadow, bringing a repose contrasting strongly with the calamities and internal storm of his life" (Carlyle). Another, and a more rational cure for his melancholy was the society of his intimate friends. With Coleridge he began a friendship at Christ's Hospital School, destined to be lifelong. By Coleridge, Lamb was introduced to Lloyd, the son of a rich banker and a quondam Quaker of Birmingham. Coleridge and Lloyd were students at Cambridge, and during vacation the three would meet at a public house, called the *Salvation* and *Cat*, passing the night away in drinking, and beguiling the cares of life with poetry. It was in company with Coleridge and Lloyd that Lamb was first presented to the public in 1797, when the friends published a joint volume of poems. Lamb's principal contributions were the *Grandame* and *A Vision of Repentance*. This work was a financial failure. Lloyd and Lamb afterwards published a second volume, which likewise brought no profit. To make money, which he sorely needed, Lamb, in 1798, wrote a "miniature romance" entitled, *A Tale of Rosamond Grey and Old Blind Margaret*. Of this work, Shelly said: "What a lovely thing is his 'Rosamond Grey!' How much knowledge of the sweetest, deepest part of our nature is in it!" Yet, "Rosamond Grey" is a failure as a story; it is full of unrealities and there is no real plot. It was on the occasion of their joint publication that the friendship of Lamb, Lloyd and Coleridge received a shock and was almost severed. Lamb and Lloyd disputed as to whose name should appear first in the volume. Coleridge sided with Lloyd. The result was a temporary soreness, soon healed over. It is to this little quarrel that Lamb unmistakably refers in the well-known lines of the "Old Familiar Faces:"

"I had a friend, a kinder friend has no man,  
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly!  
Left him to muse on the old familiar faces"

In 1797, Lamb met Southey, the famous short ballad writer. This friendship proved a great blessing to Lamb. It was Southey, as we gather from Lamb's correspondence, who advised him to read carefully the old English authors and undertake original character sketching. The next to enlarge Lamb's circle of acquaintances was William Wordsworth, with whom he spent some time in the Country of the Lakes. Though charmed by the beauty of the lake scenery, he was ever longing for the great city. "I love the sweet security of streets," he writes, "and would set up my tabernacle there." No wonder Wordsworth calls him "a hater of the fields." In 1800, Lamb made his first dramatic attempt by offering *John Woodvil; or Pride's Cure*, a tragedy, to John Kemble, manager of Drury Lane. It was never produced. Lamb next took to journalism, which brought him but very few guineas. In 1805, against the advice of his friends, he had his farce, "Mr. H——," produced at Drury Lane Theater. It deals with the inconveniences befalling a man who is ashamed to acknowledge that his real name is Hogs-



flerh. It was, as might have been expected, "damned" the first night and never produced again.

In 1807, Lamb and his sister, Mary, began to write *Tales from Shakespeare*. Mary wrote the light pieces such as "The Tempest," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Winter's Tale," etc., while Lamb himself wrote the great tragedies, "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Othello," etc. These tales were a great success, and two editions were quickly disposed of. The first edition was written and published expressly for children, but the second was intended to be read by young and old. They have taken their place as an English classic, and still form the best introduction to Shakespeare.

On account of the great success of the "Tales," Lamb wrote *The Adventures of Ulysses*, a book still popular with the young.

In 1808, his *Specimens of Old English Dramatic Poets* placed Lamb in the foremost rank of English critics on the Elizabethan authors. His friends increased with his success and their names stand high in our literature—William Hazlitt, Thomas Hood, the great humorist, Leigh Hunt, Proctor and Cary, the translator of Dante.

Thus we see that Lamb was blessed with many friends. But they could not be with him always, and his loneliness was often unshared even by his sister, as the asylum claimed a good deal of her time. There were friends, however, who never deserted him, nor failed to comfort him—I mean his books. He spent the greater part of his time in reading, because it made him forget his melancholy. In his "Essay on Books and Reading," he says: "I love to lose myself in other men's thoughts. I cannot sit and think. Books think for me." In another place in the same essay, he boasts of his "Catholic, unexcluding taste." "I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low." To save himself the pain of thinking, he would read almost anything that he called a book. He loved, above all, to read the old authors—Burton, Fuller, Browne, Cowley, he calls his darlings. This reading of the Elizabethan authors prepared him, as we shall see, for his great works.

In 1821, Lamb began writing for the *London Magazine*, and his reputation was forthwith established by his first essay, "The South Sea House." He wrote under the name of Elia. The story of how he stole the name from an Italian clerk in the South Sea House, and then tried to apologize to the owner, but found him dead, is too well known to be repeated. These essays delight hundreds of readers; hundreds, too, think them intolerable. The fact is, they cannot be understood unless the reader knows Lamb's life and character, especially that leading trait—his humanity. We must love Lamb to love his works.

For two years Lamb was a regular contributor to the magazine. In 1823, he collected and published the essays under the title of *Essays of Elia*. His best known are a "Dissertation on Roast Pig," and "Imperfect Sympathies." He afterwards published a second series under the title—*Last Essays of Elia*.

Lamb was, all these years, clerking in the East India House, but for some time had been trying to be retired, and his "emancipation from slavery" came at last. On the 12th of April, 1825, he was granted a pension of £450 by the directors, £9 to be reserved for Mary in case she should survive him.

After having been accustomed to be at his desk almost every day for thirty-three years, Lamb was at first at a loss what to do with his new liberty. "Here I am," he writes to Wordsworth, "after thirty-three years' slavery, sitting in my own room at eleven o'clock, this finest of all April mornings, a freed man, with £441 a year for the remainder of my life, live I as long as John Dennis, who outlived his annuity, and starved at ninety." This "passage from life into eternity," enabled Lamb to purchase a neat cottage at Edmonton, where his last days were spent.

In July, 1834, Coleridge died. Lamb could scarcely realize that his friend was no more. "Coleridge is dead," he kept repeating over and over. He tried to live without him for awhile; then he went to join him. One day in the middle of December of the same year, he was strolling along a London road, when he stumbled and fell, inflicting a slight wound on his face. At first nothing was thought of it; but on the 22nd of December, 1834, erysipelas set in; he gradually grew worse, and died on the 27th, lamented by all his friends. "On the following Saturday, his remains were laid in a deep grave in Edmonton Church-yard, made in a spot which, about a fortnight before, he had pointed out to his sister, on an afternoon wintry walk, as the place where he wished to be buried." Hither came each evening she whom he had loved with love "passing the love of woman," to shed a sister's tears over the simple mound. After many years of waiting, she, too, went to gaze again on the "old familiar faces." Her earthly remains were laid above those of her brother.

Surely, "they were lovely in their lives," and "in death they are not divided!"

*Ralph L. Hayes, '04.*



## OUR EARLIEST INAUGURATION.

The preparations for the coming Presidential inauguration remind us of the great advances we have made since the early days of our Republic. The political services which Washington rendered his country and to mankind, after the Revolution, were not less important nor less exacting than those that were concluded by the termination of his military career. He was chosen President of the convention which met at Philadelphia to revise and remodel the government of the colonies.

In 1789 the constitution was signed and it was fixed that the United States should be ruled by a President, to which office General George Washington was unanimously chosen. The Constitution then required that the

person receiving the highest number of votes should be President; and he who received the next highest number became Vice-President. John Adams, who received only thirty-four votes, was the candidate elected to the Vice-Presidency.

When General Washington was notified of the result of the election, he was enjoying domestic peace on his estate at Mt. Vernon, and, Cincinnatus-like, he left the plow to enter upon the presidency. His journey to New York was a triumphal progress. In every city, on his route, he was received with joy and hailed as the preserver of the Union. Trenton, where, twelve years before, he had won the first victory of the Revolution, gave him a reception which left an ineffaceable impression upon his mind. In New York, he was driven to the Capitol in a carriage drawn by six white horses, preceded by thirteen maidens clad in white, singing songs and strewing flowers in his way.

How different were the duties which now rested upon this venerable conqueror, from the peace and repose afforded by country life! How different also from the turmoil and strife of the preceding years!

When he entered New York in triumph, as did the conquerors of old in Rome, the question arose, by what title the administrator of the United States should be addressed. Some proposed "His Excellency;" others, "His Highness," but, after a violent debate, it was concluded that he should have no title except the simple name of his office, "President of the United States of America."

The simple but imposing ceremony of his inauguration took place on the 30th of April, 1789. The day was opened with religious services, after which the procession, wherein all the principal personages of the Union, as well as the common people, were represented, moved slowly to the capitol. Here a large platform had been erected, in the centre of which the Bible was resting on a velvet cushion and in the view of all. Washington, standing between two Judges, stepped forward and with tears in his eyes, pronounced the oath:—"I swear, so help me God!" Immediately the shout arose from the hearts of all: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" All present were convinced that there was no man in the entire country more fit and able to rule the Nation at such a critical moment.

The termination and climax of the inauguration was reached when Washington, in a low, deep and somewhat tremulous voice began that noble address, so full of dignity, wisdom and pathos. It was the same voice that had commanded, encouraged and cheered the soldiers of the infant Republic and won for us liberty and freedom from tyranny.

After four years of a prosperous and wholesome administration, he was again unanimously elected President. He entered upon the second period of his official tenure, on the 4th of March, 1793. When his second term of Presidency had expired he absolutely refused to be re-elected, and John Adams, who was Vice-President, was elected to the office.



The withdrawal of that august and commanding man threw the Union open to the evils of fierce rivalry and political competition. Party spirits arose; the Federal and Republican parties were formed. Neither party won a complete victory, for though the Federalists elected the President in the person of John Adams, the Republicans were consoled by placing their favorite, Thomas Jefferson, in the second office.

On the last day of Washington's official life there was a parting dinner given in the Senate house; upon which occasion he gave the following toast: "Ladies and Gentlemen—This is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man; I do it with sincerity, wishing you all possible happiness." On this last appearance of Washington, the warmth of his welcome seemed to show that his popularity had been in no degree lessened; and the retiring President was a more important and valued person than the one just entering upon the Presidency.

What Washington's joyful sentiments were when he again arrived at Mt. Vernon, may well be imagined. But his race was run; and, after a few years, he was called from the busy scene of his labors. His memory will ever live in the hearts of the people of America.

Mr. John Adams, having taken the oath, delivered his inaugural address in which he expressed his purposes and principles, at the same time pronouncing a warm and well-merited eulogium upon Washington.

The reputation of Adams, great at the time, has since been enhanced in the eyes of posterity. His moral character and genius were not unlike those of Washington. He was a man of method and industry, of calm, equable temper, capable of bearing reverses without complaint. He was a wise man, a brave man, a good man, a great man, one who served his country with a success and a fidelity of which, perhaps, he has not yet received at her hands the proper acknowledgment.

*G. H. Schoppol, '02.*



## A TRIP TO THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

(Continued)

On the west side of the island overlooking the river, Mr. Brougham came across an elevated plain surrounded with thick rows of fir trees. From previous readings he had ascertained that there was a famous Indian burial ground on one or other of the islands in the vicinity, where the participants in the French and English war had buried their dead. After much reflection, he became more and more convinced that this was the much sought-for spot; and with the intention of exhuming the sacred dead on the morrow, he sent the boys in all directions for the necessary implements, not telling them, however, his purpose. Early next morning, after selecting a little mound that was covered with a quantity of loose, dark clay, he went at his self-imposed task with a zest deserving of a nobler project. Visions of tomahaw.

scalping knives, and other relics of Indian Chiefs rose up in his heated brain. Deeper and deeper he dug till, at last, he struck against a hard, flinty substance. On examining it closely he declared it to be the concrete or moulded clay in which was usually laid the body of an Indian Chief.

This unforeseen obstacle he vigorously attacked with his pick, but all to no purpose; he could make no impression on it. The grave refused to give up its dead. Time, it is true, heals all wounds and solves all problems, but to this day Mr. Brougham lives in the firm conviction that had he been provided with the necessary tools, he would, in all probability, have disinterred the sarcophagus of an Indian Chief, or the treasure of some unknown Captain Kidd.

Nowhere, perhaps, can the young vacationist give better vent to his animal spirits and with least harm than when far from the centres of civilization with their finely provided rules of etiquette, and freed from the irksome restraint of college life. Wisely, therefore, had Father Joseph chosen this ideal spot where none might hinder our juvenile sports. One afternoon, towards the end of July, at the suggestion of Mr. Brougham, the boys instituted a game of hares and hounds. Mr. B. took four of the boys as hounds, in addition to Fra. Girardo. Father Joseph and three boys, as hares, started the hunt. It was resolved to run around the whole circumference of the island, keeping within one hundred feet of the shore, regardless of the hazardous rocks and cliffs that were to be scaled, or the thick, tangled undergrowth of wood that had to be passed. This proposition met with Mr. Brougham's warm approval, and he offered his opponents twenty minutes' start, but the hares got only five minutes on account of Mr. Brougham's eagerness to begin the contest. Pell-mell went the chase, over ditches, through swamps, over cliffs, through valleys, the pursued exerting every energy to outpace their pursuers. The scent, which consisted of small pieces of paper thrown in prominent places, was of little consequence, owing to the dense underbrush that grew near the shore. Mr. Brougham was extremely cautious not to let any of the hounds get between him and the house; for, in such a case, the game was as good as won, and he would have to go the round of the island believing his opponents not to be far in advance. On nearing a quagmire of no mean dimensions, Boyle made a flying leap, which brought

him to the centre of the swamp, whence he emerged a pitiful sight, covered with a coating of thick mud. The hares had by this time gone completely around the island, and were making a second lap. Near a little inlet they found a magnificent fish, rolling to and fro with the waves of the incoming tide. Father Joseph hid it in the bushes, and covered it over with some branches. The fish had, perhaps, been in a battle royal, and had received a deep gash in the side, for, even when found, the blood was still flowing freely from the wound. On arriving at the house the victorious hares found the hounds, worn out and dispirited, awaiting their coming.

Father Joseph immediately challenged Mr. Brougham to a fishing contest. This unexpected challenge coming from a dangerous adversary, still triumphant from a recent victory, touched a sore spot in his pride. Would he refuse? No! Up he jumped with perhaps more celerity than the occasion required, and fixing his fishing tackle, bolted out of the house. In a few minutes, in company with the companions of his defeat, he was well on his way to his favorite fishing grounds. Father Joseph, with his hares, proceeded leisurely in the boat to the spot where they had concealed the fish. They brought it to the house and Fra. Girardo exercised his skill in dissecting it. In an hour Mr. Brougham returned, elated with success. He had caught a muskallonge of some ten pounds, which, I must not omit to mention, was made to weigh considerably more by reason of a pound or more of shot which it was obliged to swallow. It was a case of diamond cut diamond; and our legal friend resigned all pretensions to the title of an expert fisherman, resolving to spend the rest of the vacation as a landsman.

I have made mention above of Gibson Mountain as it appeared from the camp. This wildly magnificent elevation of land had long been the object of our attention, especially since it was said to have been the scene of many councils held by the Indians of the neighboring tribes. Having secured the services of a rustic guide, we set forth to explore not only Gibson Mountain but all the Canadian country bordering on this portion of the St. Lawrence. After half an hour's walk through a barren, hilly tract of land, we came out on the public highway leading to Gananoque and Landsdowne. By frequent inquiries, our guide brought us to the base of Gibson Mountain, some seven or eight miles from the camp. We left all our superfluous *impedimenta* with a hospitable farmer, and started up the arduous ascent. Perhaps it may be interesting to learn whence this mountain derived its name. In the days of the early settlers, a family of immigrants named Gibson had settled on the side of the mountain, and managed to live very comfortably in their new home until the outbreak of Indian hostilities. In spite of urgent entreaties, they refused to retire to a safer locality, and were unfortunately involved in the wholesale massacre that overtook nearly all the whites in the distant and lonely settlements along the St. Lawrence.

Half way up the mountain there is a large rock to which tradition has given the suggestive name of Whiskey Point, because, it is said, no one has ever been able to complete the ascent without the aid of some comforting and invigorating fire water. It was upon the plateau which lies beneath the shade of this projecting rock that the Indians held their periodical pow-wows, for which occasions the notifications or invitations were extended to the scattered members of the tribe by means of immense beacons lighted upon the highest peaks of the mountain. Whether from a common, but unacknowledged, desire to regain their breath, or from the natural instinct to imitate their Indian predecessors, our travelers held a brief consultation upon the feasibility of further progress up the steep mountain side. No one seemed



anxious, at least while the sense of fatigue continued, to take the initiative—but, as soon as Fra. Girardo reminded the assemblage, with an accent of conscious superiority, that he was an old Alpine climber, Mr. B. protested vigorously that he could climb anything this side of San Francisco, including the Sierra Nevada or the Rocky Mountains. Accordingly the work of ascending began. It turned out, however—much to their delight—to be not only a less difficult task than they had imagined, but also a source of the utmost satisfaction for their sense of the “aesthetic.” For when they reached the summit by the aid of an old Indian trail, they were able to look down upon a vast and varied panorama that, stretching out beneath their very feet, rendered them for awhile mute with admiration and delight. A-far off was the cultivated valley of Landsdowne; while in the centre of the spreading prospect, lay the broad, silvery, shining St. Lawrence, dotted with innumerable islands of every size and shape and hue that human imagination could conceive. After feasting their eyes for a time upon this absorbing scene they returned home, forgetful of fatigue, and anticipating the repose of the following day, which was Sunday, July 15.

*J. A. Nelson.*



### ATHLETICS.

During the Winter months, it is generally a difficult matter to find sufficient means of recreation for students in a large college. Of course we have, as in every establishment, plenty of gymnastic exercise; but, besides the in-door amusements, such as, Billiards, Pool, Shuffle-board, Bowling Alleys, we have had two great sources of perfect physical exercise, that have never failed since the foot-ball season closed.

The hand-ball courts are in demand at every spare moment of the day, even in the most severe weather. It is astonishing, indeed, to see what expert players have been turned out in these alleys; and so great is their patronage, so eager is the rivalry, that there is always a crowd around ready to take the places of those whose “time is up.” The *fans* in this line of sport never get tired, and show by their good health and vigorous muscle the good results of this the best of all training and developing exercises.

But the greatest amusement of all, this season, has been the Ice Pond, which was built just below the base-ball diamond, and which, since the very first coating of ice appeared on its surface, in the beginning of last December, has never once been fully thawed out. Splendid hockey games are being played upon it every day. It is really one of the greatest sources of physical recreation and delight that we have ever enjoyed in the history of the College. It is about two hundred feet long and about seventy-five feet wide.

O WHAT THY ROMANCE, LITTLE FADED  
LEAF?

*(To a leaf found in an old volume of Virgil's "Georgica  
Carmina.")*

Who put thee here, dried little leaf of fern,  
And by whose hand wert thou thus laid away,  
And what strange accident has caused me turn  
The pages of thy yellow grave to-day?

Did Virgil, twenty hundred years ago,—  
When old Maecenas whispered him the pride  
Of things which newer Rome had waved aside  
For greater glories than to reap and sow,—  
E'er dream,—in all his songs of home and field,  
And sacredness of turning up the ground  
To heaven with the plow, so its fair yield  
Might be of grain, and not the roaring sound  
Of war,—that in the sweet and savored womb  
Of "Georgica," would after ages lay  
The silent eloquence of thy decay—  
Child of the ground—his "Georgica" thy tomb?

O what thy story, little faded leaf,  
That carpeted, one time, the shaded earth  
With thy live green? Is it the secret grief  
Of some lost love—the grief recalling mirth  
And happiness of days, when lovers strolled,  
Together through the wood and o'er the sand  
Of rivuleted haunts, with hand in hand,  
And knowing only of the dreams they told  
Each to the other of the future years,  
When mutual vows would reach their utter growth  
And so be proved, yet which were dipped in tears  
Of death that separated both  
Before the proving came, and leaving thee  
Alone, surviving echo of a blast  
That crushed a heart and steeped the past  
Into a sad, sweet, lonely memory?

Is't this or still another tale, O Leaf?

*Alfred McCann.*

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## ...EDITORIALS...

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### Undemocratic Tendencies.

The question of "hazing," as practiced by the cadets at West Point Academy, has been brought prominently before the people of the United States for the last few months, until the country has all but become tired of the details elicited in the exposures made before the Congressional Committee. It would, therefore, be out of place for us to make any extended comment upon a subject matter that has been treated so universally and so exhaustively both in the newspapers and Congress. We cannot, however, refrain from emphasizing the importance of a remark made by Representative Hepburn, who in the course of a recent debate, asserted "that the brutality thus taught at the academy affected the course of the cadets as officers. Consequently, said he, it was no surprise to him that the navy could not get enough men to man its ships, and that there were four thousand desertions from the regular army in a year. The American citizen who enlisted



as a soldier or a sailor could not stand the brutality heaped upon him by these officers whom the Government educated." When to all this is added the nature of the controversy that has still more recently arisen between Admiral Sampson and Secretary Long, of the Navy—to the effect that the Rear Admiral's attitude is that of protesting against the promotion of any enlisted man to the position of ensign, because none of the latter "have had the social training essential to a commissioned officer"—it must be confessed that the tendency of our Army and Navy officers, educated and trained in our National Academies, is decidedly, or, at least, suspiciously, undemocratic.

T. A. D.



### **Need of Moral Principle.**

A short while ago, up in Connecticut, a mere boy, twelve years old, died as the result of taking poison for the purpose of committing suicide. He left a note saying that he could not get along with his teacher. Naturally enough, his teacher, a young lady, denies all responsibility for the boy's unfortunate and foolish action, and is prostrated by the excitement in the town over the note and its contents. Now, without in any way desiring to be illogical or to draw conclusions larger than the premises, we feel safe in asserting that both in the action itself as well as in several of the circumstances connected with it, there is an abundant source of comment and reflection.

It is a sad but pertinent illustration of the necessity of a moral training more positive and specific than the mere "Do what is right"—"Avoid what is wrong." It also brings more forcibly to the notice of parents the need that exists for a good many boys, even of a tender age, to be brought beneath the influence and discipline of a teacher belonging to the sterner, but more manly, sex. For, as the article significantly stated, "the Coroner was of opinion that the teacher in question made the boy despondent by showing marked attention to some other boys in the school."

W. J. R.



### **Insidious Novel-Reading.**

Away out in the State of Washington, a young woman has just committed murder as a result of novel-reading. A great many people will not be surprised at such an item of news coming from the far West, where they have long been accustomed to look for weird and daring deeds "stranger than fiction." But some people will be rather shocked to find that the novel she was reading was one of Marie Corelli's sensational series. Of late years, Miss Corelli has appealed to a great many readers not merely because of the extraordinary themes she chose for the subject matter of her stories, and the still more extraordinary manner in which she treated them, but also because of the reputation that gathered about her name, as that of a recognized and professed Christian Novel-writer.

It did not, however, take long to see through the thin veneer of this writer's Christianity—nor even to discover the strangely sacrilegious and flip-pant vein that runs through her works. No wonder the defendant's counsel, in the case we have alluded to, is attempting to show that "while the poor woman's heart was full of the wrongs she had suffered, and fired with a sudden resolution suggested by the story, she took her husband's revolver, placed the muzzle close to his head and fired." "He is better dead than alive," said she when the people rushed into the room. Just such a reflection as a novelist of the Corelli class would use to justify the woman in a similar case. This is the novelist that encourages cremation—and denounces the "so-called Christian" method of burial as being an outrage to our feelings of natural delicacy.

Yet, this is the same novelist that took it upon herself to address to Cardinal Vaughn a public letter in which she scores most unmercifully that eminent prelate for having condemned the erroneous opinions and writings of Mivart.

W. J. M'E.



### BASEBALL.

Although the weather at present is not very favorable to the baseball fans, still much interest is being taken by the students regarding the formation of teams for the coming season.

Many members of last year's 'Varsity Team have returned, and, at a meeting held last week, Mr. P. A. Gillespie was chosen manager, and J. F. Curran, Captain. In selecting these two gentlemen, the students have certainly acted wisely, for, judging from what has been done by them in the same positions in previous years, we may look forward to a successful season.

The formation of an Athletic Association has just been completed by the students, and is in a flourishing condition. A small fee is levied on the members each month, which, with a little more aid, will enable the 'Varsity Team to appear on the Campus with new uniforms.

The Association has printed "Season Tickets," which will be on sale in a few days, and we kindly ask those interested in the team to help to dispose of them.

Capt. Curran has many applicants for the various positions, and the following will give some idea of the Team that will represent the Bluff for the season of 1901. Captain Curran will be found in his old position behind the bat, which he has filled for three years past. J. Gapen, the old stand-by, will again be found in the box. J. J. Laux, last year's first baseman, may be seen on second. E. Davin who made such a splendid record as an outfielder last year will be found at short, which was his favorite position in '99. Third base will be taken care of by Wm. McLane, and E. J. Huckestein will be found in his old position in center field.

The other positions will be filled by the new applicants, and we expect to develop some wonders in the Mayer brothers, J. Robinson, J. O'Hare, McLaughlin, Tanney, Hayes and others.

At present Manager Gillespie is corresponding with the leading College teams in this end of the State, as well as with a few of the best neighboring Athletic teams. The prospects, therefore, for a good schedule during the coming season are encouraging.

M. G. Hayes.

### THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

The Commercial Department presents a very busy appearance, and the business students have obtained a very high standard for this season of the year.

Steady, orderly and efficient work is the rule. The requirements, as regards accuracy and quantity of work done, are exacting; and the high marks being scored by the students are an evidence of very satisfactory application.

The model business offices are in full operation, and have been officered for the last few months by the young men, whose names and present positions follow:

Jas. M. McLaughlin, Receiving Teller, Bank; Geo. W. Gast, Paying Teller, Bank; Richard J. Couzins, Note Teller, Bank; Geo. H. A. Roehrig, Ledger Keeper, Bank; Frank J. Kautz, Balance Keeper, Bank; John H. Sackville, Balance Keeper, Bank; Wm. A. McLane, General Book-keeper, Bank; Frank C. Mayer, Correspondence Clerk, Bank; Charles C. Bolus, Exchange Clerk, Bank; Charles C. O'Neal, Cashier, Commercial Exchange; Richard T. McAllister, Book-keeper, Wholesale; Alfred A. Smith, Book-keeper, Wholesale.

#### SHORTHAND CLASSES.

The Shorthand classes are making satisfactory progress—the advanced students rapidly approaching a commercial rate of speed, with increasing accuracy. A very high degree of proficiency, for practical amanuensis work, is expected of this class before the end of the year.

The typewriters are kept clicking busily and the operators, at various stages of the course, are doing neat, careful work.

That our Commercial Department was among the first few in the country to adopt the touch method of operating the typewriter, is a fact not generally known. The touch method enables the operator to keep his eyes on his notes, thus avoiding the necessity of constantly interrupting the writing in order to look at his shorthand notes, or other copy.

It recently became necessary to add two more new Remingtons to the typewriting outfit.

James Hayes, of Wellsville, has been welcomed back among his friends in the Commercial Department, after an illness of two months.

George Roehrig has the congratulations of his class-mates on his very fortunate recovery from the effects of the serious accident which befell him during the Christmas vacation.



The best pool players amongst the JUNIORS are: Callahan, Willis, Pascual, Connor, McCaffrey, F. Hartigan and Otazo. Strange to say, if we were to make a list of the best bowlers in this category, it would contain the same names.



# List of Passes, Distinctions and Honor Certificates,

## AT THE SECOND TERM EXAMINATIONS, HELD IN JANUARY, 1901.

To secure a Pass a Student must get 60 per cent.; to obtain a Distinction it is necessary to get 80 per cent.

Certificates are given to Students who have obtained 80 per cent. in two subjects, provided they pass, i. e., obtain 60 per cent., in the other subjects of their course.

Both oral and written examinations have been taken into account for the Passes and Distinctions of the following lists.

### GRAMMAR CLASS.

#### DIVISION C.

BAKER, R.—P., Bible History, History, Geography, English, Drawing, Penmanship.

DALEY, MICHAEL—P., Drawing, Penmanship.

D., Bible History, History, Geography, English.

HORNER, FREDERICK—P., History, Geography, Typewriting.

D., Bible History.

RINGER, GLENWOOD—P., Bible History, History, Geography, Drawing, Penmanship.

D., English.

SUPLER, C.—P., Bible History, History, Geography, Drawing, Penmanship.

D., English.

#### DIVISION B.

CAVANAUGH, M.—P., Drawing, Penmanship.

CAVANAUGH, T.—P., History, Geography, Drawing, Penmanship.

LAUNGER, E.—P., Bible History, History, Geography, English, Drawing, Penmanship.

MASLEY, J.—P., English, Drawing, Penmanship.

MORROW, L.—P., Bible History, Drawing, Penmanship.

D., Religion.

MAMAUX, A.—P., Bible History, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

MCCORMICK, C.—P., Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

MILLER, H.—P., Bible History, Drawing, Penmanship.

QUIGLEY, R.—P., Bible History, History, Geography, English, Drawing, Penmanship.

DUNN, W. J.—P., Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

#### DIVISION A.

BURLAGA, FRANCIS A.—P., Religion, Bible History, English, Penmanship.

D., History, Geography, Arithmetic, Drawing.

HERBST, WILLIAM—P., English.

D., Bible History, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

KROLIKOWSKI, PETER—P., Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Drawing.

D., Penmanship.

MOESLER, JOHN—P., Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

D., Religion, Drawing.

- MCATEER, PAUL—P., History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, Bible History.
- OTAZO, JULIO—P., Religion, English.  
D., Bible History, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.
- RANKIN, CHARLES—P., History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, Bible History, Drawing.
- SMITH, J.—P., History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, Bible History.
- VISLET, VICTOR P.—P., Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.  
D., Religion.

### THIRD ACADEMIC.

#### DIVISION B.

- ARTHO, JOHN A.—P., Religion, English, Latin, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.  
D., History, Geography, Penmanship.
- ALBITIUS, ALBERT G.—P., Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- BAUM, KARL J.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- BERGHAMMER, PETER G.—P., Religion, Latin, Zoology.  
D., History, Geography, Algebra, Penmanship.
- CORBETT, JOSEPH L.—P., Religion, History, Geography, Penmanship.  
D., Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.
- ENNIS, MICHAEL—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- FLANAGAN, JOHN—P., Latin, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.
- GORECKI, BRONISLAUS—P., Religion, English, Latin, Penmanship.  
D., History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.
- HALEY, MARTIN—P., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- HARTIGAN, FRANK—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., Algebra.
- HARTIGAN, HYACINTH—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic.  
D. Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- HAWKS, J.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Zoology, Penmanship.
- KRESS, JOSEPH—P., Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
D., Algebra, Zoology.
- KVATSAK, JULIAN—P., Religion, English, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra.
- LEJKOWSKI, FELIX—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- LUTZ, JULIAN—P., Religion, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- MATUCZEWSKI, JOSEPH—P., German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., Latin.
- MCDONALD, ROBERT—P., History, Geography, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- McKENNA, COL.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., Algebra.
- McNALLY, FRANK—P., Religion, English, Latin, French, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
D., History, Geography, Zoology, Penmanship.

- MISCHLER, CLARENCE—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
D., Zoology.
- MORAN, JOSEPH—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- NASKY, SAMUEL—P., Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- O'CONNOR, JOSEPH—P., Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- O'HARA, WILLIAM—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- POLUKAJTIS, JOSEPH—P., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- POPP, THOMAS L.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
D., Algebra, Zoology.
- UNGASCHICK, FREDERICK C.—P., Latin, German, French.  
D., Religion, English, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- VOGEL, JOSEPH—P., Religion, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
D., Algebra, Zoology.
- WOODARD, JAMES—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- WILLIS, JOHN—P., History, Geography, English, Penmanship.  
D., Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

DIVISION A.

- BRIGGS, BERNARD—P., Latin, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Algebra.
- CONNOR, JOHN—P., Latin, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.
- CURREAN, THOMAS—P., Religion, English, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., History, Geography.
- DONOVAN, J. J.—P., English, Arithmetic.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- DULLARD, WALTER—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Zoology, Penmanship.
- DWYER, J.—P., Latin, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.
- ENNIS, RICHARD—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., Algebra.
- GRIEFIN, FRANK—P., Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Algebra, Zoology.
- TANNEY, J.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, French, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.  
D., Arithmetic.
- GAGAN, F.—P., Religion, English, Penmanship.
- HALLEY, EUGENE—P., Latin, German, Arithmetic.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- HUCKESTEIN, EDWARD—P., History, Geography, English, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, Algebra, Arithmetic, Zoology.
- HUFF, FRANK—P., English, Latin, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, Algebra.
- KEENEY, C.—D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- KORITKO, THEO.—P., German.  
D., Algebra.



KOLIPINSKI, STANISLAUS—P., English, French.

D., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.

KVATSACK, T.—P., Religion, History, English, Latin, German, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.

LANAHAN, J.—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Zoology, Penmanship.

D., Religion.

LIEBTAG, E. A.—P., History, Geography, Latin, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.

MARRON, FRANK—P., Latin, Penmanship.

D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

MISKLOW, P.—P., Latin, Penmanship.

D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

MCMALE, MICHAEL—P., English, Latin, French, Penmanship.

D., Religion, History, Geography, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.

MCKERNAN, JOHN—P., English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.

D., Religion, History, Geography.

MUHA, A.—P., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, English, German, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.

OBER, R.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, German, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.

D., Algebra.

O'BRIEN, J. G.—P., History, Geography, English, Geometry, Algebra, Penmanship.

PASCUAL, C.—P., Religion, English.

D., History, Geography, Latin, Algebra, Zoology.

PLANITZER, O.—P., English, Arithmetic.

D., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, German, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.

ROZPARSKI, A.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, German, Penmanship.

D., Latin, Algebra, Zoology.

RYAN, ROBERT—P., Religion, Geography, History, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.

SIMON, JOHN—P., Arithmetic.

D., Religion, Geography, History, English, Latin, German, French, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.

SWEENEY, E.—P., Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.

## SECOND ACADEMIC.

AYLWARD, JOSEPH—P., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Greek, French, Botany.

D., Arithmetic, Algebra.

BARLOCK, GEORGE—P., Religion, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.

D., History, Geography, German.

BENZ, PHILIP—P., Algebra.

D., Religion.

BRAUN, GEORGE—P., Algebra.

D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Botany, German.

RUBNIS, PETER—P., Religion, Greek, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany, German.

CASSIDY, WALTER—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Physics.

D., Religion, Arithmetic, Algebra.

CONNOR, JOHN F.—P., Religion, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Botany.

DEKOWSKI, JOHN—P., Religion, English, Latin, French, Arithmetic, Algebra.

D., History, Geography, Greek, Botany, German.

DRISCOLL, GEORGE—P., Latin, German.

D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Greek, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.

ENRIGHT, JOSEPH—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.

JAWORSKI, JOSEPH—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Botany, German.

D., Arithmetic, Algebra.

JACKSON, EDWARD—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Botany.

D., Religion, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra.

KEANE, C. M.—D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.

KILLIAN, DENNIS—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.

KILLGALLEN, J.—P., Latin, Botany, German.

D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra.

MICHALSKI, J.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Botany, German.

D., Arithmetic.

MCCAMBRIDGE, CHARLES—P., French.

D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany, German.

McKAVENY, JOHN R.—P., Religion, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.

D., History, Geography.

McLAUGHLIN, ALEX.—P., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Botany.

D., English, Arithmetic.

McLAUGHLIN, CHAS.—P., History, Geography, English, Latin.

D., Church History.

NEILAN, FRANK—P., English, Latin, German.

D., Religion, History, Geography, Greek, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.

O'SHEA, M.—D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.

PATTERSON, JAMES—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, French, German.

D., Religion, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.

SIERAKOWSKI, CHESTER—P., English, Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany, German.

## FIRST ACADEMIC.

BEJENKOWSKI, A.—English, Latin, Greek, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Geology.

D., Religion.

CURRAN, JOHN—P., Latin, Geometry.

D., Church History, Ancient History.

DAVIN, EDWARD—P., History, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.

D., Church History.

GAYNOR, HUBERT E.—P., History, Latin, Chemistry.

D., Church History.

GWYER, CHARLES—P., English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Arithmetic, Geometry.

D., Religion, History, Geography, Algebra, Geology.

HAYES, RALPH—P., Geology.

D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry.

- HENNEY, MICHAEL—P., Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Geology.  
 LAGORIO, JOHN—P., Religion, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic.  
     D., History, Geography, Algebra, Geometry, Geology.  
 McLANE, W. A.—P., Latin, Greek, Geometry.  
     D., Algebra.  
 O'CONNELL, J.—P., History, Geography, Arithmetic.  
     D., Religion, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Geometry, Geology.  
 RAHE, ALBERT—P., History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.  
     D., Religion, English.  
 SCHWAB, FRANCIS—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry.  
     D., Religion, German, Geology.  
 SYMIERSKI, FRANCIS—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Polish, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geology.  
     D., Religion, Greek, Geometry.  
 WESOLOWSKI, ANDREW—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, French, Geometry, Geology.  
     D., Religion, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
 WHELAN, JOHN—P., Arithmetic.  
     D., Religion, History, Geometry, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Algebra, Geology.

## COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

### DIVISION B.

- EHRlich, ANTHONY—P., Religion, English, History, Geography.  
     D., Arithmetic.  
 FRANZ, MILTON—P., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Book-keeping, History, Geography.  
 FITZGERALD, MATTHEW—P., English, Book-keeping, Penmanship.  
     D., Religion.  
 GAPEN, JAMES—P., Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Penmanship, History, Geography.  
 HARTIGAN, JOHN—P., Religion, English, Arithmetic, History, Geography.  
 HUTH, CONRAD—P., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 LEAHEY, JEREMIAH—P., Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 McCAFFREY, JOHN—P., Penmanship, History, Geography.  
     D., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Book-keeping.  
 McCORMICK, JOHN—P., History, Geography.  
 STRATMANN, HERMAN—P., Religion, English, Book-keeping, Penmanship, History, Geography.  
     D., Arithmetic.

### DIVISION A.

- BERNER, ALOYSIUS J.—P., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Penmanship, History, Geography.  
 BERNER, JOHN—P., Book-keeping, Penmanship, History, Geography.  
     D., Religion, English, Arithmetic.  
 DEAN, JOSEPH—P., History, Geography.  
     D., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Penmanship.  
 IMMEKUS, CHARLES—P., Religion, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship, History, Geography.



JACKSON, CLARENCE—P., Religion, English, Book-keeping, Penmanship, History, Geography, Short-hand, Type-writing.

D., Arithmetic.

MALONEY, WILLIAM—P., English, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Short-hand, Type-writing, Commercial Law, Civil Government, Correspondence.

D., Religion.

PRICE OLIVER—P., English, Arithmetic, History, Geography.

D., Religion.

## BUSINESS COURSE.

### DIVISION D.

BROWN, J. C.—H., Religion, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Commercial Law, Correspondence.

D., Religion, English, Arithmetic, History, Geography.

COLLINS, JAS. J.—P., Religion, English, Book-keeping, Commercial Law, Correspondence, Civil Government.

ELLIOTT, R. F.—P., English, Book-keeping, Penmanship, History, Geography.

D., Religion, Commercial Law.

KEMPF, EDWARD—P., English, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Commercial Law, Correspondence, Civil Government.

D., Religion, Book-keeping.

VACKER, A.—P., Penmanship.

D., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, History, Geography.

MAYER, C. M.—P., English, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Commercial Law, Correspondence.

D., Religion, History, Geography.

O'HARE, JOHN—P., English, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Penmanship.

ROBINSON, JOHN L.—English, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Commercial Law, Correspondence, Civil Government.

D., Religion.

NOELHER, A.—P., Religion, Arithmetic, Penmanship, History, Geography.

D., English, Book-keeping.

VONDERAU, E. J.—P., English, Penmanship, Civil Government.

D., Religion, Arithmetic, Book-keeping.

WEAVER, JOSEPH—P., Arithmetic, Penmanship.

D., Religion, English, Book-keeping, History, Geography.

WHALEN, JOSEPH—P., English, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Commercial Law, Correspondence, Civil Government.

D., Religion.

WIEGEL, A.—P., Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Penmanship.

D., English, History, Geography.

ZAHRONSKI, L.—P., English, Arithmetic, Book-keeping.

D., Religion, Commercial Law, Civil Government.

### DIVISION C.

BOLUS, CHARLES—P., English, Arithmetic, Penmanship.

D., Religion, Book-keeping, Commercial Law, Correspondence, Civil Government.

COUZINS, RICHARD—P., English, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Commercial Law, Correspondence, Civil Government.

D., Religion, Book-keeping.

O'NEAL, CHARLES—P., English, Penmanship, Correspondence, Civil Government.

D., Religion, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Commercial Law.

SACKVILLE, JOHN—P., English, Arithmetic, Civil Government.

D., Religion, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Commercial Law, Correspondence.

SMITH, ALFRED—P., Arithmetic, Penmanship, Civil Government.

D., Religion, English, Book-keeping, Commercial Law, Correspondence.

#### DIVISION B.

GAST, WILLIAM—P., Arithmetic, Short-hand, Commercial Law.

D., Religion, English, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Correspondence, Civil Government.

KAUTZ, FRANK—P., Correspondence.

D., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Short-hand, Commercial Law, Civil Government.

MAYER, FRANK—P., Religion, English, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Commercial Law, Correspondence, Civil Government.

D., Arithmetic.

MCALLISTER, RICHARD—P., Religion, English, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Commercial Law, Correspondence, Civil Government.

McLAUGHLIN, JAMES—P., English, Penmanship, Civil Government.

D., Religion, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Commercial Law, Correspondence.

#### FRESHMAN CLASS.

COSTELLOE, P.—P., English.

D., Church History, History, Latin, Greek, German, French, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.

DURA, S.—P., Church History, English, Latin, German, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.

D., History, Greek, French.

KNAEBEL, E.—P., History, English, Geometry.

D., Church History, Greek, German, French, Chemistry.

MALLOY, J.—P., History, German, Algebra, Geometry.

D., Church History, English, Latin, Greek, French, Chemistry.

NELSON, JOSEPH—P., Chemistry.

D., Church History, History, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Algebra, Geometry.

PIETRZYCKI, F.—P., Church History, History, Latin, Greek, German, French, Geometry, Chemistry.

RELIHAN, M.—P., German, Chemistry.

D., Church History, History, English, Latin, Greek, French, Algebra, Geometry.

SMITH, HARRY—P., History, Latin, Greek, German, Algebra.

D., Church History.

WALTER, A.—P., History, Algebra, Chemistry, Geometry.

D., Church History, Latin, Greek, German.

#### SOPHOMORE CLASS.

ESCHMAN, ALBERT J.—P., History, English, Latin, German, French, Algebra, Chemistry.

D., Church History, Greek, Geometry.

FRANDRAJ, W.—P., History, English, Latin, German, Algebra, Geometry.

D., Church History, Greek, French, Chemistry.

HALLERAN, C.—P., English, Algebra, Chemistry.

D., Church History, Geometry.

JEROZAL, F.—P., Church History, English, Latin, Greek, German, Algebra, Geometry.

### JUNIOR CLASS.

- DUNN, TIMOTHY A.—P., Scripture, Greek, German.  
 D., History, English, Latin, French, Physics, Natural Philosophy, Trigonometry.  
 HAYES, MICHAEL—P., Scripture, History, English, Physics, Natural Philosophy.  
 D., Latin, Trigonometry.  
 HUETTEL, JOHN—P., History, English, Greek, German, French, Natural Philosophy,  
 Physics, Trigonometry.  
 D., Scripture, Latin.  
 MALONEY, FRANK—P., Scripture, History, English, Greek, German, Natural Philosophy,  
 Physics.  
 D., Latin, Trigonometry.  
 MURPHY, JOHN—P., English, Greek, French, Physics, Natural Philosophy.  
 D., Scripture. History, Latin, German.  
 O'CONNOR, PATRICK—P., German, French, Physics, Trigonometry.  
 D., Scripture, History, English, Latin, Greek, Natural Philosophy.  
 RYAN, WILLIAM—P., History, Latin, Natural Philosophy, Trigonometry.  
 D., Scripture, English.  
 SCHOPPOL, GUSTAVE—P., Scripture, Greek, Natural Philosophy.  
 D., History, English, Latin, German, Physics, Trigonometry.

### SENIOR CLASS.

- BAUMGARTNER, JOSEPH—P., Scripture, History, English, Greek, Physics.  
 D., Latin, German, French, Trigonometry.  
 GILLESPIE, PATRICK—P., Scripture, English, Latin, Physics, Natural Philosophy.  
 D., History.  
 McELLAGOTT, WILLIAM—P., English, Greek.  
 D., Scripture, History, Latin, Natural Philosophy, Physics, Trigonometry.  
 RILEY, JAMES—P., German, Natural Philosophy, Trigonometry.  
 D., Scripture, History, English, Latin, Greek, French, Physics.  
 SCHALZ, GEORGE—P., History, English, German, Physics, Natural Philosophy, Trigonometry.  
 D., Scripture, Latin, Greek, French.

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N. B.—The names of the students who were absent from the examinations, or who failed to pass, are not given in the above lists.

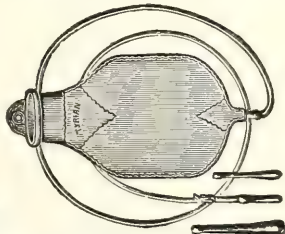
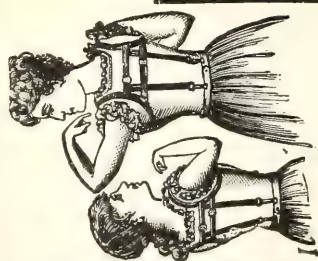
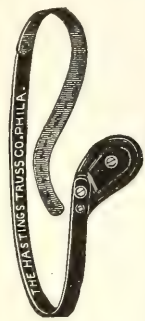
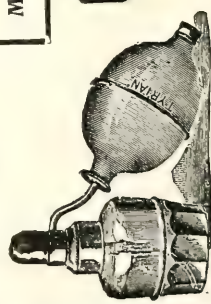
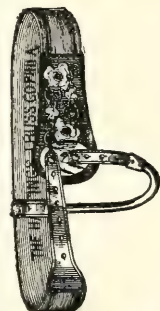
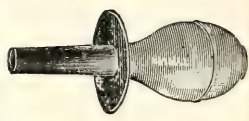
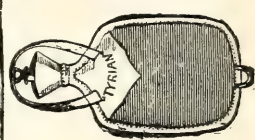
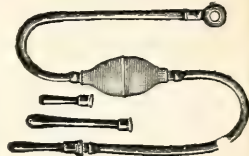
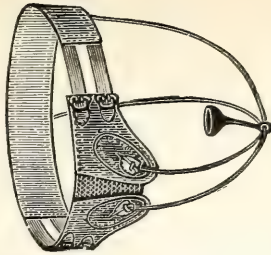
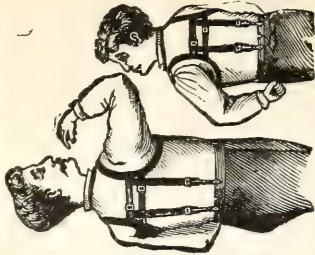


The shuffle-board naturally has fewer patrons; yet if you were to chance upon the players during the course of a game, you would find them not less ardent. Jas. Patterson, J. Costello, Schwab and Killian yield the palm to none here.

Amongst the SENIORS, there were two teams at bowling, viz: the Classical and the Commercial. The Classical team, with Mr. Laux as their captain, won the whole series of five games played. Classical: A. Rahe, E. Davin, H. Gaynor and P. Gillespie. Commercial: W. McLane, F. Mayer, E. Jackson, and J. Sackville. J. F. Curran carries off all the honors for the best billiard player among the Seniors, while Gapen, McLane, Huckestein and Sackville play a very steady game.

Price and Gaynor are about even for honors on the pool tables. Leahy, Cassidy and Jackson are showing great improvement at the game.





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# HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN

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Vol. VII.

Pittsburg, Pa., April, 1901.

No. 7.

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## BABY IS GONE.

Baby's little red rockers are resting now  
In a stilled and darkened room,  
And the cradle has given its burden up  
To sleep in an icy tomb.

And the little tin men, and the balls, and things,  
That were baby's friends of play,  
When he rolled on the floor and tossed them about,  
Have been kissed and—put away.

And the noise and the din of his romping feet,  
And the tripping, and falling, are gone,  
And this whole little world, where baby was king,  
Wants back its dear, little one.

Ah! baby how lonely, and empty, and still,  
And quiet like desert land,  
Are the hearts that are yearning now for the grasp  
Of your lifeless, cold, little hand!

Oh! Baby, dead angel, come to us once more!  
Come baby! come darling again!  
Come, one little moment! just one, little one!  
Oh, we sorrow, O baby till then.

*Alfred McCann.*



## LE LUTHIER DE CREMONE.

The students of the Junior and Senior Classes are daily forming a closer acquaintance with contemporary poets and prosaists in French lore.

The subject of their interest and sedulousness is, this year, a little dramatic idyl, written by Francis Coppée, and bearing the title of "*Le Luthier de Crémone*."

Coppée has truly been styled the poet of democracy, of poverty and self-denial, of quiet domestic joys, of the altar and the fire-side. The charm of his works, says Mr. Wells (the editor of the play), lies primarily in the sympathy with the things of every day life which he feels and knows how to inspire in others.

The Lutemaker takes us to Cremona, long famous for its violins, in the making of which the family of Amati had been pre-eminent for many generations (1550-1692).

We are told here that their success was due in part to a wonderful varnish of which their successors had long lost the secret, when the hunchbacked Filippo rediscovered it, and so was able to make a violin of softer and sweeter tone than any of his rivals. Now Filippo loved his master's daughter, Giannina, and the father, wrapped in his art, had promised her as a bride to him who should win the prize in a competition of their guild. But Giannina regarded the hunchback with pitying repulsion, and returned the love of the handsome but less talented Sandro. This Filippo learns, and proves the unselfishness of his devotion by putting his own violin into the case of Sandro's as both are being taken to the competition. Unfortunately, Sandro's love has overcome his honor; he, too, has exchanged the violins and thus restored unwittingly the work of each to its own place.

So Filippo wins the prize, but only to make his second and greater renunciation. He chooses the moment of his triumph to resign his claim, and to seal the happiness of his beloved by yielding her to his rival.

Maitre Ferrari is a type of those artisans so smitten with their own particular avocation that they prize it above everything else on earth. He proudly styles himself a disciple of Amati and Stradivarius; Palestrina is his hero. He rashly takes an oath which may compromise his only daughter's happiness, but never exhibits the least remorse thereat. His surprise is rather that any one should hold on the matter a different opinion. He believes in a *mariage de raison*, and "by the flute of Euterpe and the lute of Apollo" is not the renown of his house at stake? The Laureate, whosoever he may be, shall espouse Giannina.

As his daughter ventures to give expression to well-founded apprehensions regarding the hypothetical character of her future husband, Ferrari declares himself ready to absolve him from all peccadilloes; let him only be a *virtuoso*, "a good musician cannot but be an honest man." Should he eventually prove a slothful and indolent fellow, "being better paid, he may



afford to work less ;" a brutal wife-beater, "if he find no peace at home, I approve of his conduct ;" a drunkard, "a good musician ought not to be sober ; one must not go counter to a proverb, it is unlucky ;" a reason which, I trow, might fail to convince our Temperance friends.

Supposing the hunchback, Filippo, should be the winner, "were he possessed of two humps, as it often appears to me when I see double, he should be your husband, Giannina."

To Ferrari's mind all physical deformities wane before the halo of musical talent. But for all his self-sufficiency and obstinacy, Ferrari is a frank, good-hearted and jovial man, true to his word, kind to his apprentices and fond of his daughter.

He will not, indeed, belie the proverb, for he always appears in a droll state of exhilaration which goes *crescendo* as the play proceeds. But although a worshipper of the "dive bouteille," he knows how to remain within proper limits, and looks upon the mirth-giving liquor as a *mender* of his otherwise brusque and childish temper. His comical outbursts of enthusiasm, his humor and witticisms aptly break the monotony of the play and invariably bring a smile on his hearers' lips.

He will tell us that in prevision of the banquet he gives to his guild, he must needs take a turn down his cellar, for the avowed purpose of selecting some old *cruis* which lie there in the dust "from all eternity."

As Giannina remarks that the steps are rather steep and slippery, and offers herself for the errand, "No, no !" he answers, "seest thou, the greatest pleasure before drinking wine is certainly to select it."

As for the stairs, well, they may be dangerous, but for him at all events only on his way up. . . . Then further on, expatiating on Filippo's talent, he narrates how, one day, at a concert given by the hunchback, as he was listening to the sweet melody, holding the while in his hands a glass of old Asti, which he ogled critically, he felt two large tears welling in his eyes: "O well ! in vain did I wish to check them," and he adds pathetically, "it was the first time I ever christened my wine." His is the jocose character of a "*bon vivant*," ever speaking maxims and aphorisms of his own coining, which he is also the first to assert by practice.

Giannina is a simple, respectful, loving, and compassionate girl. She tries her best, as she says, to make Filippo forget his deformity and loneliness by dint of delicate attention ; but her feelings go no further. Sandro is the object of her choice. How candidly she avows to Filippo that "she comes from church, where she has prayed St. Caecilia to further her own happiness and that of Sandro !"

The hunchback finds no greater encomium to bestow on her than to say : "When a forlorn and wandering boy, I one wintry day stopped at the threshold of Ferrari's house ; so sweet and gentle was she in her welcome, she alone did not laugh at my deformity."

We may look upon Sandro as the average, strong and comely lad, void of either remarkable qualities or shocking defects.

It was a hard task for the author so to portray Sandro's character as to contrast it sufficiently with Filippo's, for the advantage of the latter, and yet without making Sandro's odious. For had Sandro been endowed with the peculiar moral gifts of his rival, our sympathy would have naturally and at once gone to him and caused us to look upon Filippo as a pretentious madcap. On the other hand, had Sandro's shortcomings been repulsive, Giannina's feeling towards him must have appeared fictitious, or, at least, unbecoming. Coppée has preserved a *juste milieu*, and the contrast between these two characters gives the play all its zest and flavor. Sandro's jealousy we easily pass over; his treachery we also forgive for Giannina's sake, and because of the subsequent humble confession of his guilt. While not sympathetic, he is not hateful.

The most interesting character, the hero of the play, is certainly the hunchback. He stands (be it said without intent at punning) in bold relief and strong contrast with such common-place personages as Ferrari and Sandro.

He is, first of all, an artist and a good deal of a poet. This we learn from the jealous Sandro, when he tells Giannina of a musical contest which he happened to witness between the hunchback and a nightingale.

"In the cool dusk, a nightingale sang and its pearly notes floated upward to the starry canopy of heaven. On a sudden I heard in the twilight another song as melodious, as sublime, as entrancing as the bird's. I looked and saw the hunchback alone, with the bow in his hand. His violin, with strains almost human, poured forth a mellow lay, half joyous, half melancholy, and equalled in sweetness Philomela's voice. The querulous instrument and the sentimental bird alternately warbled their liquid thrills, and I, listening with rapture to the harmonious rivals, could not, ere long, distinguish, in the bubbling torrent of melody, which were the bird's notes and which the violin's that thus rippled in the night."

Filippo himself will tell Giannina of his solitary rambles, "with his violin hidden, like a miser's treasure, beneath the folds of his cloak." "Every morning before sunrise, I leave Cremona still wrapped in mysterious silence, to seek a retired spot on the slope of the hill, and there I dream, on the soft, wet turf. Then, when the sunlight breaks into wide smiles of regal glory, when the grass sparkles with a million tiny drops of crystal dew, when the slumbering trees awake, when the wind sighs and the leaves rustle and the birds twitter in the green thickets, I also serenade the dawn, and my violin blends its inspired strains with the grand hymn of Nature."

There is, in Filippo's character, a marvellous depth of pity for all things that suffer—the deeper and truer because his own sufferings in the world are great. At the risk of his life, he rescues a blind lame dog from the hands of pitiless urchins who have been stoning the poor beast at the foot of the wall.

"I thought," he says, "I saw suffering some humble one like me," thus recalling to our mind the verse of Virgil :

"*Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.*"

But now the merciless breed, as La Fontaine would say, hurl their projectiles at him. "To stone a hunchback is far more amusing." The poor fellow rushes home panting, bleeding and exhausted.

The woe-stricken hunchback is friendless here below ; but withal, in spite of his physical deformity, his heart is hale and sound. On what is he to bestow the treasure of his loving soul ?

On the work of his hand, on his masterpiece, his *dear creation*, his violin.

When we think of Silvio Pellico, alone in his prison, giving his tender care to a spider, we are not surprised to hear Filippo pathetically addressing his only friend, his violin.

How eloquent is that soliloquy in which he lifts his overburdened heart, like a brimming cup, and empties it to the last drop of gall.

His violin lies there in its case, "just like me," he says, "a delicate instrument in a shapeless envelope." How deeply we regret, while listening to his inflamed words, that mere physical charms should so easily supplant real merit ! We almost hope, as he does, that Giannina, the daughter of the artist, "seeing his talent, will forget his ugliness." For he no longer deceives himself, but frankly confesses that in vain does he try to shift the current of his overflowing feelings towards his violin. His violin is but a means to an end ; it may give him glory, but for glory without love he has no care. However, this last shred of hope soon vanishes. If he draws tears into Ginnina's eyes, when at her request he plays a selection of Corelli's, these "dear pearls" are not for him but for his rival, Sandro, whose success is imperiled.

"Poor Sandro !" sobs Giannina, and the secret is told. What a struggle takes place in the heart of Filippo, after the decisive avowal ! "Behold," he cries, "the problem of my happiness is now solved !" His delicacy forbids him to take advantage of Ferrari's oath. Then his reason conquers his heart. "After all, 'tis but natural," he exclaims, in another touching soliloquy. "Thou misshapen one, the laughing stock of all, blind fool, hide thyself in some hole, thou hunchback ! Let them be happy together ; as for thee, begone, suffer and die !"

Now, in order to relinquish the prize to Sandro, he will no longer compete. His violin ? He will destroy it. What has he to do with glory, now ? Glory ! he sought it not for himself, but for the friend of his childhood, for Giannina. Let Sandro have the prize, and let Giannina cease weeping !

But a painful thought strikes him suddenly. What, if another workman should get the prize ? Sandro has but an ordinary talent. Should he fail, Giannina's happiness would perish. Here the hunchback shows his magnanimity. No, he will not break his masterpiece, but will substitute it for Sandro's violin, and obtain for him the prize and Giannina's hand. He



makes the sacrifice, but not without a struggle. "I feel," he says, "as though it were my own dead child I am thus laying in the coffin."

The climax of this poem of renunciation is reached when Filippo is proclaimed laureate. Ferrari, true to his word, offers him his house and daughter, already calls him his son-in-law, and beckons him to his bosom. Filippo, however, remains firm in his unselfish resolution. He takes the gold neck-lace he has just won, and places it around Giannina's neck as a wedding gift to be worn at her nuptials with Sandro. . . . Ferrari objects to Filippo's resolve—"Do you wish to ruin my house? true, you are not as straight as a steeple, but . . . ." "No," replies Filippo, "I must go,—a regret from you is all I ask, 'tis more than I am worth;" and addressing Sandro and his bride, he adds, "If ever, when at work, as it perchance happens, a string breaks between your fingers, think, both of you, that, in this my last farewell, my heart also has broken forever." Thus he departs, taking with him his violin, his consoler.

Filippo is, indeed, a model of delicacy, unselfishness and generosity, and the chastening of his passion is the moral lesson of the play.

As regards the meter used by the author, his style, his rank among modern poets, we gladly refer the reader to the masterly preface of Mr. B. W. Wells.

An attempt at criticism on these matters would be mere presumption on our part. But we believe, as does the editor, that Coppée may truly say with Dante, "I, too, am a poet."

*J. Murphy, '02.*



## EASTER.

Christmas and Easter are the chief periods of sacred rejoicing in the Christian world. They are the first and last acts of the most sublime drama of which this planet of ours has ever been, or can ever be, the stage. The one arrives when our realms are clothed in the white purity of winter snow, and when the earth, leafless and bare, is silently preparing to bring forth those harvests which sustain human life. The other comes to us amid the softening blue skies and dew-dropping clouds of April, when the trees are budding, the fields and plains turn to emerald, and the lengthening days, growing warmer and warmer, approach the period

"When, upon fresh eternal wings  
The Resurrection sunlight springs  
Above the skies of Easter morn."

The name Easter is supposed to be identical with that of the Anglo-Saxon Goddess, Eastre. The Pagan and Christian festival fell on the same day, and the name of the former descended on the latter, just like the Roman Saturnalia, which concurred in time with Christmas.

Of the many quaint but beautiful customs which prevailed in by-gone days, there remain to us but a very few. To rise early on Easter morn to see the sun rise is an old custom, and one in glorious harmony with the event of which it is typical—the Resurrection—and a homely and sacred fancy conceived that the sun danced on this happy morning. It was usual in those days to have a feast on the midnight of Easter-eve, consisting chiefly of eggs and some of herbs, cream, cheese, etc., before going out to see the sun dance, and the churches wreathed with flowers; or to give out bread to the poor, or assist at that ceremony. It was also usual to signalize Easter by wearing a new suit of clothes. No doubt the “Easter-bonnet” of to-day is but a remnant of this old custom.

It may prove interesting to many—especially the younger folk—to know how the custom of giving eggs at Easter originated. Some have traced it to the ancient Egyptians, Persians, Gauls, Greeks and Romans, among whose philosophers the Egg was regarded as a sacred emblem. Among the Jews it was regarded as a type of their departure out of Egypt. The early Christians, however, regarded it as emblematic of the Resurrection. The Persians made each other presents of colored eggs—yellow, white and blue. In the North of England it was once customary to have them gilded and given to children, by whom they were called *Paste Eggs*. In olden times, school-boys were wont to march through the streets beating drums and singing songs in praise of the baskets of eggs which they received to feast on. The Jews still embellish their Passover cake with eggs. In Russia, whenever two friends meet during the Easter holidays, the one says, “The Lord is risen,” and the other replies, “It is so of a truth;” then they kiss and exchange eggs.

On Easter-eve it was usual to extinguish all fires and rekindle them from the flint. This practice, however, outside of the liturgical ceremony of blessing the *new fire*, is entirely extinct. The most common Easter present was a pair of perfumed and needled gloves; while the sport most in vogue was ball-playing, the prize given to the winner being a cake; this was followed at even-tide by a dance so that “at one time they took a ball at the hop, and at another a hop at the ball.”

Taking all in all there can scarcely be found in the whole calendar a feast which is, in so many ways, expressive of joy under whatever aspect, spiritual or temporal, sacred or secular, it may be considered.

T. A. D.



Many parents feel acutely their own lack of education, yet they neglect the education of their children. Let Pittsburg College open to your sons the door of success.

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The Commercial Course is complete and strictly up-to-date.

## EARLY MONACHISM AND EDUCATION.

“Wake again Teutonic father ages;  
Speak again, beloved primeval creeds;  
Flash ancestral spirit from your pages;  
Wake the greedy age to noble deeds.

“Tell us how the sexless workers, thronging  
Angel-tended 'round the convent doors,  
Wrought to Christian faith and holy order  
Savage hearts, alike, and barren moors.”

—Charles Kingsley.

Leibnitz was but echoing the sentiments of all the thoughtful and the wise, from Pericles and Socrates to Sts. Philip Neri and Ignatius Loyola, when he said : “The good education of youth is the foundation of human happiness and the safeguard of society.” If this be so—if education moulds society at all times—then the importance, to the student, of knowing who the teachers of our forefathers were, and what their methods, is obvious, in fact, such knowledge is absolutely required if we want to enter into the spirit, and comprehend the true character, of the past. Education has ever been the same, for it is, according to the great Dupanloup’s definition, the nurturing, exercising, developing, strengthening and refining of all physical, intellectual and religious faculties which make up the nature and dignity of the child ; and surely the nature of the child has never changed, nor its dignity been lowered. The methods, however, of attaining the end of education have varied in all ages with the changing fortunes of the world. From the day that God Himself taught Adam in Paradise, conversing with him at eventide, up to the present day, when men are striving, with might and main, to banish their Maker from the class-room, a motley array, indeed, of pedagogic methods is presented to our view. Once in the course of the ages, God took on our human form, and became for us the Way, the Truth and the Life. “Without the Way there is no going, without the Truth there is no knowing, without the Life there is no living,” says Thomas à Kempis. If men want to attain the ultimate end of education, to-wit, eternal life, through the ennobling and transfiguring of the earthly, their methods must be based on the principles of Christ. Just as in Christ Himself, so in real education, the divine and the human must be united—theology and philosophy, the Bible and secular authors, time and eternity ; in one word, the science of God and the science of men. The noblest and greatest of the educators of antiquity saw this, as every reader of the *Apology of Socrates* knows. Would that all men saw things as the homely Athenian saw them.

It would, no doubt, prove an interesting labor to inquire into the various educational systems that obtained amongst the nations of the ancient world, but the field is too vast, and I shall confine myself to a few remarks on Mediaeval Christian education,—on early monachism and its relations to education.



It is hard to put one's finger on the exact date of the origin of the monastic idea. Solitaries, or Monks, have existed in all ages, amongst all peoples that attained to any degree of civilization. Everywhere, in our rambles through the past, our attention is drawn to men who, severing the bands that fastened them to the great confused mass of mankind, fled into the woods and the deserts, there to taste the pleasures of solitude—a solitude peopled with many strange beings, which made it, in one sense, anything but a solitude. For, what the old Roman says: "I am never less alone, than when alone," was especially true in their case. They held converse (or so imagined) with the other world, and, believing themselves commissioned by Heaven, returned amongst their kith and kin, and, not unfrequently became great religious leaders and lawgivers, interpreters of deep mysteries, moral and civil reformers. And what they set up, often lasted hundreds and thousands of years; for their insight had penetrated farther than the vanishing surface of things, than the present whims and caprices of men—they had fathomed the unchangeable in men and things (cf. Moehler).

Monachism thus engrafted on the nations of antiquity, got a new impulse, a new *RAISON D'ÊTRE*, from Christianity. In fact, for three centuries, to be a Christian was practically to be a monk. Spurned and outlawed by the pagan world, the followers of Christ lived in it as hermits. For what community could *they* have with the world, who differed from it in faith and morality, and for whom the life and teaching and death of the Redeemer were still realities, faithfully reproduced in themselves. This was the golden age of the Church. But then persecution ceased, the cross surmounted the eagle, the Church emerged from the bowels of the earth, Christian and Pagan mingled in daily intercourse, and, as usually happens, the better was dragged down to the level of the worse. So rapid and widespread, indeed, was the moral degradation in the fourth century—the century of Arian domination—that even the pagan Ammianus Marcellinus cannot find words strong enough to vent his contempt for the Italy and the Rome of his day. But a reaction was fast setting in. When in 341 Athanasius, the undaunted champion of Orthodoxy, fleeing for protection to the Chair of St. Peter, walked the streets of Rome, and Ammonius, his companion, cast a reflection of the Nitrian desert into the Roman populace, and Isidore enthused the hearts of noble Roman matrons and their daughters by his narratives of the lives of the desert fathers, monasticism was born in the West, and better days dawned for the Church. But two centuries of violence and revolution—that marked the crash of the Roman imperial fabric—had to elapse before the Oriental offspring could thrive in Europe. St. Benedict became its foster-father, and directed it to maturity, planting an abode for it on the heights of Monte Cassino. "Like the Hebrew Patriarch," says Cardinal Newman, "St. Benedict was the father of many nations. He has been justly styled 'the Patriarch of the West,' for he is the real founder, and for six centuries the representa-

tive, of Latin monachism, and whatever changes were afterwards made, grew out of him." (Hist. Sketches, Vol. II., p. 370.)

How beautiful was this early monachism, especially when contrasted with the turbulence of the ages in which it flourished ! Violence, war, bloodshed, disorder, were the watchwords of the Hun and the Frank, the Vandal and the Goth, the Burgundian and the Lombard, the Saxon and the Norman. Peace and rest were the object of the monk ; retirement, his state ; some unexciting, soothing work, his occupation ; "*Summa quies*," his motto. His whole life was a foretaste of eternity ; for what is eternity but life in which there is no succession, no change, only repose ? Truly a most *poetical* discipline was the monastic, to borrow Newman's expression. It was a reviving of the world's golden age, when earth and heaven were not yet at war ; or at least of that time, when the Three journeyed on earth, and were welcomed by Abraham quietly reposing at nightfall under the door of his tent ; or when Noah planted the vine, and Angels visited him. It was a state of nature, not as Hobbes and Rousseau conceived it, but of nature in its purity, ere it was corrupted by the vices of art. And, in sooth, monasticism had need to be such as I have tried to picture it, if it meant to cure the ills of the age. The violent reaction produced by an Attila, an Odoacer and an Alaric, a Hengist and a Horsa, required gentle healing ; force would but have made the chasm greater. Cities were rebuilt ; learning was dug up and laid by ; then gradually, abbeys, villages, towns, seminaries, schools, filled the land. No heavy taxes, no extortions did the work. It was quiet, silent, like the monk who did it ; unseen by men, for it was the work of God. *Non in commotione Spiritus.*

The Sixth century marked a new era in the history of the Church. It was the age of Cassiodorus, St. Benedict and St. Gregory the Great. Christian education began a new course. The great schools of Alexandria and Antioch were no more. In the West, the migration of the nations called for a new educational system. The sons of St. Benedict became at once the agriculturists, the civilizers and educators of Europe. With their own hands, the old chroniclers tell us, they built Cloisters and Churches, cleared the forests, diked the impetuous torrents, and ploughed the new-made fields.

How beautiful are the life-stories of those great, sainted pioneers, as told by Alban Butler and Montalembert ! They are full of the sweetest pastoral poetry. Thus we read how St. Columban, the scion of a great house, left his native Isle, and with twelve companions, penetrated the wilds of Burgundy. For many days they were sorely oppressed by hunger and thirst. Then they separated, each one providing for himself as best he could. St. Gall, one of them, scaled the Alps, and on their slopes, laid the foundations of the famous Monastery and schools that are still the pride of Switzerland. This was early in the seventh century. In 743, St. Sturm, the faithful disciple of St. Boniface, entreats his master to give him some companions to explore the forests of his native land. With a few brave souls, and the

blessing of the Saint, he marched through the forests looking for a suitable spot. It seemed as though he would never find one, so long did he journey. At last he thought he had found what he sought, and work was begun. But the place was unhealthy, and they all again mounted their mules and continued their explorations inland, until they came to a river, where they pitched their tents. The forest soon disappeared, a Cloister arose, then a Church and a school. Men began to flock thither from all sides, and a great city soon surrounded the monks; their humble Church became a Cathedral, and their school a University. Thus St. Sturm is at once the founder of the Monastery, Cathedral, University and City of Fulda.

Pirminius selected an islet in the lake of Zell, near Constance, for his hermitage. Reptiles of all kinds infested the place. Still, the hermitage grew into a great Monastery, whose abbots became princes of the empire, and the schools of Reichenau were famous in Europe for many centuries.

An old soldier, named Herluin, relates Butler (lives of the Saints, Aug. 20), who possessed a large house and farm, turned both into a retreat for monks, himself becoming the first Abbot. In the morning he would lead the monks into the fields, and share their labors. Their meals consisted of rye bread and a few vegetables seasoned with salt and washed down with pure water. This was the origin of the Monastery of Bec, the cradle of Scholasticism and the school of Anselm and Lanfranc.

These few examples will suffice to show under what difficulties the great monastic houses of the Middle Ages were established. But this was the monk's lightest labor. There was other ground to till than the fen and the moor, a wilder soil to weed than the forest and the heath—the heart of the pagan Teuton had to be won over to Christianity and culture. In the Cloister

“The Saxon warrior's brood reclined  
On benches of the brown oak tree—  
O! giant task to lick these cubs  
That their rough shape might cultured be.”

—F. W. Weber, *Dreizehnlinden*.

First of all, the thorny mystery of the Roman letters had to be fathomed. Then came the puzzling art of writing, to which only the chosen few could attain. But all had to be made to understand the message of the Cross, and that was the most difficult of all attainments.

It was, indeed, a long and hard-fought battle between the old Teutonic paganism and the new Christianity. A record of the contest is preserved in the old Germanic legends. “It is touching,” remarks a recent writer on that period, “to notice how the old legends, or sagas, represent the coming of Christianity and the passing of heathenism. Where the Church bells ring, great fear comes upon the ancient wood-land gods; the giants on the mountain tops call to each other across the valleys that they must away; the Undine weeps bitterly, when the Christian children tell her that with all her beautiful singing she cannot be saved; the ferryman on the river-bank



is awakened at the dead of night by the scarcely audible whispers of the dwarfs asking to be carried over to other lands: he does not see the little fellows, but he hears their mournful plaint that the sound of the bells of the new religion was driving them away. Christianity was working the downfall of a variegated, picturesque world, but the death germ was there already, and a spiritual resurrection was soon to follow." (Lindemann).

In spite of the enormous difficulty of the task, the Teutonic nations were converted, and, owing to the zeal of their apostles, in a much shorter time than might have been expected. Before their conversion they had been utterly illiterate, but with the light of faith, love for knowledge was infused. From Rome the sacred fire of the faith had been carried to Ireland and England. Irish and English missionaries carried it back to the Continent, scattering it broadcast amongst the nations. The torch of science, too, was borne from Rome, to the Celt and the Saxon, and the Celtic and the Saxon monk took it up gladly and added it to the fire they had already kindled, and there was a great light steadily shining throughout the dark ages.

The pedigree of modern education, both elementary and higher, reaches back through the ages, to the close of the 7th century, when Pope St. Sergius sent Theodore of Tarsus to be Archbishop of Canterbury. Theodore brought the Greek and Latin Classics into England and set up schools in various parts. "From Theodore proceeded Egbert and the school of York; from Egbert came Bede and the school of Jarrow; from Bede, Alcuin and the schools of Charlemagne at Paris, Tours and Lyons. From these came Raban Maurus and the school of Fulda; from Raban, Walafrid and the school of Reichenau, Lupus and the school of Ferrieres. From Lupus, Heiric, Remi, and the school of Rheims; from Remi, Odo of Cluny; from the dependencies of Cluny, the celebrated Gerbert, afterwards Pope Sylvester II., and Abbo of Fleury, who repaid a portion of the debt which the Franks owed to the Anglo-Saxons by opening the schools of Ramsey Abbey, after the inroads of the Danes." (Newman, Hist. Sketches). Such is the genealogy of the Christian schools from their founding till they merged into the great mediaeval universities; till patristic learning took the shape of Scholasticism.

Let us now return to the birth of the Middle Ages, and follow in detail the rise and progress of modern civilization and culture.

*J. J. Laux.*

(To be continued.)



"A little learning is a dangerous thing,  
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian Spring."

The Academical Course of the College gives a drink which fills but does not bewilder.

"A happy soul, that, all the way  
To heaven, hath a summer day."

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## ...EDITORIALS...

### Timely Advice.

It always gives us great pleasure to receive any intelligence of the doings and personal welfare of our much esteemed ex-president, the Rev. J. T. Murphy, now president of Blackrock College, Ireland. That he was ever an ardent laborer in the cause of education and a staunch encourager of every undertaking or organization, which tended to promote the interests, both temporal and spiritual, of mankind, no one with the slightest knowledge of him or his works will doubt. Hence, we are not at all surprised to find him acting as Chairman for, and delivering an eloquent address to, an assemblage of the various conferences of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of Dublin, in the Great Hall of the University College, Stephen's Green, in the same city.

In his address—the perusal of which reminds us very forcibly of the time when he was in our midst—Father Murphy highly commends the

members of this society for their former achievements and strongly exhorts them to continue their beneficent and heroic work. A few passages from this address are so pertinent to our affairs and come home to us so closely that we cannot refrain from quoting them.

"Youth is the time of energy for good or ill, the time of formation of ideals. There is in youth an inborn tendency to the noble and good. If this tendency is developed it leads to great things; if left inactive for the high and generous, it soon becomes active for the low and selfish. How many are there of our young men—even of our college-bred young men, for whose education great sacrifices have been made, both by parents and teachers—who fail to fulfil the hopes founded on them! They cut loose from their poorer brethren, they kick off the ladder, whereby in many instances they have ascended, they grasp at the world and society above and beyond them; they live for themselves, for their own elevation; they are lost to their own; they are no gain to the world of luxury and ease which could get on without them; their lives grow barren and fruitless; and they end as the barren fig-tree. Would to God that the young men going forth from our schools and colleges were more and more impressed with their duties towards their poorer and weaker brethren! . . . Would to God that all those among us who have means and talent and leisure would regard it as their highest privilege to imitate the Redeemer in stooping down to the lowly, and lifting them up by the lever of holiness and sympathy!"

T. A. D.



## The Cigarette Crusade.

During the past few months strenuous efforts have been made by some of the leading philanthropists of our city to prevent the use and abuse of the Cigarette. Such a movement is, to say the least, opportune and beneficial, for the evil has become so crying that even the most indifferent cannot "wink at" it. We have societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals; why not have one for the prevention of untold misery and ultimate physical and moral ruin to the noblest animal—man? That the cigarette is the first stepping stone in many a career of vice, no observing person will dispute; that it wrecks many a youthful frame is a still more palpable fact. That a cigarette fiend necessarily becomes an intellectual dwarf, is a matter of everyday observation in any educational institution. The ax should be laid to the root of this evil. All the precautions against it are vain, as long as the occasion is there. In our humble opinion the only effective crusade would be, not against the consumers, but against the producers of the poisonous weed. Let each State legislate against the manufacture and sale of the cigarette, and the manifold vices, its hideous offspring, will be no more.

Some have proposed the taking of a pledge against the use of the cigarette as a grand cure. We cite a passage from the local *High School*



*Journal* to show how such a remedy was viewed by some of the prominent members of that institution.

“There were some among his (the anti-cigarette lecturer’s) hearers who, when it came time for them to sign a pledge, refused emphatically to do so.

. . . They thought a pledge unnecessary to a boy earnestly striving to break himself of the habit, so they argued that a boy, not morally strong enough to keep a promise to himself, would have little consideration for a written pledge given to someone else.”

What has the Cigarette Crusade been doing of late? We have not heard any more of its proceedings. Perhaps some wily *Alexis Comnenus* has directed them to mountain passes and desert places “whence there is no coming out.”

W. R.



## An Endowed International Theatre.

Much as we may condemn or criticize the motives which have prompted such a man as Mr. Andrew Carnegie to devote large sums of money to public libraries and other similar purposes, in view of the vast number of higher and more worthy objects that should appeal to his generosity, it would be unfair to refuse all acknowledgment of his worldly wisdom and foresight in his choice of those channels for the distribution of his surplus income.

Even, therefore, to those who have nothing but absolute condemnation for the methods and spirit of the modern theatre, while they are unwilling to see this noble form of literature and poetry be completely obliterated, the project accredited to Mr. Carnegie of establishing an endowed international theatre in London and New York will, indeed, appear a commendable and opportune one, coming as it does at a time when the former high ideals of the stage are no longer looked up to, and when it is palpable to the most casual observer that stringent measures are necessary if the dramatic art is to be rescued from the moral lethargy into which it has lapsed.

Mr. Carnegie’s intention is, it seems, to establish a theatre in each of the two great cities, at which naught but the best and most moral types of the drama are to be seen. An interchange of companies between the two theatres being kept up, the people of both countries will be enabled to witness for a trifling sum the best productions of the old and the new world. If Mr. Carnegie really entertains this project, which, however, lacks his confirmation, he will be the means of fostering the classical drama and would be the founder of an educator of no mean influence. A class of people would be benefited that cannot be reached by his public libraries. In fact, a national theatre, well protected from literary and moral abuse, would be an educator fraught with less danger, and affording almost greater advantages, than those institutions. For while public libraries do a certain amount of good in their own way, especially through the opportunities of reading

which it proffers to the masses, it is altogether incontestable that the poison often assimilated by readers from books upon the shelves of public libraries is more than sufficient to offset whatever good such institutions may otherwise effect. But be this as it may, there can be little hesitancy in affirming that by means of an endowed theatre free from the corrupt management of extremists and faddists, and where nothing but the best types of the drama should be seen, Mr. Carnegie will accomplish an immense amount of good, both by affording to the masses a place where they may educate themselves, and by preserving the best traditions of the stage, as well as redeeming it from the manifold evils which at present beset it.

J. A. R.



### Curiosities of American Political History.

The recent death of ex-President Harrison, resulting from a severe cold which he had contracted only about a week before his death, and which rapidly developed into pneumonia, recalls the death of his eminent grandfather, who died exactly 60 years before from a similar cause.

General William Henry Harrison, the ninth president of the United States, contracted a severe cold on the very day of his inauguration, and died just one month afterwards, on April 4, 1841. He was in his 68th year at the time of his death, like his descendant, the late ex-president, who was born August 20, 1833.

These simple coincidences have prompted us to notice some of the striking contrasts and similarities, or, if you wish, the curiosities and singular incidents with which our political history, especially that part of it relative to our chief executives, amply abounds, and some of which it may be interesting to describe.

For instance, three of the presidents, all of whom participated in the Revolution, died on its glorious anniversary, the 4th of July, namely, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe, of whom the two former, by a remarkable coincidence, passed away on the very same day and year, Jefferson anticipating Adams by only a few short hours.

The age at which the late ex-President Harrison, as well as his grandfather, died, reminds us that it was in the 66th year of his age that Washington retired from the presidency. His successor, John Adams, when he left, was also 66 years old. After him came Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and James Monroe, of whom the first was 66, the second had just passed his 66th year, and the third, Mr. Monroe, was in his 67th year, when they respectively left the presidential chair.

Of the first eight presidents the greater number died at an advanced age, five of them being then over 80 years. John Adams had reached his 91st milestone when he passed away without pain, on July 4, 1826, being near-

ly blind, though still enjoying to the last the use of his intellectual faculties. Thomas Jefferson died, as we have already said, only a few hours before his friend, colleague and rival for the Presidential office, on the same day, which was the fiftieth anniversary of the Independence of the United States, to the declaration and support of which they eminently contributed. It was on the occasion of the solemn and public celebration held to commemorate their memory and their virtues that the Hon. William Wirt, Attorney General of the United States, delivered his able and eloquent oration upon the character and services of those eminent statesmen—"which oration," says the resolution of thanks moved by the Citizens' Committee, "is to be particularly recommended to the youth of our country, as containing a most chaste and classic model of eloquence, and at the same time furnishing the noblest examples of pure and disinterested patriotism, and of an expanded philanthropy, embracing in its beneficence all mankind." This oration was delivered at the Capitol, in the presence of both Houses of Congress, on Thursday, October 19, 1826.

There are many passages in this magnificent speech that every student of American history, every patriotic child of the United States should peruse and meditate—but none will appeal to us with more warmth, none will be read with more enthusiasm and emotion by us who are still in the first glow and freshness of youthful spirit, than where the orator describes the remarkable similarity between the occasions which first fired the bosoms of these two great men with the undying ardor of patriotism. Adams, who was eight years older than Jefferson, while still but a law student, was present at the memorable discussion which took place in Boston, February, 1761, upon the subject of the *writs of assistance*. The champion in opposition to the power of the British tribunals to issue such writs was the immortal Otis. Of the character of his argument, and its effect upon Adams, we are not left to conjecture; he has given it to us, himself, in his own burning phraseology. "Otis was a flame of fire! With a promptitude of classical allusion, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eyes into futurity, and a rapid torrent of impetuous eloquence, he hurried away all before him. *American independence was then and there born.*" And he adds: "Every man of an immense crowded audience appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take arms against writs of assistance."

If to Adams we owe this familiar, but eloquent, description of the "flame of fire" in the person of Otis, it is to Thomas Jefferson we owe the detailed and thrilling account of the famous resolutions introduced by Patrick Henry a few years later, in the distant South, at the meeting of the Virginia Legislature, in Williamsburg, Va., May, 1765. Jefferson, as he tells us himself, was then but a student, and stood in the door of communication between the House and the lobby, where he heard the whole of this magnificent debate. "The opposition to the last resolution was most vehement," says he; "the debate upon it *most bloody*, but torrents of sublime eloquence from Henry,



backed by the solid reasoning of Johnson, prevailed ; and the resolution (against the stamp act) was carried by a single vote." "I well remember," he continues, "the cry of '*treason*,' by the Speaker, echoed from every part of the House, against Mr. Henry ; I well remember his pause, and the admirable address with which he recovered himself, and baffled the charge thus vociferated."

"While I am presenting to you," says Wirt, "this picture of Mr. Jefferson in his youth, listening to the almost super-human eloquence of Henry on the great subject which formed the hinge of the American Revolution, are you not forcibly reminded of the parallel scene which had passed only four years before in the Hall of Justice in Boston, Mr. Adams catching from Otis 'the breath of life.'"

"How close the parallel, and how interesting the incident! Who can think of these two young men, destined themselves to make so great a figure in the future history of their country, thus lighting the fire of their own genius at the altars of Henry and Otis, without being reminded of another picture, which has been exhibited to us by an historian of Rome: The younger Scipio Africanus, then in his military noviciate, standing a youthful spectator on a hill near Carthage, and looking down upon the battlefield on which those veteran generals, Hamilcar and Massinissa, were driving, with so much glory, the car of war! Whether Otis or Henry *first* breathed into this nation the breath of life (a question merely for curious and friendly speculation), it is very certain that they breathed into their two young hearers that breath which has made them both immortal."

Thus did those two illustrious men—"the Patriarch of Quincy," or as Jefferson called him, the "Chief of the Argonauts," "the Colossus of the Continental Congress," and "the greatest Roman of them all," the "Sage of Monticello,"—*begin* their respective careers at the two extremes of the American Colonies, with the same instinctive fire of patriotism, and, though rivals in party spirit for a time, bring them to a glorious end in the enjoyment of mutual admiration and affectionate intercourse on their own part, as well as of grateful acknowledgment and undying veneration on the part of their fellow countrymen.

James Madison, also, died of old age, and peacefully, on June 28, at the age of 85, with faculties undimmed, like his illustrious predecessors.

John Quincy Adams, the sixth President, was stricken down with paralysis while he was addressing the Speaker of the House of Representatives on the 21st of February, 1848. He was 81 years of age, and member of Congress from Massachusetts, having been elected in 1831 on the Anti-Masonic ticket.

Martin Van Buren, who may be called the last of the "old guard," and yet the first President born under the new flag of the young Republic, died after a long and violent illness on July 28, 1862, at the age of 80.

From 1801 to 1825 the Presidential office was filled by Virginians. Dur-

ing the same interval, with the exception of four years, the Vice-Presidential office was steadily held by citizens of New York. John Adams negotiated the treaty of peace that concluded the war of the Revolution with England. His son, John Quincy Adams, was a leading envoy, and negotiated the treaty which ended the second war with England in 1814. His son, Charles Francis Adams, at the third great crisis of our history, was the Minister to England during the Civil war, from 1861 to 1865.

In 1800 John Adams was on a leading Presidential ticket. Twenty-four years after, his son, John Quincy, was also a Presidential candidate. Twenty-four years from that time, Charles Francis Adams, John Quincy's son, was an important, though unsuccessful, candidate for the nomination to the Vice-Presidency.

Of the first six Presidents four were taken from the office of Secretary of State, and the other two, being the first elected, could not perform its duties. From this fact arose the precedence that has made the Secretary of State the first officer in the Cabinet, instead of the Secretary of the Treasury, which is the case in Great Britain.

The highest civil officer in the country, at the time of the Declaration of Independence, was John Hancock of Massachusetts, the President of the Continental Congress. The highest military officer was George Washington of Virginia. The first battle of the Revolution was fought in Massachusetts, and the last in Virginia. The first President of the United States was from Virginia, and the second was from Massachusetts. Of the 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence three long survived upon the earth after all the others had died, and two of these had been upon the sub-committee of five which drafted the important instrument. The very last survivor, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Md., threw the first shovelful of earth from the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, the first railroad enterprise in the country. The last man of the past inaugurated the coming future.

Not less than five of the greatest American statesmen were born in the same year, 1782—Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, Thomas H. Benton, Martin Van Buren and Lewis Cass. From 1800 to 1855, a period spanning from the second President to the seventeenth, only two persons filled the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, John Marshall and Roger B. Taney.

The first Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, Alexander Hamilton, was alleged to be a defaulter.

But two men in the United States have, as they say, passed through all the "chairs," been Governors of states, held a first-class foreign mission, been the head of the Cabinet, then Vice-President and President. Their names are Thomas Jefferson and Martin Van Buren.

Two of the Vice-Presidents of the United States—and they the youngest men who ever held the office—have been indicted for treason: Aaron Burr

and John C. Breckinridge, and in each instance the government broke down and dismissed the case without even putting it before a jury.

One Vice-President, John C. Calhoun, resigned his seat as President of the Senate to take a place on the floor, where he could have the privileges of debate, and there elucidate his states-rights views under the Constitution.

Four Presidents died in office: the elder Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln and Garfield.

Three persons were elected Vice-Presidents before they became Presidents: John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and Martin Van Buren.

Five Vice-Presidents have died in office: George Clinton, in 1812, under Madison (first term); Eldridge Gerry, under Madison (second term); William R. King, under Pierce; Hendricks, under Cleveland, and Hobart, under McKinley.

Three men were elected Presidents who had been ministers to England under the Federal Government: J. Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren and James Buchanan.

Four Vice-Presidents became Presidents by the death of their chiefs: John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, Andrew Johnson and Chester A. Arthur, the first three of whom pursued a policy adverse to that of the party by which they had been elected.

Many other interesting and curious coincidences could be traced in the history of our youthful nation, especially in the results of the popular vote for Presidential candidates since 1824, when for the first time the members of the electoral college were chosen by a direct vote of the people instead of being selected by the legislatures of the different states. But, for the present, we shall abstain from further illustration of the "curiosities of American political history."

*J. A. Riley, '01.*



### MUNICIPAL JEALOUSY.

Parkersburg and Charleston, the State Capital, are about the two largest and busiest cities in the State of West Virginia, with the odds greatly in favor of the former, at least for municipal activity and modern, hustling, progressive methods. But Charleston does not admit that the progress and activity of which its rival boasts, are of that commendable and honest character that should invite imitation or congratulation, to judge from the following remark of the *Charleston Gazette*:

"A Parkersburg paper says that city is the busiest in the State, and from other things contained in the same paper and others, the conclusion is drawn that it is. Half the people are busy robbing the other half, and half are busy keeping from being robbed by the other half. All are hustling."



### ALUMNI.

We were gratified to notice from a recent number of the *Pittsburg Catholic*, that Rev. P. J. Hesson, '95, and now assistant pastor at Latrobe, is giving the young ladies of St. Xavier's Academy "a most interesting series of lectures on Philosophy, beginning with Logic." From all we know of our old Alumnus, and his engaging ways, we were fully prepared for the further accompanying announcement that "the lecture hour is charming and delightful."

Our old friend, J. Curran, of McKeesport, '00, is now Weighmaster in the rolling mill department of the National Tube Company. Some time ago, he had to be one of the chief assistants at the marriage of his sister, Miss Catherine, to Mr. Albert W. Quinn; while, about a week later, he took part in the various receptions tendered to his other sister, Miss Mary, before her entrance into the Convent and novitiate of the Sisters of Mercy. The latter was one of the leaders of the young ladies of St. Peter's Church, McKeesport, and while all her friends regretted to part with Miss Curran, they were pleased at her happy choice. *Optimam partem elegit.*

Mr. Robert Munhall, '86, who visited the College, on the occasion of the Solemn Mass, celebrated in our Chapel for the repose of his esteemed father, declared that he could hardly believe his eyes, when he looked upon the spacious campus which now surrounds the College Buildings. He had not been to the old place for a few years past, and he was, therefore, totally unprepared for the great changes that had transformed the old, unsightly scene into such a large and commodious play-ground, fringed with a double row of stately shade-trees.

Being in a reminiscent mood, Mr. Munhall, who is at present a member of the Lumber Company of Stewart & Munhall, Twenty-second street, Southside, called up the well-remembered names of some of the old boys of his time. He could tell what a good many of them were now doing—and it was a great pleasure to find from him that all of those whose names arose spontaneously to his lips were meeting with remarkable success in their respective careers.

Mr. Joseph Rice, of that period, is now one of the head clerks at Heinz & Co.'s Works; Charles Weisser is still Assistant Manager in his mother's well-known Dry Goods Store on Market street. 'Tony Kountz is Superintendent with the Columbia Bridge Co. Maurice Golden is in the Real Estate and Insurance business, on a large scale, in New York City. John Benitz is on the editorial staff of the *Pittsburg Press*. James P. Barr is in the Business Office of the *Post*. E. P. McGraw is one of the leading physicians of the Fourteenth Ward. M. J. Crowe has about the largest printing establishment on the Southside. Harry Anderson is the Pittsburg Agent and Manager for one of the largest Iron and Steel Supply Companies in the City.

### “LOUIS XI.”

The dramatical performances given each Spring by the students of the College have steadily grown in popular favor. In 1899, they produced *Richelieu* before a crowded house with marked success. Last year they presented *Virginius*, and covered themselves with glory. The spacious auditorium of the Avenue Theatre was literally packed from parquet to gallery. The interest of the audience never flagged, and the players acquitted themselves with more than amateur intelligence and ability.

Anticipating a like success this year—and not without reason—the faculty have decided to give the performance in a larger hall, and on two evenings instead of one. Classical dramas alone can satisfy the ambition of these youthful tragedians; and though it may seem to be taking great risks to put such heavy dramas on the stage, their success in previous years amply warrants the expectation of a splendid rendition of Delavigne's stirring historical drama, *Louis XI.*

The action of the play is laid in and near the king's chateau of Plessis-Tours, and occurs in the year 1483. Louis' reign of twenty-two years has not been a happy one. Seditions and rivalry among his restless vassal-princes, and their growing power, have kept him in continual anxiety. Some of them he has executed, and among them the Duke de Nemours, Jacques d'Armagnac. The son of this prince comes to the castle in the guise of an envoy, to avenge the death of his father. In his old age, and bending under disease, the king hears of a saintly anchorite in far off Calabria, Francois de Paule, whose miracles and heavenly ministrations are cheering many hearts. He is stirred with the hope that this holy man may restore his failing health, and summons him from his solitude.

Mr. Alfred McCann, who was so brilliant as *Scipio*, last year, will assume the difficult title role of Louis XI., the crafty and unscrupulous monarch. The other more important characters will be represented by Messrs. J. Malloy, Ch. McHugh, Ch. McLaughlin, W. J. Ryan, P. A. Gillespie, E. Huckestein, H. Gaynor, A. Rahe, W. L. McLane, and Rich. Ennis, &c.



### BASEBALL.

The beautiful spring weather which we have been enjoying for the past week, has brought all the 'Varsity candidates out for practice, and judging from the way in which they handle the ball, and move about, we can safely predict a great future for the Baseball Team of '01.

Nearly every day unearths some new find, and I am sure that when the time comes for picking the Team which will represent the College this year, there will be considerable difficulty for the judges to decide who the lucky ones will be. Never before in the history of the College has there been so

much spirit manifested by the boys, and everyone is striving hard to make the season a successful one.

The Team will appear on the campus in their first game, which will take place with the Curry College team on the 20th of April, with beautiful new uniforms which have been bought at a very great expense. The color is gray and very appropriate for a baseball team. A Gothic P, which is very artistic, is embroidered on the left side of the shirt, while the trimmings are of red and black.

The Athletic Association which was recently organized by the students, is certainly a credit to them, and they are to be complimented for the masterly way in which it is conducted. It is fully organized and is a success in every respect.

Whoop it up, boys, for one of the most successful years in the College!

Following is the baseball schedule for the coming season: April 20, Curry College, on Pittsburg College grounds; April 23, Pittsburg Academy, Pittsburg College grounds; April 27, Polish A. C., Pittsburg College grounds; May 4, Johnstown A. C., at Johnstown; May 11, Monaca A. C., at Monaca; May 15, Pittsburg Academy, on Pittsburg College grounds; May 17, Pittsburg High School, on Pittsburg College grounds; May 25, Past Students, on Pittsburg College grounds; May 27, St. Vincent College, at Beatty, Pa.; May 30, Charleroi (two games), at Charleroi; June 1, Carnegie Steel Company, on Pittsburg College grounds; June 8, Beaver Falls A. C., at Beaver, Pa.; June 16, Waynesburg College, at Waynesburg; June 19, St. Vincent College, on Pittsburg College grounds. If dates can be agreed on games will also be played with Morgantown University and Washington and Jefferson.

*P. A. Gillespie.*



### EXCHANGES.

The "Mount" contains an excellent poem, "At Last" and two very well-written descriptive sketches entitled "Life in Egypt," and "A Short Scene in a Hungarian Village."

"While the Wanderer Mused," "Teddie's Adventure," and the "Exaltation of Silas" lighten the depression of our spirits caused by "A Bedlam and What I Saw There," in the Tamarack.

The Easter vacation has made our contributors so prolific, and their numerous productions have compressed this column to such an extent, that we can no more than mention our many welcome visitors.

The "Notre Dame Scholastic," "Agnetian Monthly," "Victorian," "Spectator," "Dial," "Comus," "St. Vincent's Journal," "Georgetown College Journal," the "Loretto Magazine," the "Western University Courant," the "Viatorian," the "Ava Maria," the "St. Joseph's Collegian," the "Weekly Bouquet," the "Pittsburg High School Journal," the "Abbey Student," the "Cherry and White," the "Holy Cross Purple," the "Aloysian," the "Josephite," the "Sunset," etc., have been received.



### SUNDAY EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

For want of space we were obliged of late to crowd out our musical programmes.

Prof. C. B. Weis is working with his usual energy to uphold the good reputation established by the Orchestra during this year.

The Orchestra will give the music at the Annual Dramatic Entertainment to be held by the College students in the Duquesne Theatre, on May 9 and 10. Efforts are being made to render the musical programme for the occasion as attractive as possible.

We were pleased to receive F. J. Meyer and S. A. Dura as members into the Orchestra, and hope that many more will imitate their example.

Selections from popular and well-known composers were rendered and excellently applauded at our recent entertainments.



### THE JUBILEE.

Among the first to take advantage of gaining the plenary indulgence of the "Jubilee" was the Pittsburg College. All the students participated in the procession, and many were the praises lavished upon our College for the manly and orderly way in which the students conducted themselves.

It was, indeed, an edifying sight, and an unusual one for our non-Catholic citizens, to behold a long line of boys, some 225 in number, marching through the crowded thoroughfares, from the College to St. Paul's Cathedral, and from there to St. Philomena's, St. Patrick's, and St. Stanislaus'. At the latter Church, we all broke ranks and returned in the usual manner observed on days of afternoon walks.

*F. M.*



### AROUND THE CLASS-ROOMS.

#### FIRST ACADEMIC.

The third term was a busy one in the First Academic Hall. Much ground had to be covered in a short time. The fortunes of Rome were eagerly followed, many a regret being expressed that the old account of the founding of Rome was a heap of fables. Hannibal, of course, is the hero of all, and not one but regrets the field of Zama. Livy was severely criticized for stating that Hannibal never kept an oath, when they learned how grimly the old Carthaginian stood by the one taken when only nine years old, viz., never to be a friend to the Roman people.

Some thought making circles and triangles was a bad thing, since Archimedes fared so ill on this account.

In the Greek class some one remarked that the soldier of Menon's who could handle his axe so cleverly would have been a valuable auxiliary to Mrs. Carrie Nation.

A new author, Longfellow, has been added to the English course. Needless to say, he received a hearty welcome, for what American boy's heart would not go out to the "Children's Poet"? Evangeline is the poem chosen, and all find it a pleasure to commit to memory the limpid verses.

#### COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

The third term examinations, recently held, are expected to demonstrate the probable fitness of the advanced students for graduation at the end of the year.

The marks scored were for the most part very gratifying, though indicating, in a few cases, weak points to be improved during the last term.

Frank Kautz and Geo. Gast succeeded in passing final examination in Arithmetic, during examination week, and will be excused from the Arithmetic classes, thus giving them more time for their advanced Shorthand work.

The directory for the model office, indicating students occupying positions during the past month, gives the following: Frank Kautz, Gen. Book-keeper, Bank; Wm. McLane, Book-keeper, Bank; Jas. M. McLaughlin, Ledger Keeper, Bank; John H. Sackville, Balance Keeper, Bank; Geo. W. Gast, Note Teller, Bank; Richard T. McAllister, Paying Teller, Bank; Charles C. Bolus, Correspondent Clerk, Bank; Frank C. Mayer, Book-keeper, Wholesale House; Alfred Smith, Cashier, Wholesale House; Richard J. Couzins, Book-keeper, Commercial Agency; George H. Roehrig, Cashier, Agency.

#### SENIOR BUSINESS ENGLISH.

The members of the Senior Business English Course have been doing some hard work during the past two terms in their English class. This was shown in the last examinations, when J. Sackville, Kautz and Gast finished the prescribed programme, and as a consequence during the rest of the year will be found in the Freshman English Class.

The members of this Class receive a thorough drilling in practical Grammar, English, Analysis, Spelling and Composition.

#### OUR POLISH CLASSES.

For many years back, there have been, in the College, one or two classes, in which the Polish language is taught. In the lower class the students are taught the elements of Grammar, History and Composition; whilst in the higher class, we have interesting debates, study Rhetoric, Literature and get a deeper insight into the tragic History of that country. The classic productions of the great authors are not neglected, this year we are analyzing and committing to memory the beautiful and interesting work of Mickiewicz, entitled *Grazyna*.

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# HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN

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No. 8.

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## But Comes to Us Then a Dirge!

We place our treasures deep in urns  
Of earthly form and mold,  
And watch them like the miser does  
The glitter of his gold.  
And pride is in our hearts the while,  
The seed of our desire  
Springs into life and swells and grows,  
Each day, a little higher.

On! on! our aspirations climb,  
And spread as spreads the tree;  
And upward soar the branches strong  
Of each soul's ecstasy.  
Nor is there of our hopes and dreams  
A thing but lives in air;  
And all the earth a moment seems  
As if 'twere truly fair.

But comes to us then a dirge:—  
That, tho' our vine creeps far  
Away from earth and earthly things,  
And yearns to reach some star,  
Yet must our faith and love now turn  
To hopes of other worth;  
For this frail joy our hearts are on  
Is rooted in the earth!

*Alfred McCann.*

## EARLY MONACHISM AND EDUCATION.

(Continued.)

### FALL OF THE OLD CIVILIZATION.

The Dark Ages ! What a medley of images this name calls up in our minds ! It brings us back to the sunset of the old civilization ; we rest for a while in the twilight, then grope about in the night, and emerge at last into the dawn—gray, indistinct, undefined—of a new social order. Throughout that night, lessening its hideousness, there was seen a “pillar of fire,” steadily leading on, and guiding such as would follow. It was a “kindly light,” this light of the Catholic Faith, and yet men, who, but for this light, would not now see at all, curse it and upbraid it for the “encircling gloom.” Ungrateful, ignorant wretches, would you blame the moon for the darkness of the night ?

The period from the sixth to the eleventh century was indeed a direful time—with but here and there a gleam of cheering hope. “Sights and sounds of war,” says St. Gregory the Great, who saw the last pillars and towers of the Roman world totter and fall under the stroke of the Lombard’s sword and battle-axe ; “sights and sounds of war meet us on every side. The cities are destroyed ; the military stations broken up ; the land devastated ; the earth depopulated. No one remains in the country ; scarcely any inhabitants in the towns ; yet even the poor remains of human kind are still smitten daily and without intermission. Before our eyes some are carried away captive, some mutilated, some murdered. She herself, who once was mistress of the world, we behold how Rome fares : worn down by manifold and incalculable distresses, the bereavement of citizens, the attack of foes, the reiteration of overthrows, where is her senate ? Where are they who in a former day revelled in her glory ? where is their pomp, their pride ? Now no one hastens up to her for preferment ; and so it is with other cities also ; some places are laid waste by pestilence, others are depopulated by the sword, others are tormented by famine, and others are swallowed up by earthquakes.” (cf. Newman, *Hist. Sketches* Vol. III. ; and Gibbon, *Rise and Fall*, Chap. 43.) Here we have the explanation of the degradation of education in the early days of the Middle Ages.

“In such a state of things,” remarks Cardinal Newman, “the very mention of education was a mockery, the very aim and effort to exist was occupation enough for mind and body.” All that the Church could do was to maintain just enough schools to teach the ministers the essentials of doctrine and discipline, and give them such learning as would suffice to keep the Scriptures and Tradition intact. The imperial schools fell with the imperial power, and the Romans of that day had neither the ability nor the energy to restore them. They were only shadows of their former selves—wan figures, flitting nervelessly about the desolated streets of Eternal Rome. Once it was said that every Roman Senator was a king ; now not one was

even a man. "As often as the Franks or Lombards," says Gibbon (D & F. Ch. 49), "expressed most bitter contempt of a foe, they called him a Roman; 'and in this name,' says the bishop Luitprand, 'we include whatever is base, whatever is cowardly, whatever is perfidious, the extremes of avarice and luxury, and every vice that can prostitute the dignity of human nature.'"

Such was Rome in the seventh century. It seemed as though she had proved faithless to the trust confided to her of civilizing the world. But it only seemed so, for it was from Rome that salvation went out to the nations in those trying times. When the decease of the old Roman world was at hand, it gave to posterity as a dying legacy, to be

#### THE PROGENITORS OF THE NEW CIVILIZATION,

three men, but for whom Europe would undoubtedly have relapsed into a state of barbarism worse than the one from which it had been rescued by Roman civil government and Grecian art and literature—I mean *Cassiodorus*, *St. Benedict* and *St. Gregory the Great*. These men, raised up in evil times by the Almighty, built another Ark, which bore the twin-treasures of Christianity and civilization over the raging billows of social revolutions, not for a few months only, but for centuries. This ark was monasticism. The code of monastic education was framed by Cassiodorus, St. Benedict presented to the world a system of discipline destined to reconquer it more effectually than the discipline of the Roman legions had conquered it; St. Gregory, in fine, showed how kingdoms are won without the sword and the buckler, the galley and the battering-ram.

#### CASSIODORUS.

Cassiodorus was born in Calabria about the year 470, and lived well-nigh one hundred years. The greater part of this long existence was consecrated to public affairs. Odoacer, King of the Herules, astonished at the profound learning and consummate prudence of young Cassiodorus, made him his Prime Minister. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, heaped still greater favors upon him, and in return, Cassiodorus became the mainstay of the throne, the savior of Italy, the law-giver of new nations, and a model for all future ministers to copy. But, at last, grieved at the approaching dissolution of the Gothic Kingdom, whose cause he had loyally espoused, he quitted the world in 538, and founded on the spurs of his own Calabrian mountains, on the Gulf of Squillace, a monastery, in which he united the study of literature with the pursuit of a spiritual life. The monastery (called Viviers, from the many *vivaria*, or fish-ponds hollowed out in the rocks) became a kind of Christian Academy, and the centre of learning in the sixth century. It was here that Cassiodorus laid out the programme of studies followed for many generations by the monks in the education of the nations. He applied it first to his own monks, and then handed it down to future ages in the two treatises *On the Teaching of Sacred Literature*, and *On the Discipline of the Seven Liberal Arts*.

Consistently with his Christianity Cassiodorus made the Holy Scriptures



the chief subject of study, and all other sciences ancillary to it. He laid down clear rules for the study of sacred Letters. They are substantially: join study to prayer, transcribe the manuscripts, correct defective copies; read the Scriptures attentively and often, and interpret them according to the rules laid down by the holy Fathers.

The holy abbot shared with the great Fathers, whom he admired so much, a noble enthusiasm for profane learning. In order to open this sanctuary, which he styles the vestibule of our sacred Books, to his children, and encourage them to enter, he composed his treatise on the *Liberal Arts*. "We think it our duty," he says to them, "to draw your attention to the fact that Rhetoric, Grammar, Logic, Arithmetic, Music, Geometry and Astronomy, help us to understand a multitude of things in the Scriptures as well as in their most able commentators."

In order to give his children the means of assisting the poor and the traveller, Cassiodorus added the non-liberal arts to his educational program. "We must never let slip the chance of doing good to our fellow men. If a brother cannot apply himself to the study of letters, sacred or profane, let him remember that it is no mean and ignoble occupation to cultivate the gardens, to sow the fields, to gather the beautiful fruit of the trees, for we read in the Psalms (C. 128, 2): "Thou shalt eat the labors of thy hands, blessed art thou, and it shall be well with thee."

(To be continued.)



## A Wreck.

This is the wreck of a soul that was beautiful once, but is seared  
 With the mouldering waste of decay—These are the timbers that were,  
 In the days of the forever gone, the frame of a glorious bark.  
 High up is it dry on the sands, just out of the kiss of the waves  
 That ever are ebbing away from the shores of the land that is Sin.  
 Deadly, corrosive and mad are the feverish winds of the storm,  
 Pounding and breaking upon its splintered disintegrate hulk.  
 The waves are the waters of Hope! This is the wreck of a soul!

*Alfred McCann.*



## COUNT DE MAISTRE'S OPINION

of Bacon and His Philosophy.

Few writers have essayed to defend the private character of Bacon. The many treacherous and perfidious actions imputed to him seem to be too well founded to admit of refutation. Leaving aside all his other delinquencies,

Bacon's base desertion of his friend and benefactor, the Earl of Essex, would suffice to merit for him the condemnation of all right-minded men.

But if the nature or character of Bacon has been conceded to be most corrupt, his works and writings have been considered with less disfavor. Several authors, during the past three centuries, have lauded them to the skies and considered them as wonderful outbursts of genius. These same men have gone so far as to style Bacon the "Father of Modern Philosophy," and to attribute to him the discovery of the inductive system.

Lord Macaulay's vivid sketch of Bacon's private life is a most acute and merciless one. Yet, when speaking of his writings, he praises him most extravagantly. Similarly, Hume, although scathingly scoring Bacon as a man, passes to the opposite extreme of panegyric when considering him as a writer and philosopher.

Other authors have attempted to show from the spirit that animates the works of Bacon that his private character was not so base, servile and execrable as it has been so often stigmatized by a host of writers. One of the most zealous of these restorers of Bacon's character is Whipple, whose lectures on the writers of the Elizabethan period are well worthy of perusal.

The little cripple of Windsor Castle, Pope, expresses his contempt for Bacon very strongly when he calls him the "meanest of mankind." Even the illustrious Newman, although by no means praising Bacon in his private capacity, has some favorable things to say about him as a writer and philosopher. In his "Idea of a University" he calls him "a man of great intellect"—"The most orthodox of all Protestant philosophers." Again, when speaking of Bacon's system of philosophy, Newman says: "Bacon's mission was the increase of physical enjoyment and social comfort, and most wonderfully, most awfully, has he fulfilled his conception and his design. Almost day by day have we fresh shoots and buds and blossoms which are to ripen into fruit on that magical tree of knowledge which he planted, and to which none of us, perhaps, except the very poor, but owes, if not his present life, at least his daily food, his health and his general well being."

Count Joseph de Maistre, a man of our time, who, in the series of the "Fathers of the Church," will hold a place equal to that of the illustrious Boetius and Cassiodorus, sees as little to admire in Bacon, as a philosopher, as he does in Bacon as a man. Consequently, in his "Examen de la Philosophie de Bacon," he has given the complete anatomy of Sir Francis of Verulam and his works.

The chief works of the English philosopher, it will be remembered, are "Partitiones Scientiarum," in which is his "Advancement of Learning," "Novum Organum," "Silva Silvarum," "Historia Naturalis;" also his "Scala Intellectus, or Ladder of the Mind," and "Prodtomi, or Prophecies." The "Philosophia Secunda," a record of Bacon's success in the new method, is also ranked among the works which best represent his genius. A recent critic of Bacon's merit, when speaking of the very same works I have

just enumerated, says: "These different works, with their more or less fantastic titles, form a sort of English garden in which there are a few innocuous and many poisonous flowers." Voltaire, Diderot and D'Alembert vied in exalting Bacon, and were zealous supporters of his system. However, all unbiased and fair-minded men must concede that these corrupters of their century did not primarily find all the poison with which they perverted the minds of men in the works of Bacon; but they distorted and arranged the Baconian system to suit their own destructive and demoralizing purposes. In all the works of Bacon we fail to discover any sentiment justifying or sanctioning the irreligious tenets of these impious and depraved men. On the contrary, we may find many passages which conclusively prove that Bacon by no means intended his works to be otherwise than favorable to the supernatural.

The student of Philosophy need not be reminded that, in the eyes of our modern sophists and materialistic philosophers, the whole Baconian system is antagonistic to Scholastic Philosophy. To many it is precisely on account of this fact, rather than for any positive and intrinsic merit, that Bacon is worthy of commendation. Thus, Cabanis, one of the fomentors of the French Revolution, in his "Relations of the Physical to the Moral Man," says: "Bacon suddenly appeared in the midst of the darkness and barbarian clamors of the scholastics to open a new road, new paths to the human mind. \* \* \* Hobbes was by him brought to the real origin of our knowledge. But Locke was Bacon's real successor. Helvetius summed up the doctrine of Locke; Condillac developed and extended it. Then came Volney, so much accustomed to profound analysis."

"There is nothing so interesting," observes Count de Maistre, "as this genealogy. We see in it that Locke is Bacon's successor, that Locke in his turn begot Helvetius, and that all those enemies of the human race, Cabanis himself included, are descended from Bacon."

Count de Maistre's criticism of the philosophy of Bacon is a very severe one, as will be immediately seen from some brief quotations. When speaking of Bacon's book on the dignity and increase of the natural sciences he says: "If anything was ever proved beyond a doubt, it is Bacon's profound ignorance on all the objects of the natural sciences. There can be no doubt of that fact for the mind of any man who has taken the pains to read that work. An absolute stranger to all that the great men, his predecessors or contemporaries, had written about these sciences, and utterly incapable of understanding their writings, with what right did he come to give us a map of a country in which he had not traveled? What would he himself have thought of a writer who, not being a lawyer, would venture to publish a book on the advantages of the English code of legislation?"

"His work on the natural sciences is, therefore, a work perfectly useless and contemptible. (1) Because the author is entirely incompetent to speak more correctly of them than he did of the microscope. (2) Because all his



desiderata bear evident marks of a sickly imagination, a weakened mind. (3) And lastly, because the means he furnishes for reaching Truth appear to have been invented to produce the contrary effect, to lead us hopelessly astray."

The "Novum Organum" of Bacon, which has been so superabundantly praised by modern writers, and which several of his panegyrists have styled as the scaffolding which has been employed to raise the edifice of sciences, seems no less condemnable to De Maistre than does Bacon's work on the natural sciences; for, when speaking of it, he says: "The general scope of this work is to bring contempt on all sciences, all methods, all the experiments known up to that time and already followed up with indefatigable ardor, and to put in their place an insane theory, destined, in the insensate conceptions of the author, 'to put manacles on Proteus in order to force him to assume all imaginable forms under the hand of his new master;' that is, in common, every-day language, to discover the essences of things in order to seize them and change them at will; a new alchemy equally stupid and sterile, which Bacon wished to put in place of the old, which could at least, by its good faith and piety and the useful discoveries it had presented to men, obtain pardon for its deceiving and for its frustrated hopes."

"Bacon," he further adds, "has not pointed out a single way that does not lead to error, even in his experimental philosophy, whose character and use he perverted. He leads us to error even when he indicates a true end and legitimate means. He is wrong in his general assertions, disturbing, as he does, the order and hierarchy of the sciences, and giving them false names and imaginary ends."

Severe as this may seem, the Count even goes further, and tells us that Bacon lamentably errs in his details, since he denies what is, while explaining what does not exist, and covering his pages with insignificant experiments, childish observations, ridiculous explanations. The Count wittily remarks that Bacon's philosophy resembles his religion very much, since it is always protesting, it is entirely negative and only thinks of contradicting; thus, when he gives himself up to his natural inclination, he contradicts himself in the end without being aware of it, and insults in others his own most characteristic traits. For instance, he condemns abstractions unceasingly; yet he is all the time using abstractions, when he has recourse to his middle, general and most general axioms, and when he maintains that individuals do not merit the attention of the philosopher.

De Maistre shows us another paradoxical trait of Bacon's by the fact that, although he continually disclaims against the science of words, he has a veritable mania for neologism. "He upsets the received nomenclature to replace it with a new, strange or poetic one, and often with both. He thinks he has grasped a new idea when he has invented a word."

The only concessions that De Maistre grants to Bacon are that nature created him a witty man as well as an ingenious moralist, an elegant writer

who possessed a certain poetic vein that always furnished him with a great number of extremely happy figures, which make his writings, as fables, still very interesting. This alone is Bacon's real merit, in the eyes of the renowned French philosopher, who further informs us that "as soon as Bacon leaves this narrow circle of his real talents he becomes the falsest mind, the most unsound reasoner, the most dangerous enemy of science that ever existed."

Bacon's name, as is well known, has been stereotyped, in popular and scientific speech, as the "Father of the Inductive Sciences." This title De Maistre refuses to grant him, and proves very clearly that the discovery of the inductive system is not at all attributable to him.

The Count proves very conclusively that, although Bacon's presumed purpose was to render a great service to science by substituting Induction for Syllogism, and thus supply to the human family an efficacious instrument for the discovery of Truth, he merely succeeded in substituting the syllogism for the syllogism.

The above remarks have been suggested to us by an excellent little pamphlet which we recently received, and from which we have taken the quotations given. It is entitled "Count de Maistre's Opinion of Francis Bacon," and is a translation from the French of Rohrbacher's "Universal History of the Catholic Church," by the Rev. William Maher, of Indianapolis, and, at one time, Professor in Holy Ghost College. Rohrbacher and De Maistre are both extremely severe in their criticism of Bacon's philosophy and methods. But it must be said that even the critics of his own country, at least those who are serious and impartial, are ready to avow that Bacon is entitled to no praise for having in any direct way contributed to the advancement of science.

Craik, the distinguished author of "English Literature and Language," says very plainly: "Neither the pure sciences of figure and number, nor even those of the mixed sciences that have been chiefly advanced by the aid of mathematics and calculation, among which are astronomy, mechanics and all the principal branches of what is commonly called Natural Philosophy, can well have received either impulse or direction from Bacon, who was not only entirely unacquainted with geometry and algebra, but evidently insensible even of their value or their use. Of those mathematical and analytical investigations which are the chief glory of the science of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there is not the slightest anticipation in Bacon, nor any direction or suggestion by which they could have been at all promoted." (Vol. II., p. 143.) "Galileo, and not Bacon, is the true father of modern Natural Philosophy. That, in truth, was not Bacon's province at all; neither his acquirements nor the peculiar character and constitution of his mind fitted him for achieving anything on that ground." (Vol. II., p. 615.)

The same author admits that even in regard to "the old philosophy" which Bacon and other moderns are so fond of decrying and condemning,

"he has not looked at, with a very penetrating or comprehensive eye, nor even shown a perfect understanding of, the inductive method in all its applications and principles. As for his attempts in the actual practice of the inductive method, they were, it must be owned, either insignificant or utter failures."

Thus we see that even in the eyes of those who would be supposed to glory most in the name of Bacon there are sufficient grounds and full justification for the severity of De Maistre.

*J. A. Riley, '01.*



### TRASIMENUS.\*

#### "Trasimene's Lake, Fatal to Roman Rashness."

There be more things to greet the heart and eyes  
 In Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine  
 Where Sculpture with her rainbow sister vies ;  
 There be more marvels yet—but not for mine ;  
 For I have been accustomed to entwine  
 My thoughts with Nature rather in the fields  
 Than Art in galleries: though a work divine  
 Calls for my spirit's homage, yet it yields  
 Less than it feels, because the weapon which it wields

Is of another temper, and I roam  
 By Trasimene's lake, in the defiles  
 Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home;  
 There the Carthaginian's warlike wiles  
 Come back before me, as his skill beguiles  
 The host between the mountains and the shore,  
 Where Courage falls in her despairing files,  
 And torrents, swoll'n to rivers with their gore,  
 Reek through the sultry plain, with legions scattered o'er,

Like to a forest felled by mountain winds;  
 And such the storm of battle on this day,  
 And such the frenzy, whose convulsion blinds  
 To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,  
 An earthquake reeled unheededly away!  
 None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,  
 And yawning forth a grave for those who lay  
 Upon their bucklers for a winding-sheet;  
 Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet!



The Earth to them was as a rolling bark  
 Which bore them to Eternity; they saw  
 The Ocean round, but had no time to mark  
 The motions of their vessel: Nature's law,  
 In them suspended, recked not of the awe  
 Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds  
 Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw  
 From their down-toppling nests; and bellowing herds  
 Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread hath no words.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now;  
 Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain  
 Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough;  
 Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain  
 Lay where their roots are; but a brook hath ta'en—  
 A little rill of scanty stream and bed—  
 A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain;  
 And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead  
 Made the earth wet, and turned the unwilling waters red.

\*Further extracts from "Latin Verse Translations" by Rev. N. J. Brennan, C. S. Sp. (Byron's *Childe Harold*, Fourth Canto).

## TRASIMENUS.

"Sint Tibi Flaminius Trasimenaque Littora Testes."

Plura micant, oculos et cor quæ dulce salutent,  
 Artis in æde tholo fani regalis ad Arnum,  
 Marmora quo certant Iri cælata sorori,  
 Plura, meis sed non oculis, miranda supersunt;  
 Naturæ potius nam me per rura solebam  
 Longas quam meditans arti sociare per aulas;  
 Etsi poscit opus divinum mentis honores,  
 Plus mea mens sentit valeat quam reddere voce,  
 Diversâ quoniam gestat mens indole telum.

Lætior et lustrans Trasimeni stagna pererro,  
 Faucibus angustis, acie temeraria quondam  
 In quibus exitio periit Romana juvenus;  
 Nam redit illa mihi rursus fraus bellica Pœni,  
 Inter aquas montesque dolo qui decipit agmen,

Quo desperantum denso cadit ordine virtus;  
Quos ibi torrentes tumidos effecerat amnes  
Ille cruor, campo tepidi fumante vaporant,  
Dum cæsæ passim legiones pulvere torpent,

Ut pineta ruunt montani turbine venti;  
Illo tanta die belli furit ira procellæ,  
Impete prona fero cæcans ad cætera mentes  
Ad cædem rapiens, ipso discrimine pugnæ  
Ut motæ titubans terræ tremor agmina fallat.  
Naturam nemo sensit nutare rigentem  
Atque dehiscendo cæsis aperire sepulchrum,  
Qui clipeis tanquam funebri veste jacebant;  
Tale ferox odium, miscent cum prælia gentes.

Illis terra fuit veluti volvenda carina,  
Mortis in aeternam vexit quæ prona quietem;  
Oceanum circa tremulum videre natantem,  
Defuit at spatium cymbæ cognoscere motus;  
His suspensa metum sprexit natura, coörtum  
Cum montes trepidant, volucres in nubila quærunt  
Perfugium, nidis abeunt clangore caducis,  
Mugit et armentum tremebundo rure vacillans,  
Formidoque silet pressis humana loquelis.

Nunc aliâ longe radias, Trasimene, figurâ  
Argenti stagnum patuli nunc more renides,  
Nullâ strage lacer campus nisi mitis aratri,  
Surgit et annosis arbor densissima truncis,  
Ut cæsi quondam, radix ubi plexa, jacebant;  
Rivus at exiguus lymphis et parvulus alveo,  
Sanguineum nactus pugnae de sanguine nomen,  
Narrat ubi sanie caedes madefecerit herbas,  
Inque rubros latices invitam verterit undam.

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## ...EDITORIALS...

### Memorial Day.

At this season, when budding Nature clothes the fields with a robe of verdure and all the trees burst into bloom, we bring our garlands to deck the graves of the heroes who, forty years ago, fought and died that the Union might live. Their deeds had, perhaps, less of exterior glory, but more of real and lengthened self-sacrifice, than those of our soldier boys in the recent war with Spain. Let us not allow the glare of present military attainments to dim the glory of those noble veterans! Let not Sampson or Schley, at Havana Bay, outshine Farragut at New Orleans, nor the charge of Roosevelt's Rough Riders make us forget Sheridan's Ride! To Grant and Sherman let us give eternal honors! Remembering the Monitor and the Merrimac, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Appomattox, and thinking of the blood nobly shed, the lives readily given up on those sanguinary battle-fields, let us honor the veterans that still survive, and let not the flag they followed be stained with the least reproach!

J. A. M.



## The Evils of Obstinacy.

We must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

*Shakespeare.*

Obstinacy is a quality or habit of some minds which leads them to adhere with unreasoning persistence to their own opinion, regardless alike of the convictions of others and their own questionable position. It may be acquired through lack of training and discipline, but in most cases where it exists a germ, at least, was present before reason began to operate. Be that as it may, pride is, beyond a doubt, the fountain of obstinacy, and, hence, it is rarely seen in persons of an elevated mind, for greatness of mind generates humility, and humility drives out obstinacy.

Though the exterior manifestations of obstinacy bear a great resemblance to those of constancy or courage, such as Tennyson has painted it—

“Strong in will

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield”—

still the motives which prompt them differ greatly. Courage first assures itself of the truth, and then adheres strictly to the views it has formed, and hence, Plato called perfect courage perfect knowledge. Obstinacy, on the other hand, is more often the result of prejudice than of well-founded conviction.

That such a quality is evil in its nature and results needs but little proof. It is evident that such is not, or should not be, the normal condition of the mind of man. Man was created to know the truth. “Every man naturally desires to know.” Now, obstinacy is not only opposed to the spirit of truth, but is the very spirit of error, of denial, which domineers over all as soon as the mind, though nominally in search of truth, finds not the truth, but itself, and holds fast to itself everywhere.

If obstinacy is so detrimental to the acquisition of truth it should be the young collegian’s first care to banish it from his mind, or at least strive to convert it into its nobler image—courage. Let him bear in mind the words of the wise Thomas à Kempis: “Who is so wise as to be able fully to know all things? Therefore, trust not too much to thine own notions, but be willing, even gladly, to hear the sentiments of others. Although thine own opinion be good, yet, if for God’s sake thou leavest it to follow that of another, it will be more profitable to thee. For I have often heard that it is safer to hear and take counsel than to give it.”

J. A. M.



## Is Swinburne a Great Poet?

A London firm is engaged in publishing an “English Writers of To-day” series. Many eloquent litterateurs are employed to sound the praises of the Victorian masters in poetry and prose, but Mr. Theodore Wratistlaw seems thus far to carry off the prize for excessive eulogy. The subject of Mr.

Wratishlaw's rhetoric is *Algernon Charles Swinburne*. "If any there be," remarks the *Liverpool Times*, "who are transcendant admirers of Mr. Swinburne, they will find pleasure in this work, for it is from the pen of an author who is anxious to maintain that he (Swinburne) is the greatest artist in poetic utterance who has written in the English tongue." Greater critics have given that distinction to Tennyson, and, we fear, few will subscribe to this sweeping dogmatic utterance of Mr. Wratishlaw. Besides, it does not require a very acute critic to perceive that Swinburne's verse is made almost disagreeable by the constant "jingle" of words.

Granting that Swinburne is a great verse-maker, we must deny him to be a great poet, for his poetry lacks soul and soundness of thought. We do not profit by reading it. He takes wrong views of life, of all, or nearly all, public questions. When he speaks of religious subjects he becomes absurd, and when he touches on the Catholic Church, or anything connected with it, he is either a jester or a bigot. For example, in *A Song of Italy* he thus apostrophizes Rome:

"And thou, O supreme city,  
O priestless Rome that shalt be, take in trust  
Their names, their deeds, their dust,  
Who held life less than thou wert; be the least  
To thee indeed a priest,  
Priest and burnt-offering and blood-sacrifice  
Given without prayer or price,  
A holier immolation than men wist,  
A costlier eucharist,  
A sacrament more saving; bend thine head  
Above these many dead  
Once, and salute with thine eternal eyes  
Their lowest head that lies." &c.

These lines need no comment.

When we read *Atalanta in Calydon* we cannot help wondering why he did not bring into play the same fire and spirit when handling a Christian theme. Perhaps we can find the answer in R. H. Stoddard's graphic description of the "coming" of Swinburne:—"Between the fleeting shadows of these clouds and the girdling spaces of sunshine (Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, Tennyson), he stepped forth,—a slight figure in the garments of the Greek priesthood . . . Young priest of an old religion, he rekindled the fire upon its antique altar, and restored the worship of its imperious gods."

Swinburne's delineation of Mary Stuart, in his well nigh endless trilogy, is, to say the least, prejudiced and unhistorical. Of the *Poems and Ballads* Stoddard says: "For whatever purpose they may have been written, they did not and could not have come from a healthy mind: they are morbid, feverous, diseased,—sick unto death with the awful sickness of the soul," hideous immorality.

With all this before our minds, we are surprised that a Catholic Journal of England should have lent its columns to the praises of a book which aims at the glorification and diffusion of Swinburne's works.

### SODALITIES.

The interest taken in the various Sodalities this year is very perceptible, and the fruits and graces derived therefrom are visible in the increased spirit of piety and devotion. The meetings are held weekly, and all the members attend willingly to the offices as well as to the brief exhortations delivered by the various Directors.

The privilege, granted to Sodalities, of obtaining the plenary indulgence of the Jubilee has been gratefully accepted and used by our "Alma Mater."

The month of May has this year been chosen for the reception of new members into the Sodalities. The occasion, for which we were all so anxiously waiting, at length arrived on the day on which we all received our monthly communion, and at the same time the Holy Communion which fulfills the conditions of the Jubilee, Friday, May 3d. On this day about one hundred young men approached the altar and swore allegiance to their respective patrons. The badges received are beautiful and show outward respect to the Almighty.

The sermon, delivered by our Rev. President upon the occasion, was a very pleasing and practical summary of instruction upon the respect, honor and duty we owe to our chosen patrons.

The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by the Provincial, Very Rev. A. J. Zielenbach, who chanced to be present to witness the solemn services.

May all the students never forget nor neglect the oath they took, to practice those virtues which adorn their youthful souls, to increase daily in virtue and holiness, and to be ever faithful to the promptings of Divine Grace.

*G. H. Schoppol.*



### ATHLETICS.

#### FIRST GAME OF THE SEASON.

The first game of the season was played on the college grounds between the College Team and the Pittsburg National League Team, and many of the rooters of both sides were present, especially to get their first glimpse at the Pirates. Although the score was high, it does not by any means say that this was a disgrace, for the college team played throughout a plucky game, and deserve especial praise for their good showing.

It was the first game of the season for the collegians, and, moreover, as it was a game which they could not expect to win, it made them somewhat nervous against such powerful opponents.

Gapen was on the rubber for the college boys. He pitched a steady game, outside of two innings, and if his support had been better the score



would have been much smaller. Laux, at first base, played the position well. Mayer, who played right field, hit Wiltse in the fourth inning for a home run. It was a great hit, and was cheered by the spectators. The work of the Pirates was watched very closely by all, especially that of Bransfield, whose playing both at first base and at the bat met with universal approval.

Wiltse started in to pitch for the Pirates, being relieved by Poole in the fourth inning. Waddel took his turn in the sixth inning, pitching great ball.

The total hits for the college were 9, while the Pittsburgs had 19, including 3 home runs and several other large hits. It must be added that the home runs on the part of the Pirates were due in great part to the short left field.

The new rules were all enforced to the letter by the umpire, and the rule which applies to the foul strike was condemned by the spectators, many thinking that it will destroy one of the greatest features of the game, the batting. The score was: Pittsburg, 17; College, 3.

The College campus was the scene of an interesting game, on the afternoon of April 30, when the college boys crossed bats with the aggregation of ball tossers from the Pittsburg Central High School. The pitching of the college twirlers, McLane and Gapen, was fine, and, aided by sharp fielding, was the cause of the High School's shutout.

The final score was 7 to 0, McLane having 6 and Gapen 7 strikeouts. Herrod the pitcher for the High School struck out 4 of the college players. Some sensational plays were made on both sides, Jackson, for the visitors, distinguishing himself by two very difficult catches in the outfield, and Gapen, Crawford and Laux putting up some very fast work in the infield.

*J. J. Huettel.*



### THE ANNUAL PLAY.

As our present issue goes to press, our youthful Thespians are hard at work preparing for the Annual Dramatic Entertainment, which, as we said in our last number, will consist, this year, of the presentation of "Louis XI," at the Duquesne Theatre, on the evenings of Thursday and Friday, May 9 and 10. From the number and excellence of the rehearsals already undergone, it is safe to predict that the performance this year will rival, if not eclipse, the brilliant ones of former years.

In our coming issue of June we shall give the Cast of Characters and a detailed account of the Play.

# List of Passes, Distinctions and Honor Certificates,

AT THE

## THIRD TERM EXAMINATIONS,

HELD IN

APRIL, 1901.

To secure a Pass a Student must get 60 per cent.; to obtain a Distinction it is necessary to get 80 per cent.

Certificates are given to Students who have obtained 80 per cent. in two subjects, provided they pass, i. e., obtain 60 per cent., in the other subjects of their course.

Both oral and written examinations have been taken into account for the Passes and Distinctions of the following lists.

### GRAMMAR CLASS.

#### DIVISION C.

BAKER, R.—P., Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

DALEY, M.—P., Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.  
D., Bible History, English.

RINGER, G.—P., Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

SUPLER, C.—P., Bible History, History, Geography, Arithmetic, English, Drawing, Penmanship.

#### DIVISION B.

CAVANAUGH, M.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

D., Bible History.

CLARK, W.—P., Religion, Bible History, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

DUNN, W. J.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Drawing, Penmanship.

D., Bible History, Arithmetic.

ERLEWEIN, A.—P., Bible History, Drawing, Penmanship.

FAY, J.—P., Religion, Drawing, Penmanship.

LAUINGER, E.—P., Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

MASLEY, J.—P., Bible History, Arithmetic, Drawing.

D., Penmanship.

MORROW, L.—P., History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

D., Religion, Bible History.

MAMAUX, A.—P., Religion, English, Drawing, Penmanship.

D., Bible History, History, Geography.

MCCORMICK, C.—P., Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.

D., Religion.

MILLER, H.—P., Bible History, Drawing, Penmanship.

QUIGLEY, R.—P., Religion, English, Drawing, Penmanship.

WHITE, A.—P., Religion, Bible History, English, Penmanship, Drawing.

D., Arithmetic.

## DIVISION A.

- BURLAGA, F. A.—P., History, Geography, English.  
 D., Religion, Bible History, German, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.
- HERBST, W.—P., Bible History, English, Arithmetic.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, Drawing, Penmanship.
- KROLIKOWSKI, P.—P., English, Arithmetic.  
 D., Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, Drawing, Penmanship.
- MOESLER, J.—P., History, Geography, English, Arithmetic.  
 D., Religion, Bible History, Drawing, Penmanship.
- MCATEER, P.—P., Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.  
 D., Religion.
- OTAZO, J.—P., English.  
 D., Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.
- RANKIN, C.—P., Penmanship.  
 D., Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Drawing.
- SMITH, J.—P., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship.  
 D., Bible History.
- VISLET, V.—P., Religion, Bible History, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship, French.  
 D., Drawing.

## THIRD ACADEMIC.

## DIVISION B.

- ALBITIUS, ALBERT G.—P., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- ARTHO, JOHN A.—P., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Zoology.  
 D., History, Geography, Latin, Algebra, Penmanship.
- BAUM, KARL J.—P., Religion, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.
- BERGHAMMER, PETER G.—P., Religion, English, Zoology.  
 D., History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.
- CHERMOCK, C.—P., Religion, Latin, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.  
 D., Arithmetic.
- ENNIS, M. D.—P., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Algebra, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.
- FLANAGAN, JNO.—P., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D., History, Geography, Latin, Zoology.
- GORECKI, BRO.—P., Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 D., Latin, German, Algebra, Zoology.
- HAWKS, JAS.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Penmanship.
- HARTIGAN, F.—P., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- HARTIGAN, H.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.  
 D., Penmanship.
- HALEY, M. W.—P., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.  
 D., Latin.
- HONAN, P.—P., Religion, Latin, Zoology, Penmanship.  
 D., Algebra, Arithmetic.
- KRESS, JOS.—P., Religion, Latin, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.
- KVATSAK, JUL.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Zoology.  
 D., Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.



- LEJKOWSKI, F.—P., Religion, English, Arithmetic.  
 D., History, Geography, Latin, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- LUTZ, JUL.—P., Religion, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.
- MACKNIKOWSKI, F.—P., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.
- MATUSZEWSKI, JOS.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, German, Zoology, Penmanship.  
 D., Latin.
- MCDONALD, A.—P., Religion, Penmanship.
- MISCHLER, C.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.
- MORAN, JOS.—P., Religion, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology, Penmanship.  
 D., History, Geography.
- O'HARA, W.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Zoology, Penmanship.
- POLUKAJTIS, JOS.—P., Religion, Latin, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.
- POPP, THOS.—P., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.  
 D., Zoology.
- UNGASCHICK, F.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, French, Zoology.  
 D., Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Penmanship.
- WOODARD, JOS.—P., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic, Zoology, Penmanship.  
 D., Algebra.

DIVISION A.

- BRIGGS, BERNARD P.—P., English, Latin, Arithmetic.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, Algebra, Zoology.
- CONNOR, JOHN—D., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.
- CURRAN, THOMAS—P., Zoology, English.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography.
- DONAVAN, J.—P., Arithmetic.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Algebra, Zoology.
- DULLARD, WALTER—P., Religion, English, Zoology.
- DWYER, J.—P., Arithmetic, Latin.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Algebra, Zoology.
- ENNIS, RICHARD—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Zoology.
- GRIFFIN, FRANK—P., Zoology.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra.
- HALLY, EUGENE—P., History, Geography, German, English, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.  
 D., Religion, Latin.
- HUCKESTEIN, EDWARD—P., Religion, English, Latin.  
 D., History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.
- HUFF, FRANK—P., History, Geography, Latin, German, French, Zoology.  
 D., Religion, Algebra.
- KEATING, JOSEPH—D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.
- KEENEY, C.—P., Latin, Zoology.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Algebra.
- KOLIPINSKI, STAN.—D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, German, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.
- KVATSAK, T.—P., Religion, English, German, Algebra, Zoology.  
 D., History, Geography.

- LANAHAN, J.—P., Religion, English, Latin.  
D., History, Geography.
- MALONY, JOHN—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
D., Zoology.
- MARRON, FRANK—P., History, Geography, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
D., Religion, English, Zoology.
- MISKLOW, P.—P., Latin, Arithmetic, Zoology.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Algebra.
- MCMALE, MICHAEL—P., German, French, Arithmetic, Zoology.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Algebra.
- MCKERNAN, JOHN—P., English, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.  
D., Religion, History, Geography.
- MUHA, A.—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Algebra, Zoology.  
D., Religion.
- OBER, R.—P., Religion, English, Latin, Algebra, Zoology.  
D., History, Geography, Arithmetic.
- O'BRIEN, J.—P., English, Latin, Geometry, Chemistry.  
D., Algebra.
- POBLESCHKE, J.—P., German, Arithmetic.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Algebra, Zoology.
- PLANITZER, O.—P., History, Geography, English, German, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
D., Religion, Latin, French, Zoology.
- RYAN, ROBERT—P., English, Latin, Algebra, Zoology.  
D., Religion, History, Geography.
- SHIPE, EDWARD—P., Religion, History, English, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.  
D., Latin.
- SIMON, JOHN—D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, German, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.
- SWEENEY, E.—P., History, Geography, Latin, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Zoology.  
D., Religion, English.
- TANNEY, J.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Arithmetic.  
D., Algebra.
- THORNTON, JAMES—P., German, Arithmetic, Algebra.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, French, Zoology.
- ZAREMBA, JOHN—P., Religion, English, German, Zoology.  
D., Arithmetic.

## SECOND ACADEMIC.

- AYLWARD, JOS.—P., Religion, History, Geography, Latin, German, French.  
D., English, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.
- BARLOCK, GEO.—P., Religion, English, Latin, Greek.  
D., History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.
- BRAUN, GEO.—P. D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.
- BUBNIS, PETER—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.  
D., Religion.
- CASSIDY, WALTER—P., English, Latin, Chemistry.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra.
- DRISCOLL, GEORGE—P. D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, German, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.

- DEKOWSKI, JOHN—P., Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, French.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Greek, German, Botany.
- ENRIGHT, JOSEPH—P., English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Botany.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography.
- JAWORSKI, JOSEPH—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.  
 D., Latin, Greek, German.
- JACKSON, EDWARD—P., Latin, Greek, Algebra.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Arithmetic, Botany.
- KEANE, CHARLES—P. D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.
- KILLIAN, DENNIS—P., Latin, Greek, Botany, History, Geography.  
 D., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Algebra.
- KILLGALLAN, JOHN—P., Latin, Greek, Botany, Algebra.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English, French, Arithmetic.
- MICHALSKI, JOHN—P., Religion, English, Latin, Greek, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.  
 D., History, Geography.
- MCCAMBRIDGE, CHARLES—P., German.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.
- MCKAVENEY, JOHN—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Botany.  
 D., Arithmetic, Algebra.
- MCLAUGHLIN, ALEX.—P., English, Latin, Greek, Botany.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra.
- NEILAN, FRANK—P. D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.
- O'SHEA, TIMOTHY—P. D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Arithmetic, Botany.
- PATTERSON, JAMES—P., History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Algebra.
- SIERAKOWSKI, CHESTER—P., Religion, English, Latin, Greek, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany.  
 D., History, Geography, German.

### FIRST ACADEMIC.

- BEJENKOWSKI, A.—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, German, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geology, Geometry.
- CURRAN, JOHN—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Chemistry.
- DAVIN, EDWARD—P., Latin, Arithmetic, Geology.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography.
- GAYNOR, HUBERT—P., Latin, Chemistry.  
 D., Religion, History, Geography, English.
- GWYER, CHARLES—P., Religion, English, Latin, German, French, Algebra, Geology.  
 D., History, Geography, Arithmetic, Geometry.
- HAYES, RALPH—P. D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, German, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geology, Geometry.
- HENNEY, MICHAEL—P., Religion, Latin, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geology, Geometry.
- LAGORIO, JOHN—P., English, History, Geography, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Geology, Geometry.  
 D., Religion, Arithmetic.
- MCLANE, WILLIAM—P., English, Latin, Geometry, Chemistry, Algebra.  
 D., History, Geography.



- McLAUGHLIN, CHARLES—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin.  
 RAHE, ALBERT—P., History, Geography, English, Latin.  
     D., Arithmetic.  
 SCHWAB, FRANK—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Greek, French, Arithmetic,  
     Algebra.  
     D., Latin, German, Geology.  
 SZUMIERSKI, FRANK—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, Greek, Algebra, Geology.  
     D., Latin, German, French, Arithmetic, Geometry.  
 WESOŁOWSKI, ANDREW—P., Religion, History, Geography, English, German, Greek,  
     French, Algebra, Geology, Geometry.  
     D., Latin, Arithmetic.  
 WHELAN, JOHN—P., Algebra.  
     D., Religion, History, Geography, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Arith-  
     metic, Geology, Geometry.

## COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

### PREPARATORY COURSE.

#### DIVISION B.

- CALLAGHAN, ALPHONSUS—P., Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Book-keeping.  
 CORBETT, JOSEPH—P., Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Penman-  
     ship, Type-writing.  
 FRANZ, MILTON—P., Religion, English, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Book-keeping,  
     Penmanship.  
 BREEN, PAUL—P., Religion, English, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Book-keeping,  
     Penmanship.  
 HARTIGAN, JOHN—P., Religion, English, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 IMMEKUS, CHAS.—P., Penmanship.  
     D., Religion, English, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Book-keeping.  
 LEAHEY, JEREMIAH—P., Religion, English, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Book-keep-  
     ing, Penmanship.  
 MCCORMICK, JOHN—P., Religion, English, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Penmanship.  
 MCKENNA, C.—P., Religion, English, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Book-keeping,  
     Penmanship.  
 NEYLAN, JOHN—P., Religion, English, Book-keeping, Penmanship.  
     D., History, Geography, Arithmetic.  
 PASCUAL, C.—P., English, Book-keeping, Penmanship.  
     D., Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Type-writing.  
 PRICE, OLIVER—P., English, History, Geography, Arithmetic.  
     D., Religion.  
 STRATMANN, HERMAN—P., Religion, English, History, Geography, Book-keeping.  
     D., Arithmetic.  
 WATTERSON, LEO—P., Religion, English, History, Geography, Book-keeping, Penmanship,  
     Type-writing.  
     D., Arithmetic.  
 WILLIS, JOHN—P., English, History, Geography, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Penmanship.

#### DIVISION A.

- BERNER, JOHN—P., English, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Type-writing.  
     D., Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic.  
 BERNER, ALOYSIUS—P., Religion, English, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic.  
 DEAN, JOSEPH—P., Religion, English, Penmanship, Book-keeping, Civil Government.  
     D., Arithmetic, Type-writing.

- FITZGERALD, MATHEW—P., English, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Law, Short-hand.  
D., Religion.
- GAPEN, JAMES—P., Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Law, Type-writing.  
D., English, History, Geography.
- JACKSON, CLARENCE—P., Religion, English, History, Geography, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Short-hand, Type-writing.  
D., Arithmetic.
- MALONEY, WILLIAM—P., English, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Civil Government, Correspondence, Short-hand, Type-writing.
- MCCAFFREY, JOHN—English, Book-keeping, Penmanship.  
D., Religion, History, Geography, Arithmetic.

## BUSINESS COURSE.

### DIVISION D.

- BROWN, JOSEPH—P., Penmanship, Type-writing, Law, Correspondence, Civil Government.  
D., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Book-keeping.
- COLLINS, JAMES—P., Religion, English, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Law, Correspondence.  
D., Civil Government.
- ELLIOTT, RHEA—P., Religion, English, Law.
- HAYES, JAMES—P., English, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Law, Correspondence, Civil Government.  
D., Religion.
- LACKNER, ANTHONY—P., Religion, English, Penmanship, Civil Government.  
D., Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Law, Correspondence.
- MAYER, CHARLES—P., English, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Penmanship, History, Geography, Correspondence.
- O'HARE, JOHN—P., English, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Penmanship, History, Geography, Type-writing.
- VOELKER, ALOYSIUS—P., Penmanship, Law, Correspondence, Civil Government.  
D., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Book-keeping.
- WEAVER, JOSEPH—P., English, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Type-writing, Law, Correspondence, Civil Government.  
D., Religion, Book-keeping.
- WIEGEL, CHARLES—P., English, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Correspondence.  
D., Book-keeping, Law, Civil Government.

### DIVISION C.

- KEMPF, EDWARD—P., English, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Correspondence, Civil Government.  
D., Religion.
- ROBINSON, JOHN—P., English, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Type-writing.  
D., Religion, Civil Government.
- VONDERAU, EDWARD—P., Type-writing, Correspondence, Arithmetic.  
D., Religion, English, Book-keeping, Law, Penmanship, Civil Government.
- WHALEN, JOSEPH—P., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Law, Correspondence, Civil Government.
- ZAHRONSKY, LOUIS—P., Type-writing, Correspondence, Law.  
D., Religion, English, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Civil Government.

### DIVISION B.

- BOLUS, CHARLES—P., Book-keeping, Law, Civil Government.  
D., Religion, English, Correspondence.

COUZINS, RICHARD—P., English, Correspondence, Civil Government.

D., Religion, Law.

O'NEAL, CHARLES—P., Religion, English, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Short-hand, Correspondence, Civil Government.

D., Law.

SACKVILLE, JOHN—P., Book-keeping, Law.

D., Religion, English, Penmanship, Correspondence, Civil Government.

SMITH, ALFRED—P., Book-keeping, Penmanship, Short-hand, Type-writing.

D., Religion, English, Law, Correspondence, Civil Government.

#### DIVISION A.

GAST, GEORGE—P., Book-keeping, Short-hand, Correspondence.

D., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Law, Civil Government.

KAUTZ, FRANK—P., Book-keeping, Short-hand, Correspondence.

D., Religion, English, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Law.

MAYER, FRANK—P., Arithmetic, Type-writing, Civil Government.

MCALLISTER, RICHARD—P., Religion, English, Penmanship, Law, Correspondence, Civil Government.

MCCLAUGHLIN, JAMES—P., Arithmetic, Correspondence, Civil Government.

D., Religion, English, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Law.

#### FRESHMAN CLASS.

COSTELLOE, PETER—P., German, Chemistry.

D., Church History, History, English, Latin, Greek, French, Algebra, German.

DURA, STANISLAUS—P., Church History, English, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Geometry.

D., French, German, Chemistry.

HOWARD, THOMAS—P. D., Trigonometry, Natural Philosophy, German, French, Arithmetic, Geometry, Chemistry.

KNAEBEL, EDWARD—P., History, Greek, Geometry.

D., Church History, English, Latin, French, German, Algebra, Chemistry.

MALLOY, JOHN—P., History, Algebra, English.

D., Church History, Latin, Greek, German, French, Geometry, Chemistry.

McHUGH, CHARLES—P., English, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.

D., History.

NELSON, JOSEPH—P., English, Chemistry.

D., Church History, History, Latin, Greek, German, French, Algebra, Geometry.

PIETRZYCKI, FRANK—P., History, English, Latin, Greek, French, German, Algebra, Chemistry.

D., Geometry.

RELIHAN, MICHAEL—P., English, Latin, Greek, Geometry, Chemistry.

D., Church History, History, French, German, Algebra.

SMITH, HARRY—P., Church History, History, English, Latin, French.

WALTER, ADAM—P., History, English, Latin, Greek, Algebra, Chemistry.

D., German.

#### SOPHOMORE CLASS.

ESCHMAN, ALBERT—P., English, Latin, Greek, German, French.

FANDRAJ, WALTER—P., English, Latin, Algebra, Chemistry.

D., Church History, History, Greek, German, French, Geometry.

HALLERAN, CARROLL—P., Church History, History, English, Latin.

D., Algebra, Chemistry.



JEROZAL, FRANK—P., Church History, English, Latin, Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry.  
D., History, German.

### JUNIOR CLASS.

DUNN, TIMOTHY—P., Greek, German.

D., Scripture, History, English, Latin, French, Philosophy, Physics, Trigonometry.

HUETTEL, JOHN—P., Scripture, History, English, Latin, Greek, German, Physics, Trigonometry.

MALONEY, FRANK—P., History, English, Latin, Greek, Philosophy, Physics, Trigonometry.

D., Scripture, German.

MURPHY, JOHN—P., Scripture, History, English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Physics.

O'CONNOR, PATRICK—P., Latin, Greek, German, French, Physics, Trigonometry.

D., Scripture, History, English, Philosophy.

RYAN, WILLIAM—P., History, Latin, Philosophy, Physics, Trigonometry.

D., Scripture, English.

SCHOPPOL, GUSTAVE—P., Greek, Philosophy, Trigonometry, English.

D., Scripture, History, Latin, German, Physics.

### SENIOR CLASS.

BAUMGARTNER, JOSEPH—P., Scripture, History, English, Latin, Greek, Philosophy, Physics.

D., German, French, Trigonometry.

GILLESPIE, PATRICK—P., Scripture, Latin, Greek, Philosophy, Physics, Trigonometry.

D., History, English.

McELLAGOTT, WILLIAM—P., Greek, Physics.

D., Scripture, History, English, Latin, Philosophy, Trigonometry.

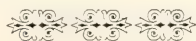
RILEY, JAMES—P., History, German, Trigonometry.

D., Scripture, English, Latin, Greek, French, Philosophy, Physics.

SCHALZ, GEORGE—P., History, English, Latin, Greek, French, Philosophy, Physics, Trigonometry.

D., Scripture, German.

N. B.—The names of the students who were absent from the examinations, or who failed to pass, are not given in the above lists.



### A Visit From the Pittsburg National League Ball Team.

The students were agreeably surprised on Friday morning, April 26th, by the announcement that the Pittsburg National League Ball Team would visit the college on that morning, and would cross bats with the college team in the afternoon. All the students attended the game, and all were delighted with the excellent showing which the 'Varsity team made. The game was replete with sensational plays on both sides. The feature of the game was the great number of home runs made by the Pittsburg club. Gapen twirled for the college team, and Wiltse, Poole and Waddel for the league team. Everyone was satisfied with the game which the college boys played, and all have great hopes that the nine representing the red and blue this year will equal, if not surpass, its predecessors.

*F. A. Maloney.*

# Robert McGraw,

.....DEALER IN.....

**FINE GROCERIES** \*

.....AND.....

\* **ALTAR CANDLES.** \*



**No. 37 Fairmount Street,  
Allegheny, Pa.**

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# HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN

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## O What of the Soul That Emulates!

A great, grey hawk gyrated and soared  
And circled its wings around,  
And beat the broad air with mighty sweep,  
As though 't had abandoned the ground.

Its flight was aimed beyond the stars,  
And the pose of its head was high,  
As it swept along the thin blue waves,  
Where no other bird would fly.

But its keen eye all the while was turned  
To far away earthy things,  
And it sought this higher range because  
'Twas borne on ungodly wings.

O what of the life—the lofty lie  
To clouds climbing every day—  
That images men who feed and grow  
And lust on innocent prey!

And what of the soul that emulates  
This higher living, and, when  
The hour is ripe, like the great, grey hawk  
Sweeps down upon brother men!

*Alfred McCann.*



## EARLY MONACHISM AND EDUCATION.

(Continued.)

### ST. BENEDICT.

About the same time that the Roman minister of the great Ostrogothic Kingdom was slowly closing an honorable and glorious career "in the devout and studious solitude of Squillace," another Roman, a scion of the noble house of Anicius, emerged from the wild mountain tracts that once divided the Sabines and the fierce Samnites, Equians and Hernicians, and where the Anio winds its difficult way until it comes to rest for a while in a deep basin of solid rock, and then descends, forming many a little water-fall, to the plain of Subiaco. He had spent many years in those solitudes, whither he had fled to escape the contagion of the corrupt Roman society. *Benedictus* was his name, and verily he was well named, for he was to be a legislator conferring untold blessings on those who obeyed his laws—"Benedictionem dabit legislator."—*Ps.* 83, 6;

"Of him were made thereafter divers runnels,  
Whereby the garden Catholic is watered,  
So that more living its plantations stand."  
*Dante, Parad. C. XII.*

Soon the fame of the young hermit's sanctity was noised about the Sabine country. His was not a light to be hidden under a bushel, nor in a mountain cave. Many excellent young men entreated him to form them into a community and become their ruler.

He consented, and hundreds of all classes flocked to hear this new "voice in the wilderness," to see this new Baptist clothed in the skins of wild beasts. Even the Goth came to seek faith, and do penance for his deeds of "rapine and iniquity."

Benedict's discipleship and the envy of wicked men grew apace. One tried in vain to poison him, and then made every effort to ruin the virtue of his young followers. Such baseness wounded Benedict to the quick, and he resolved to depart with his favorite disciples to a more genial quarter.

The hill of Cassino and an ancient Amphitheatre became the second cradle of the Benedictine Order—an appropriate choice, for his children, when weaned, were to go forth to do battle in the vast arena of the then known world.

Benedict's first pre-occupation was to banish the demon of idolatry, for, strange to say, some remnants of paganism still existed there. But let us hear St. Benedict himself describe (in the words of Dante) what he accomplished :

"That mountain on whose slope Cassino stands  
 Was frequented of old upon its summit  
 By a deluded folk and ill-disposed;  
 And I am he who first up thither bore  
 The name of Him who brought upon the earth  
 The truth that so much sublimateth us.  
 And such abundant grace upon me shone  
 That all the neighboring towns I drew away  
 From the impious worship that seduced the world."

*Paradiso, C. 22.*

Two oratories replaced the heathen fane; around these a monastery gradually sprang up, whither half the kings and princes of Italy came to seek rest and peace of soul.

As Benedict was one day seated at the monastery gate, he beheld approaching him a figure clad in royal robes. It was Totila, the greatest of the Ostrogoths after Theodoric, who came to the prophet of Cassino, as Odoacer had come to the Austrian hermit, Severinus, to ascertain what destiny Heaven had in store for him. "You have done much evil," answered the Saint, "you do it still every day; it is time that your iniquities should cease. You shall enter Rome; you shall cross the sea; you shall reign nine years, and the tenth you shall die." Totila was deeply moved, and, adds St. Gregory, "*ex illo jam tempore, minus crudelis fuit*"—"from that time he became less cruel." (*Montalembert*, p. 323). History tells us how the prediction came true. Totila fell in battle against Narses, in 552. Teias snatched the sword from the hands of the dying hero, but he too fell, and with him the Gothic empire. When St. Benedict beheld in vision this ruin of the Gothic power, there loomed up, in the back-ground, the dim outline of a fierce barbarian horde. Long beards swept their bosoms. Over the Alps they poured. The Italians and Greeks were blown before them as chaff before the whirlwind. Monte Cassino lay in their way, and it was razed to the ground. But the lives of the inmates were spared, because the Patriarch had prayed for them. This was in 583, when St. Benedict and his noble sister, St. Scholastica, had already been enjoying the reward of their labors for forty years.

#### ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.

The inroads of the Lombards checked for awhile, but could not hinder, the work of St. Benedict. It had God's sanction, and He, in His own good time, raised up instruments to carry out His will. The fugitives from Monte Cassino were kindly received by the Vicar of Christ and assigned a temporary abode in the neighborhood of the Vatican. A great Roman nobleman was just then making up his mind to knock at the portals of the humble monastery, whence he was to issue in a few years, to guide the destinies of the world from the throne of St. Peter—the first monk and the first son of St. Benedict to attain that eminence.

"In the year from the incarnation of our Lord 582, Maurice, the 54th from Augustus, took the empire upon him, and held it twenty-one years. In the tenth year of his reign, Gregory, a man renowned for learning and behavior, was promoted to the Bishopric of the Roman and Apostolical See, and presided thirteen years, six months and ten days." With these words the Venerable Bede begins his beautiful story of the conversion of Ethelbert the Saxon. He does not say much in praise of St. Gregory, but lets his deeds tell his glory.

Gregory was the son of Gordian, "the noblest of the Senate, and the most pious of the Church of Rome." Early in life he was made prefect of the city, but soon renounced the "vain pomp and splendour of this world," for the quiet of the little Benedictine cloister on the Vatican and founded many religious houses with his ample patrimony. The talents of Gregory ("in learning," says Paul the deacon, "he was second to none of his contemporaries") made him a marked man in the Church, and the Pope appointed him his Nuncio to Constantinople. On his return to Rome in 592, he was unanimously elected to the pontificate. As Pope, St. Gregory did much for Rome and Italy, but his greatest glory lies in his title of Apostle of the West. "Under his reign," writes the infidel Gibbon (D. and F., Ch. 45), "the Arians of Spain were reconciled to the Catholic Church, and the conquest of Britain reflects less glory on the name of Cæsar, than on that of Gregory I. Instead of six legions, forty monks were embarked for that distant island, and the pontiff lamented the austere duties which forbade him to partake the perils of their spiritual warfare." But let us listen to our own Longfellow telling how monks brought about

#### ENGLAND'S CONVERSION TO THE FAITH.

"The Saxons came into England about the middle of the fifth century. They were pagans; they were a wild and warlike people; brave, rejoicing in sea storms, and beautiful in person, with blue eyes and long flowing hair. Not two centuries elapsed before the whole people was converted to Christianity." Aelfric, in his homily on the birthday of St. Gregory, informs us that this conversion was accomplished by the holy wishes of that good man, and the holy works of St. Augustine and other monks."

The importance of the conversion of England cannot be overestimated. Although amongst the youngest of the Christian churches, she became the great base of operations for the spiritual conquests of the Papacy, the great centre of Christian missions. "The first fruits of the monastic seed sown by the hand of the great monk Gregory in the bosom of the Anglo-Saxon race," says Montalembert, "was the great apostle and martyr, Winifred, whose Latin name, *Bonifacius*, the benefactor, so exactly expressed his glorious career. It was he who was chosen by God to carry the light of truth, the flame of love, into the cradle of his ancestors, the depths of those German forests, happily impenetrable by the enslaved Romans, from whence came the free-



dom, thought, and life of Catholic nations, and with these the Christian civilization of two worlds."

Here the question naturally arises, How did the monks set about civilizing those rough sons of the North? They knew that the boy is father to the man, that one generation of mortal men gives place to another. When the task of trying to wean the old worshippers of Thor and Wodan from their superstitions proved too difficult even for a son of St. Benedict, he cast his eye on the little heathen children, whose guileless souls were still easily impressible and could not but feel drawn by the teaching of Him who became a child for us and all through His life loved the little children, and bade them come to Him, and would have us become like unto them. We need not therefore be surprised when we read of

#### THE BOY-MONKS OF THE MIDDLE AGES,

for the step from receiving into the monasteries, and instructing the little Goths and Franks and Saxons and Lombards and making them full-fledged religious, with vows taken by proxy, was but a short one. Infant baptism was a precedent in point. If a sponsor could contract the solemn vows of Baptism in the name of the speechless babe, why could not the same be done for the vows of religion? The practice, though not unlawful, was, of course, imprudent and therefore forbidden by the Church in later times.

How did those little monks spend their time in the cloister? We have only to turn over the pages of the old chroniclers, and read the histories of such men as Walafrid Strabo, Abbot of Reichenau, who was brought to the monastery when he could just talk, or of St. Boniface, who joined the sedate ranks of the Saxon Benedictines at the age of five, or of St. Bede, who went to the school of Wearmouth at seven, or of St. Paul of Verdun, who passed from the cradle to the cloister, to see the beautiful side of that infant cloister life and, at the same time, get a glimpse at the educational system of the Benedictines.

Clothed in their tiny hooded gowns, the little Benedictines would imitate all day the actions of their elder confrères. They would sit in choir, go to the dining hall and to the recreation grounds with them, and when the hours for study came, some learned brother would teach them their letters. The first text book was not a picture book about cat and dog and bird, but the *Psalter*, or Book of the Psalms. The one hundred and fifty glorious songs of David and the other Hebrew lyrists had to be "conned by rote." This had been the common practice among the faithful from the days of Basil and Jerome. In the tenth century we read of Helvidia, the mother of St. Leo IX., exacting a daily lesson in the Psalms from her children.

After the *Psalter* had been mastered, the curriculum of the Seven Liberal Arts was begun by a careful study of *Grammar*. Grammar in those times meant more than it does now, for it was combined with a course in

literature. Cassiodorus, in his treatise on the discipline of the liberal arts, defines Grammar to be "skill in speaking or writing elegantly, gained from the best poets and authors." An examination of the extant works of the writers of the early middle ages reveals to us who were then considered "the best poets and orators." Naturally, they were Latin, for Greek was all but unknown. First came Virgil, "the monk's delight," whose ardent love of nature, went straight to the monk's soul, and struck a responsive chord. Then came Luban, Statius, Terence, Sallust, Cicero, Horace, Persius, and the Christians, Prudentius, Sedulius, Juvencus, Aratus. All these are abundantly quoted in the Letters and other works, especially of the ninth century.



### Sweet Violet!

To thee, this triolet,  
A sweet little violet,  
Dwelling by brooklet,  
All the day long !  
What beauty thine!  
What fragrance divine!  
What tints combine  
To make thy song!

Sweet hope of Spring!  
On eager wing,  
Birds greetings bring,  
Thy birth to crown.  
Tow'ring o'er head,  
With palms outspread,  
Smiling oaks shed  
Their blessings down.

Floweret the least—  
Dew drops thy feast—  
Decking the breast  
Of mossy green;  
Wooing the shade,  
'Neath grassy blade,  
Nor grieving made  
If left unseen.

The streamlet free,  
Murmurs his glee,  
Adoring thee  
With simple rhyme.  
Chording the lyre,  
I, too, desire,  
With sylvan choir,  
Thy praise to chime.

*Edward B. Knabel, '04.*



### ELOCUTIONARY CONTEST.

On Wednesday evening, May 29, was held the annual elocution contest. It was one of the most spirited events of its kind ever held in the history of the college, owing, no doubt, to the great number of contestants as well as to the high degree of perfection which the various competitors had attained. When we consider that amongst the number there were a great many of those who represented the principal characters in the recent performance of "Louis XI.," we must not be surprised that the rivalry was so

great and the competition so close. From the very first number, "Fatherless Joe," delivered by Master J. Maloney, the attention and interest of the audience never lagged until the very close of the performance.

Rev. W. S. Healy, C. S. Sp., formerly Professor of Elocution at Blackrock College, Ireland; A. V. D. Watterson, Esq., and Rev. F. McCormick, of the Sacred Heart Church, East End, acted as judges, and, after a long debate, announced the winners to be, in the second division, John J. Dekowski, Joseph Jaworski and Joseph Dean, and, in the first division, Albert J. Eschman, Charles McLaughlin and Charles McHugh.

The difficult and trying task of opening the contest was assigned to the smallest boy, Master John Maloney, who gave a very faithful and realistic picture of "Fatherless Joe."

While some of the audience sympathized with the "Dying Alchemist," that his hour of death had sounded before he found the secret of the *metal* for which he was seeking, others sympathized still more with Joseph Jaworski when he failed to secure the *metal*, for which he strove so hard, after his excellent rendition. It must, indeed, be said that this closing piece of the second division's programme was beautifully rendered.

In "Bernardo del Carpio," Master Joseph Woodard found ample scope for his excellent memory, which never failed him in the long piece. His gesture was very natural, easy and delicate; while his movement on the stage was very appropriate, at all times, to the varying phases of the well-known story. But his voice was rather high-keyed and quick, to be very effective.

Master Th. Curran surprised everybody in his delivery of the interesting story of "The King and the Child." His gesture was very carefully studied, his voice well modulated, and his carriage so easy as to indicate a no slight familiarity with Delsartean training. He would have done justice to a more powerful piece.

"The Progress of Madness" was the selection of Master Ed. Jackson, and, in the minds of a considerable portion of the audience, who are acquainted with Ed's naturally shy and timid disposition, the selection was a rather ambitious one. But they were agreeably disappointed when they found him "killing," from the start, the incredulous smile that awoke upon the faces of his comrades, up to this unfamiliar with his daring spirit. Except, perhaps, in the beginning, which was abrupt and somewhat indistinct, he acted the madman, as if he had paid frequent visits down to Dixmont, and there studied the living type.

Master Charles Immekus displayed a large amount of courage in his recitation of "The Seminole's Reply." He stood forth as bravely, shook out his head and his hand as energetically, as a little boy of his size can consistently do. His voice, naturally shrill and piercing, gave full vent to the indignant spirit which he expressed.

To those who know the powerful baritone voice, of soft and easy cadence, with which Mr. F. Gagan is gifted, it was no surprise to hear him



render so agreeably those lines of "Rienzi" which call for such display of varied feelings. Except in a few little places, scarcely noticeable except to the attentive ear, he brought out all the pathos of the injured Tribune.

Master Fred Ungaschik—considering that he is such a small boy—made a rather vehement impersonation of "The Dying Baron." This gem of Longfellow was, however, noticeably heavy for Fred's delicate soprano voice. Besides, he seemed over-anxious to hurry the poor baron to an untimely, though Christian, end.

Nobody would have suspected Master Joseph Dean, with his quiet and demure looks, his almost bashful and retired disposition, to have been capable of all the rich and racy humor which he injected into "Sockery Setting a Hen." It was, indeed, charming and faultless. No wonder the judges accorded it such specially favorable notice.

"The Polish Boy," by Master John Dekowski, was the selection which, in the opinion of the judges, merited for its champion the honor of the medal. Though such was not the opinion of a good many among his hearers, it must be said that the successful candidate displayed enough of fire and energy to entitle him to the applause and favor of any audience.

Great as was the interest manifested in the candidates of the Second or Junior Division, it was not at all equal to that with which the audience settled down to enjoy the efforts of the Senior candidates. This was due, no doubt, both to the nature and character of the selections scheduled and to the well-known elocutionary powers of the candidates themselves.

When, therefore, Mr. C. Halleran inaugurated the second part of the programme, he was followed with close attention during his portrayal—vivid and correctly conceived, as well as appropriately expressed—of "The Drunkard's Dream."

The second characterization of "The Progress of Madness," in the able hands of Mr. Hubert Gaynor, was not in the least degree a repetition of the one given in the previous division by Mr. E. Jackson. In fact, they had nothing in common except the general conception of the difficult and exacting role. If anything, Mr. Gaynor's was more mature and more deliberately executed.

Mr. A. Walter was a faithful "Las Casas" "to his countrymen." But though he gave evidence of wonderful and painstaking preparation and effort, the piece itself was scarcely of a nature to rouse the audience or to elicit any marked applause.

This latter expressive encomium was not wanting to the production of Mr. Charles McLaughlin, who rose to a very high degree of oratorical passion in his "Convict's Soliloquy." It was, indeed, a strong piece of elocution, marred, however, by two slight interruptions.

After a short intermission, during which Mr. P. A. Gillespie, of the Senior Class, gave us, in full resonant voice, that favorite song, "The Old Sexton," Mr. Charles Gwyer brought us to the final stage of the evening's

programme. The contest became more interesting as the candidates entered upon the "home stretch."

"The Gladiator" was properly conceived by Mr. Gwyer, but his expression, too rapid and too evidently a result or an effort of memory, did not do justice to his conception of that interesting hero of the old Roman amphitheatre.

"The Fate of Virginia" was a perfect and magnificent piece of work in the hands of Mr. Albert Rahe. He reminded everyone of our great play of last year, and the universal verdict of the audience seemed to be that he would make an ideal "Virginius," rivaling, at least, the portrayal of that great old Roman, given by Mr. W. O. Walker, '00. Indeed, Mr. Rahe had all the power and pathos, with strength and delicately-shaded intonation of voice, as well as perfect physique, to make that difficult role.

Mr. Charles McHugh was perfect in his interpretation of "I'm Guilty." There was depth of feeling and a strong appeal to sympathy in the well-rendered story itself, while the speaker's voice, so suited to the piece, was admirably handled.

Those that saw Mr. Malloy as Francois de Paule in the play of "Louis XI." found it natural, on his part, that he should select such a theme as that of "The Leper." There was something solemn and dignified in his voice, gesture and deportment which was calculated to render him fitted both to impersonate the wonder-working hermit and to tell the simple but affecting story of Christ's infinite compassion for the poor afflicted "Leper."

The last selection, however, was the one which evidently made the most favorable impression on the judges, perhaps on account of the daring originality of the candidate in his framing of the piece itself—"The Punishment of Sin"—built up from a portion of Sir Henry Irving's "Bells" and other sources, as well as in his interpretation of the murderer, Mathias. Whatever over-doing or exaggeration might have appeared to those who were familiar with Sir Henry Irving's immortal impersonation, was undoubtedly compensated, in the eyes of the judges, by the fiery action which the young candidate threw into his rendition of the villainous role.

The medal for the Second Division was, therefore, accorded by the judges to Mr. Albert Eschman.

Thus ended the elocutionary contest of 1901, which will go down into history, in the opinion of the oldest students and of the oldest members of the faculty, as one of the most perfectly prepared and most successfully conducted contests held by the students of the Pittsburg College.

Before the audience dispersed, the Rev. President called upon Mr. Alfred McCann, in the name of all, to recite one of his favorite pieces, to which special request he kindly responded. Needless to say, the selection which he rendered on the occasion elicited deafening applause.

Another announcement, made by the Rev. President, which gratified all, especially the candidates, was that in future these contests would be held in one of the largest halls or theatres in the city, as an evidence of the conviction on the part of the faculty that the talent displayed there that evening would be amply sufficient to call for, and to please, the most cultured and critical audience that Pittsburg can produce.

T. A. D.

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## ...EDITORIALS...

### Hearing the End.

We are fast approaching the close of the academic year. What, with examinations and elocution contests and the preparations for commencement exercises, we are scarcely conscious of the rapid flight of time. And yet, with all these preoccupations, there comes upon us occasionally a feeling of the vast amount of work we have accomplished during the year.

Even the examination questions in the various branches of study have their utility in this respect alone, irrespective of all other advantages which they imply. They enable us—they force us—to go back upon the ground that we have covered during the term, or during the year, now past. They give us, in their synthetical form, a more comprehensive idea of the numerous subjects studied, of the hundred details explained, whose importance we did not appreciate in the fleeting course of daily classes and repetitions.



Now that the nature, extent or importance of all this work comes home to us, it ought to be an incentive for the future, and a source of assurance and gratification with regard to the past.

T. A. D.



## The Constitution.

No matter how correct may be the recent decision handed down by the Supreme Court of the United States, no matter how varied may be the views of the most eminent constitutional authorities respecting that decision, there is one thing that we must never forget to cherish and cultivate—namely, an absolute reverence for the Constitution.

It will be rarely possible to have unanimity of sentiment in regard to such a broad question as the relations between the Constitution and Congress, even in so impartial and learned a body of men as that of the Supreme Court. But as long as the American citizen, brought up from his youth with the educated, enlightened and patriotic knowledge of our American history and institutions, retains his reverential confidence in the Constitution, we need not be afraid that, at any time, Congress will be allowed by the people of this country to encroach with impunity at any length or to any noticeable and injurious extent upon the safeguards of liberty determined so wisely by the Constitution.

Let us, therefore, be ever watchful and jealous of our great inheritance, applying in this case the words of Washington in his Farewell Address, speaking of national unity: "Cherish a cordial, habitual and immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity."

J. A. R.



## ORDER IN DAILY LIFE.

"Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the State. As the beams to a house, as the bones to the microcosm of man, so is order to all things."—*Southey*.

"Order is heaven's first law," is an old saying and most true, for what is law—eternal, divine, natural, positive—but order. Order is not only heaven's first law, but also the world's. The Greeks call the world *cosmos*, that is, order, as opposed to *chaos*, that is, disorder, which, the Bible tells us, prevailed before the "Spirit brooded over the abyss." Order is beauty, order is obedience, order is virtue; in short, order is an ingredient of everything that is good and beautiful.

If order is all this, then we should always aim to make it enter into our every action; we should make it our daily motto. It will enable us to make proper use of that great gift of God to men—time. Time is gold, for few

are the years we live, and Eternity is the prize. What we lay up now we shall possess forever.

"For the structure that we raise  
Time is with materials filled,  
Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build."

—*Longfellow.*

There is not a man living to-day who can afford to lose time, and for a person whose time is limited, and who must perform a certain amount of work in a specified time, a methodical use of it is absolutely necessary.

Method in daily life enables a person to do more work and better work in a shorter time. The proper division of time will do for an individual what the division of labor does for a community. Neither can get along without it. "Observe," says an eminent writer of the last century, "the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-laborer in a civilized and thriving country and you will perceive that the number of people of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation exceeds all computation. The woolen coat, for example, which covers the day-laborer, coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labor of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of wool, the wool-comber or carter, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production." And so it is with all other articles of food, clothing or furniture. How, then, would a community thrive if all its members were farmers? or bakers? or carpenters? It is just the same with the individual, if he attempts to do all his work without any division of time. If we have our work arranged in a proper manner, we would not lose so much time in thinking what to do next. More still is lost by not taking our duties in proper succession. Suppose a letter-carrier, who had a route on a long street, were to throw his letters into his bag anyhow, he would probably have one letter for the first house, and, then, one for the last. He would have to go back to the second house and lose his time, and probably his situation.

Method is indispensable in everything. Take the case of travelling. If a man wanted to see the whole of the United States, he would not travel first in Maine, and then in Texas, but he would take the States in order.

We must also read with method and have some end to which all our studies should point. The man who passes from one subject to another acquires no real knowledge of any single subject. He cannot bring his ideas together so as to form a whole. They are like a heap of stones: no matter how many you pile up, if they are not arranged in a certain order, they will never form a house. By unmethodical reading the mind is weakened, and loses all taste for solid study.

Order must enter even into our amusements; for the latter form an

important part of education. Out-door games are not waste of time. A certain writer remarks that students who think they have no time for bodily exercise will, sooner or later, find time for illness. The promotion of innocent amusements is worth a dozen sermons against bad ones. We must have amusements; if good ones are not forthcoming we naturally go after the wicked. Intemperance, and other low pleasures cannot be better prevented than by replacing them with others of a wholesome character. But in our recreations we must above all things remember the words of the Sacred Writer—"There is a time for work, there is a time for play."

That order and method and organization are of vital importance in daily business, in the weekly round of duties &c., is obvious. "Disorderly persons are rarely rich, and orderly persons are rarely poor," is an axiom daily verified. Order preserves what labor has gained. No matter how *diligently* we work, if we do not work *carefully*, we throw away with one hand what the other gathers. If every one were to carry on business carelessly, Charles Lamb's quaint division of the human species into "*those that lend and those that borrow*" would soon come true.

Labor is a condition of our existence, so we ought to make it as agreeable as possible. Now, habits of good order alone can turn work into pleasure, as the poet says:

"Duty by habit is to pleasure turu'd;  
He is content who to obey has learned."

Ralph L. Hayes, 04.



## Our Annual Dramatic Entertainment.

### LOUIS XI.

That our annual dramatic entertainment of May 9 and 10, at the Duquesne Theatre, was a pronounced and brilliant success, has been the unanimous verdict of all those who witnessd it. There was nothing whatsoever to mar the performance in any way, either as to the participants or to the size and appreciation of the audience. Whatever fears the management entertained, in view of the unqualified success of "Richelieu" and "Virginus" in '99 and '00, were entirely dispelled after the first performance on Thursday evening.

We shall content ourselves, however, with quoting some passages from the various Pittsburg papers, which, in their theatrical columns, commented upon our production of "Louis XI.:"

[Pittsburg Leader.]

A FINE PERFORMANCE.

Excellent Work of Holy Ghost College Boys in "Louis XI."

The dramatic performance rendered by college students are, as a rule,



decidedly amateur at almost every point of view. But it must be said that the one given at the Duquesne Theatre by the Holy Ghost College boys on Thursday and Friday evenings of last week were well worthy of our most experienced professional actors. Not only was the entire piece—which, by the way, is a most difficult one to set—well staged and appropriately costumed, but the leading members of the cast, especially, gave a most faithful and realistic exhibition of character work in the course of the performance.

“Louis XI.” is not, at first sight, an easy play to understand and appreciate; it is not only complex in its action as a play, but there is a great variety of character work in the title role itself. Thus, it was natural that it should take some little time for the audience that witnessed the rendition of “Louis XI.” at the Duquesne to warm up to the very admirable and almost perfect work of Mr. Alfred McCann as he depicted in rapid succession the different and subtle traits of the cruel and crafty king. He was the ideal Louis all along—at least in the conception of the king as formed by the author of the play. And it was really a study to watch the intense interest with which the audience followed the masterly action of Mr. McCann. It was a powerful psychological study, which demanded a rare intelligence, and manifested a most careful and studious mind. Elocution and declamation and acting, as understood or practiced by our amateur artists, gave way to something higher, and from the moment when he first stepped on the stage he held his audience absorbed. His facial expression was especially excellent in the numberless moods which the character of Louis demanded throughout.

He did not, however, throw into the shade the other characters, who were all most natural and easy in their action and enunciation. Mr. A. Rahe, as Tristan, and Mr. Malloy, as the Saintly Hermit, were admirably adapted to their difficult characters, and although the former had not much to say, he made a most appropriate background and accompaniment—as Provost—to the crafty monarch. Mr. P. A. Gillespie, as the subtle Coitier, manifested thoroughly the deep influence which he exerted over the dying king.

But one of the most talented and surprising pieces of stage work that any audience has ever witnessed in Pittsburg on the part of amateurs was the acting of Master Richard T. Ennis, as Marie. Though a boy of fourteen years, it was, to the uninitiated, a most deceptive maiden—not yet the full-grown woman nor the mere child, but just the very character that Marie is intended to express in the play, with all her varied influence over the respective characters. It was, indeed, a most accomplished piece of acting, and in voice, features, costumes and sentiment Master Ennis surprised and delighted his audience. His two songs were beautifully rendered, and elicited well-merited applause. He was successfully accompanied by Mr. Charles McHugh, as the Dauphin, whose enunciation was rich, sympathetic and most pleasing.

Mr. Ryan as Commynes, Mr. Huckestein as Olivier, and Mr. Gaynor as Marcel, deserve a very special mention, as does also Mr. McLaughlin, whose splendid physique displayed the bold and dauntless Nemours.

Every part of the play was well rounded out, even the villagers, male and female, being most realistic and enjoyable, not a detail being wanted to make the performance the very best one ever rendered in the local theatres by the talented young men of the Holy Ghost College. It speaks most highly of the splendid and intelligent training which the fathers of the college give their students.

[Pittsburg Post.]

#### THE STUDENTS' SUCCESS.

Dramatic Entertainment by the Boys of Pittsburg College Won Them Much Praise.

The Duquesne Theatre was, for two successive evenings during the past week, the scene of a most remarkable and successful piece of amateur stage work, in the performance of "Louis XI.," by the students of the Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost. It was considered by many as a rather ambitious attempt on the part of the boys from the big institution on the bluff—well known as they are for their previous achievements—to undertake to put "Louis XI." on the stage. But they succeeded admirably in every way, and pleased, delighted and crowded houses on both occasions. Not only was every seat occupied each night, but the boxes were well filled with the friends of the students, and a large number of priests were there to encourage the youthful Thespians.

The most remarkable and even astonishing part of the play was the character work of Alfred McCann, to whom, for his individual share in the performance, as well as to his scrupulous, intelligent and painstaking direction, was owing to a great extent the splendid success of this dramatic entertainment.

He gave an intelligent portrayal, in every detail, of the long and complicated character of the crafty, cruel, unscrupulous, hypocritical monarch.

Master Richard Ennis was an astonishingly correct and handsome Marie in every respect, and most of the audience could scarcely believe that "Marie" was a real boy of fourteen, so suitable to the part and so true to nature was his make-up, his actions, his voice and his entire expression.

The other characters were well portrayed, especially in the case of W. J. Ryan as Commynes, P. A. Gillespie as Coitier, and Charles McLaughlin as Nemours. The last, especially, was very strong in his part, and also Mr. McHugh as the Dauphin, in the delicacy of his tone and general expression. The same may be said of Mr. Malloy as the Hermit and miracle worker.

The minor parts and detailed stage work, as well as scenery and costuming, were admirably looked after. It is, therefore, no wonder that the college management have received encomium from every side for the success of the entertainment.

[Pittsburg Observer.]

## THE PLAY OF "LOUIS XI."

The annual dramatic performance by the students of the Holy Ghost College at the Duquesne Theatre on the evenings of Thursday and Friday last, May 9 and 10, was in every respect a brilliant success. The play selected this year by the faculty for the youthful Thespians was the historical drama, "Louis XI.," and it was extremely well brought out.

When it is remembered that in some scenes there were over fifty boys on the stage at once, and when it is said that at no time during the entire performance was the slightest hitch or delay noticeable, it is an evident proof of the extreme care with which the entertainment was prepared by the competent masters. Costumes and scenery and accessories of all kinds were scrupulously attended to, while in the external parts of elocution, enunciation and gesture the boys gave still clearer evidence of most painstaking training. This has always been a marked feature of the entertainments given by the students of the Holy Ghost College.

Mr. Alfred McCann achieved an artistic triumph in the person of the crafty and unscrupulous king. He took advantage of every possible means to bring out the different phases of the complex character of Louis XI.

Master Richard T. Ennis, as Marie, was a most remarkable success—in make-up, in voice, in actions and in that general expression which it is so difficult to acquire by any mere rules of art.

Mr. John Malloy was an ideal Francois de Paule—calm, dignified, uncompromising with the monarch.

Messrs. Gillespie and Ryan acted their parts in a most suitable and lively manner, while, as a splendid background to the weak old king, stood the grand provost, Mr. Albert Rahe.

Two other very difficult and important characters were cleverly taken by Messrs. McLaughlin and McHugh, as Nemours and the Dauphin.

Nothing in a word was wanting to make the performance, as a dramatic exhibition, one of the most successful and interesting that any Pittsburg audience has ever witnessed at the hands of amateurs, and the faculty of the Holy Ghost College deserve unstinted praise and encouragement for the first-class training which they gave their boys, and of which this entertainment was but one of many evidences.

The musical portion of the evening's program was a pronounced success, as it could hardly fail to be under the efficient and scrupulous direction of Professor Ch. B. Weis, under whose care several of the boys, especially Master Frank Hartigan, as first cornetist, and Master Eugene Hally, as first violinist, have become admirable performers.

The audience was large on the first evening, and still more numerous and compact on Friday evening, in spite of threatening weather, while on both occasions the boxes were filled with a very fashionable and appreciative crowd of friends of the students and faculty.



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**OBITUARY.**

REV. GEORGE P. ALLMANN.

Another of our zealous pastors of this city has been called to his reward in the person of the Rev. George P. Allmann, of St. Joseph's Church, Bloomfield, who died on May 21, in his fifty-seventh year.

His was an exemplary life of labor, zeal and devotedness, not only to the members of his immediate congregation, but to all those who came within the radius of his influence. In the children, who were always the special objects of his love; in the young men, who experienced his ever-watchful solicitude, and in the numerous converts, to whom his lively zeal extended, he has left a living monument that speaks as highly and eloquently of his earnest faith as the splendid school and magnificent church which he had reared to the glory of God during the seventeen years of his rectorship in St. Joseph's Church.

His people have lost a zealous father, his devoted assistant, Rev. Joseph Meyer, '96, a friend and model, while the diocese will miss one of its most devoted and exemplary priests. *R. I. P.*

MR. THOMAS CURRAN.

One of the oldest friends of the Pittsburg College, Mr. Thomas Curran, of Allegheny City, has been called to his reward. Mr. Curran was eighty years old at the time of his death, which occurred on Friday evening, May 21, at the family residence, 717 Arch street, Allegheny. For fifty-two years he had been a resident of Allegheny, and one of the pioneer business men of the Northside. When thirty years of age he came to this country from Ireland, and located in Allegheny, where he became interested in the tannery business, conducting the largest establishment of that kind in the city for the space of thirty-one years. He retired from active business about twenty years ago, and is survived by his sisters, Miss Rose Curran, and Sister M. Ambrose, and by his brother James, the father of our fellow-student, Thomas Curran, Jr., who is just now a member of the Academic Class. He was the oldest member of St. Peter's Church, Allegheny City.

We extend to the family our sincere condolence. *R. I. P.*

MISS MAUD GREALISH.

It is sad enough for a fond parent to lose the child that she has watched over and nurtured, no matter at what age the child is claimed by the uncompromising hand of death. But when it is a sweet, innocent, healthy child, just budding into maidenhood, whose death is due to an apparently simple accident, the result of playfulness, then, indeed, we may well extend our sympathy and condolence to the widowed mother.

Such has been the loss and the affliction that God has been pleased to visit upon the widowed mother of our comrade and fellow-student, Terence C. Grealish, '97, in calling to himself the latter's youngest sister Maud, aged only 10, whose death on Monday morning, May 27, was the result of a fall sustained while playing in the garden with a young companion of her own age. Gangrene and lockjaw set in, despite the amputation of the right arm at the shoulder, and, after receiving her first Holy Communion from the hands of the pastor, Rev. Father Keane, of Sacred Heart Church, she rendered up to God her pure soul, in all the freshness of its maiden innocence, as calmly and gently as if she were but falling asleep in her mother's arms.

"Oh, how incomprehensible are the judgments of God, and how unsearchable His ways!"

"And mother's heart, oh! take thy rest,  
The Heavenly Father knoweth best,  
For he shall soothe thy every fear,  
And wipe away each earthly tear!

"Oh! do not grieve that those you love  
Have left this world for happier scenes;  
For purer realms of endless bliss,  
Fairer, by far, than brightest dreams.

"To mortal ken, to part with one  
We, perhaps, have loved beyond the rest  
Is hard to bear, but think that one  
Now dwells with saints for ever blest."

### ANNUAL FIELD DAY.

The annual field events of the Pittsburg College will be held June 15, on the college campus on the Bluff. It will not be an interclass meet, but the contesting students will be divided into three classes, as follows; Students under 13 years of age, between 13 and 16, and over 16. A good-sized number of students will compete, and preparations are being made for a gala day. The Eighteenth Regiment Band has been engaged for the day. Immediately after the field exercises a game of baseball will be played between the students of the past, captained by Peter Joyce, and the present 'varsity team.

These events will be contested; One-hundred-yard dash, 120-yard hurdle, 220-yard dash, 440-yard run, relay race between the commercial and classical students, hop, step and jump, pole vault and throwing the baseball.

Among the students who will enter are the following; Rahe, Hayes, McHugh, McLane, O'Connor, Murphy, Sackville, Huff, Costello, Hartigan, Nelson, Keeney, O'Connell, Baumgartner, Smith, McLaughlin, O'Hare, Eschman, Gaynor, Fandraj, Schalz, Huckestein, Relihan, Corbett, Gapen, Keating, Mayer and Neilan.

## ATHLETICS.

### THE BASEBALL SEASON.

The weather has, alas, played havoc with our baseball schedule. We had gone to considerable trouble to get up an unusually attractive string of games for the season, and the members of the team made many sacrifices, in the early spring, to get into good condition for the hard games arranged for, with the double prospect of having some very agreeable trips, and, at the same time, bringing back some valuable trophies of glorious victory. But the almost continuous rains of the month of May spoiled a great many of those fond anticipations.

Thus, the annual visit to St. Vincent's College had to be indefinitely postponed, much to the regret of the enthusiastic rooters and supporters of both teams. The game with Monaca was also thwarted by rain, just after we had gone to that thriving town and had donned our suits to go on the field. The crowd on that occasion promised to be a very large one. But the field was in a fearful condition, rendering it impossible to play. We regret this all the more that the rivalry between the two teams, so evenly matched, is intense, and that the game of last year was decided by a single run, only in the last inning.

The same story must be told of our trip to Johnstown. We arrived there just in time to be informed that the grounds would not allow the game to proceed. Scarcely had we recovered from the latter disappointment when we received a telegram from Charleroi telling us that it was no use coming up there for Decoration day, the rain being continuous and heavy on the eve of that holiday. But on the very morning of the 30th the sun peeped out encouragingly, and prompted the manager to telephone arrangements for the afternoon game at that place.

There never was a season in the history of the college in which baseball was more in honor than the present one. The boys are proud of their representative team and of its excellent record, in spite of so many disappointments. The management, also, is to be commended for its wise direction of affairs, and for the practical manner in which the team practice has been organized and enforced.

In only one game during the month were they beaten, and then only by one run, after Gapen had struck out 12 men of the opposing team, as against 5 by his rival, and in spite of the difference in hits, the college having 12 to their opponents' 6. This good record shows what "good and consistent all-round game" they have put up during the season.

### Pittsburg College vs. Pittsburg High School.

Pittsburg College campus was the scene of an interesting game, on the afternoon of May 1, between the college boys and the Pittsburg High School aggregation. The batting and battery work of Pittsburg College were up to



a high standard, and the fielding, though ragged on some occasions, was perfect at all critical stages of the game. McLane and Gapen had excellent control, giving no man a gift of first, and striking out, respectively, six and seven men of the 27 retired. Crawford's support was at all times most encouraging. Jackson, of the High School, captured two most difficult flies. The score was: Pittsburg College, 7; High School, 0.

Pittsburg College *vs.* Grove City College—May 14.

At the start-off, and during the practice previous to the game, the visitors looked a powerful aggregation—fast enough to test the ability of leaguers, and, indeed, it must be said they put up a good article of ball, making only two misplays. But in the local college team they met a rather hard proposition, especially on the part of the battery, both Crawford and Gapen, of the P. C. nine, working together admirably. Gapen was a perfect enigma and a large-sized stumbling block to the Grove City boys, giving them only three solitary hits up to the ninth inning, and watching the bases very closely. In the last inning, the score being 10 to 3 in favor of the home team, he eased up somewhat, and the visitors batted in four runs off of six hits.

Mayer, in right field, made a phenomenal catch that seemed completely out of his reach. McLane, at third base, compensated for one or two poor throws by some splendid one-handed stops, helping to put out his man on each occasion. Laux played brilliantly, as usual, at short, and, with Gapen and Crawford, carried off the batting honors for the home team.

For the visitors, McClelland, at second base, played the star fielding game of the day. Brown, behind the bat, was also very effective, while Bonnet's stick work was excellent. The score was: Pittsburg College, 10; Grove City, 7.

Pittsburg College *vs.* Marion A. C.

The Marion A. C. tackled Pittsburg College on the afternoon of May 18, on the campus on the Bluff, and sustained defeat. The honors of the game rest with Gapen and Crawford. The former struck out 13 men, and had four hits; the latter's support was admirable at all stages of the game. Wells started the scoring for M. A. C. with a sacrifice to first. Connor, Webb, Cargo and Murdock fielded their positions well. The score was: Pittsburg College, 9; Marion A. C., 3.

Decoration Day Game at Charleroi.

The prolonged fall of heavy rain prevented the leveling of the grounds at Charleroi and left them in a soggy condition on Decoration day. The morning game with Pittsburg College was an impossibility; that of the afternoon was played under difficulties. The home team won after a close and exciting contest by one run. Gapen, of the college, was strong all round. He gave only six singles, struck out 12 men, and secured three hits, one of

which was far over the mid-fielder's head, and but for the muddy grounds would have netted a home run and tied the score in the ninth inning. Crawford's support was superb.

For Charleroi, Eckel, at first, played in National league style. Menefee did well behind the bat until the sixth inning, when he was obliged to retire, having sprained his wrist in an effort to catch a foul. Parkins kept well scattered the hits off his delivery, except in the fifth inning, when the students connected faithfully for five singles. The score was: Pittsburg College, 5; Charleroi, 6.

#### Pittsburg College vs. Carnegie Steel Club—June 1.

A strong spirit of rivalry exists between our 'Varsity team and the nine that represent the clerking force of the well-known Carnegie Steel Company, especially since the latter carried off the honors of the diamond on our annual field day last year.

This year, however, the tables were reversed, and the home team won easily, never showing better form in the field. McLane had the visitors at his mercy, striking out nine men, and giving only three scattered singles. His support was of the gilt-edged order, only one error being scored against the students, and Laux, Crawford and Davin fielding everything that came near them. Rankin, for C. S. C., did well, but the outfield was a little weak, being responsible for some of the runs made off his delivery. Ralston, Curran and Caldwell, however, deserve most laudable mention. The score was: Pittsburg College, 6; Carnegie Steel, 1.

#### The Reserves.

The Reserves are again in the field, and are maintaining the very good record of past years. At a meeting of the team Mr. J. B. Topham was chosen to manage the team, and M. J. Relihan was chosen captain. The team this year is somewhat stronger than that of last year. The line-up is: Whalen and Lackner, c.; Price, Smith and Wiegel, p.; Hayes, s.s.; McLaughlin, 1b.; Relihan, 2b.; Neylan, 3b.; Dean and O'Hare, l.f.; Gaynor, m.; Bolus and Jackson, r.

Up to date four games have been played, two of which were won, one was tied, and another lost: May 4, Reserves 22, Braddock High School 15; May 18, Reserves 8, Allegheny High School 8; May 30, Reserves 5, Lyceum Reserves 0; June 1, Reserves 2, McKeesport High School 3.

#### The Juniors—or Third Team.

Under the careful and prudent management of Mr. Th. Maniecki, the Juniors organized a third college team, which has been the most successful team, of their size and age, ever developed at the college. The make-up, or membership, of the nine has not varied since the beginning of the season,

thus verifying the sound judgment of the manager in his choice, and demonstrating a faithful spirit as well as persevering and excellent work on the part of the players.

John McCaffrey was unanimously elected captain, and it is putting it mildly to say that he is an ideal leader of small boys. At all events, whether in preliminary negotiations or during the course of the game, he is uniformly courteous, while he never relaxes in the earnest and energetic work that insures success. He plays short to perfection, and has a throw to first base that reminds the older fans of the throwing style of such experts as Hughey Jennings or our own Fred Ely.

They have won clean, undisputed and decisive victories in all the six games played thus far this season, making 62 runs to their opponents' 16: May 11, Juniors 2, Ben Avon Jr.'s 1; May 18, Juniors 11, Sharpsburg A. C. 0; May 23, Juniors 11, Taylor A. C. 5; June 1, Juniors 8, Sharpsburg A. C. 3. On Decoration day, at Greensburg, they played the boys of St. Mary's Academy and won both games, the score being, in the morning, 16—4, and, in the afternoon. 14—3.

A more detailed account of the players and their work of the season will be given in the next BULLETIN.



## EXCHANGES.

### Bouquet Culled From Our Exchanges.

The night that steals so gently on  
To cover soon the goodly land,  
My Father, let me sweetly feel—  
Whether it shows my woe or weal,  
'Tis but the shading of Thy hand.

"The Tamarack," April, 1901.

The sunlight on the mountain and the  
sunlight on the hill  
Is fading away in the twilight,  
And all is gray and still,  
Only the hush is broken by the note of a  
whip-poor-will.

"The Mount," April, 1901.

I've set my heart among these hills,  
Beneath this sky,  
Where gush the streams and wind the rills,  
Where the lark the meads with music fills—  
'Tis here I'd die.

"Notre Dame Scholastic," March 9, 1901.

Of him who loves the woods  
In Autumn or in Spring,  
How oft the senses thrill  
To hear the woodlands ring  
With notes of the sylvan choir,  
The bluebird, thrush and jay,  
Who carol blithely then  
Throughout the livelong day.  
Nature's breath is minstrel's lay  
To him who loves the woods.

"St. Vincent's Journal," March, 1901.

Hail to thee, exalted son!  
Raised up by Christ's right hand  
To guide His faithful followers  
Unto the promised land!

Thou art a beacon light set up  
Within the Church divine,  
To shed bright rays of light abroad,  
O'er stormy waves to shine.

"Viatorian," May, 1901.



At eventide, when lights are low,  
Within the mind kind memories glow,  
And thoughts of friends that once were  
here

Bring sorrow's sigh, mayhap a tear,  
For those of days of long ago.

"Holy Cross Purple," February, 1901.

The weary days grow into weeks,  
The end is drawing near:  
When, hark! upon the sultry air  
Is borne a distant cheer.  
Relief has come! Fierce charged our troops;  
The Chinese hordes are down;  
The siege is o'er; our "boys in blue"  
Have bravely gained the town.

"The Fordham Monthly," March, 1901.

The only fool like the aged fool  
Is the one that's a good deal worse;  
To wit: the sad case of a lad  
Who manufactures verse.

"High School Journal," February, 1901.

Brighter than the sunbeams  
That kiss the verdant lea,  
Deeper than the ocean,  
Is my true love for thee.

Rarer than the sparkle  
Of gems fair ladies wear,  
Purer than the snowdrop  
That lights thy auburn hair.

Tenderest love of mother,  
Strong and brave and free,  
Borrows, sure, its sweetness  
From my true love for thee.

"The Alosysian," Easter Number, March,  
1901.

Sealed was the doom of hell,  
Broken the devil's might;  
Born was the Church of Him  
Who dwells in heav'nly light.

"St. Joseph's Collegian," April, 1901.

But stop! why weep?  
Are wounds so deep  
As never more to heal?  
Cannot the muse  
Some soul infuse  
With new poetic zeal?

"The Spectator," March, 1901.

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea;  
But a tide, as moving, seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the bound-  
less deep  
Turns again home.

"Agnesian Monthly," March, 1901.

What joy the merry redbird brings  
To Nature's throbbing heart!  
What floods of joyful melody  
From all the woodland start!

"Abbey Student," April, 1901.

A dawn of spring sweetness, with moist  
air a thrill,  
Findeth sad women approaching the  
Tomb;  
Enwrapped with the shadows of Calvary  
still,  
They dreamed not that Easter had ban-  
ished earth's gloom.  
Bravely they move, tho' remembering the  
stone  
That barreth the door with its seal and  
its weight;  
Jesus will know they have come to atone,  
With loyal devotion, for all the world's  
hate.

"Loretto Magazine," April, 1901.

*W. J. Ryan, '02.*

### FLAG PRESENTATION.

After the very interesting game of ball which took place on the campus some weeks ago, between "Our Own" and Grove City, the Baseball team was presented with a fine silk banner by one who has always taken a keen interest in the College and its sports. That we were pleased and delighted, were putting it mildly—we were simply struck dumb; thus it is that we have neglected to thank our generous benefactress in the columns of our BULLETIN before now. But, as the saying goes, "Better late than never"—we now extend to Miss Marie Matthieu of the East End our heartfelt thanks, hoping that she will come to see us often, and we shall endeavor to keep our Banner free from the stain of defeat.

*W. J. Ryan, '02.*



### JUNIOR BOARDERS.

Callahan is as smart and active on his hands as he is on his feet. When tired on his feet, he can perform the feat of walking on his hands. He has improved wonderfully on the cornet.

Petgen is a "Johnny Ray" No. 2. He likes "a hot old time." No flies on him. Withal, he is the biggest hearted boy in the whole place. But don't think you can get ahead of him!

There is great rivalry between Baker and Petgen for the position of right field on Father P. A. McDermott's small team. They both generally manage to get their base on balls. So far, this season, each has made a run against opposing teams. So it is still a toss up between them.

Glen Ringe is the greatest little worker that ever came to the College. He is always willing to help. If you ask him to watch the balls, he will not, for a moment, take his eyes away from those balls, until the last inning of the game. He is particularly remarkable for his "perseverance in removing obstacles," as somebody said.

Willie Clark is the great rival of Petgen for holding the gloves, the mask and the bats, when the latter is on the bench.

John Connor is a terror to opposing batters in the outfield. When a ball comes his way, you can see him smile with the anticipation of surely "eating it up." And he never misses.

Costello (John) is a regular find at first base for the Juniors. It is very rare to see him marked down for an error. He now generally leads the batting order, on account of his good and timely hitting.

Willie Gans is a changed boy since his last trip to West Virginia. He has now changed his allegiance to Freeport, Pa.

Hyacinth Hartigan played the Clarinette in great shape, at the procession of Corpus Christi. If fidelity and perseverance in practice count for much, he will be a star Clarionette player, some day.

Frank Hartigan is the right arm and general manager-Secretary for Professor Weiss. The trumpet calls, charges, and marches, were given by Frank in great shape, during the performance of Louis XI. In this respect he was a great help to Father P. A. McDermott, behind the scenes.

We were all sorry to see Julio Otazo leaving for Cuba a few weeks ago, and thus anticipate the regular summer vacation. "But, I'm coming back," was Julio's last word.

"Corlitus" Pascual has also gone home, ahead of time. He was "awfully" sorry to be going in the very height of the baseball season. Both he and Julio were excellent boys, and warm favorites all round.

Alas, for Tom Popp, he is no longer the Benjamin of the Juniors! He shakes his head ominously at the necessity he now experiences of being "nearly as serious as the Seniors."

Rankin has become as serious as a Judge. He will soon be big enough "to sit on the bench."

Willis, Marron and Rankin were "the admired of all observers" as female villagers in the play. Nobody but the initiated would ever have imagined or admitted that they were boys.

Marron was superintendent of the Passenger Department, on the trip to Greensburg. Frank is a great boy for listening to the other Mount Pleasant boys' music.

Willis is on all the Junior baseball teams. See what it is to look always youthful and guileless!

Paul Schmitz will make a great little pitcher some day. The biggest batters can't frighten him.

Vislet was sorry that he was not on the Junior Nine that went to Greensburg. He wanted just to see Jeannette "*en passant*."

Nobody can approach Supple for enthusiasm when his own little team is on a winning streak in a game. The most lively circus men would envy the somersaults he gives an exhibition of on those occasions.

Eddie Lauinger is going to be President of a Telephone Company, some day. He thinks there's nothing like it.

John McCaffrey was an excellent Martha in the play. He felt the responsibility of his position so much that he didn't need any rouge on his face in the make-up.

Dennis Killian goes contrary to the ordinary routine of all the other boys of the Pittsburgh College. He is getting thinner. But this is just where Dennis is the winner. D. has been a great *exemplar* for the Juniors this year. He and Costello were regular weekly communicants.

McKenna celebrated the feast of his patron, St. Columba, on Sunday, June 9. He is considered by the Juniors as their philosopher—a sort of Mentor and general patron of the Junior Baseball Team.

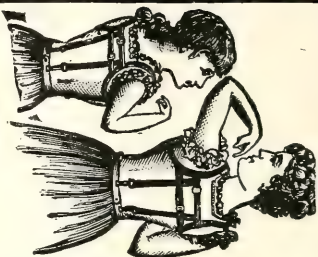
Morrow is full of the most determined kind of spirit. He is the great little leader and promoter of the Fourth Team. It is a sight to watch him behind the bat. He is going to make one of the greatest catchers we ever have had.

W. J. Ryan, '02.





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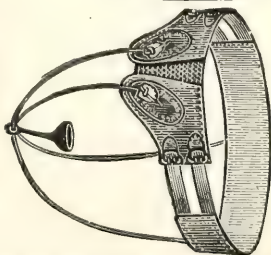
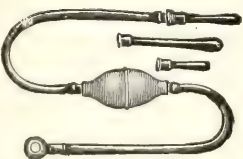
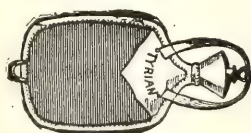
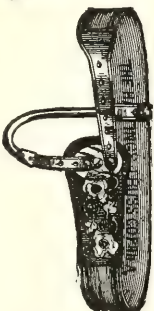
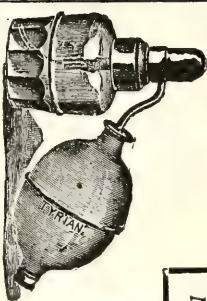
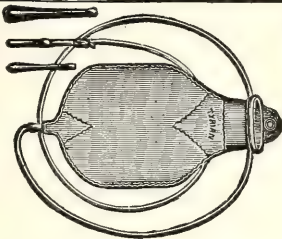


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Graduates 1901. Classical Course.



# HOLY GHOST COLLEGE BULLETIN

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Vol. VII.

Pittsburg, Pa., July, 1901.

No. 10.

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## In Memoriam.

(On the Death of a Little Friend, John Cray.)

Alas! We long in common held  
A youth's young heart, and it was dear;  
And naught of earth but we would give  
To keep its dearness with us here.

We loved the sweet, the unguiled smiles  
That sprang up from this boyish heart,  
To make cold joys glow warm again;  
And must we then forever part?

We loved him from those sympathies  
Childlike, to cheer who wept alone,  
And will we no more meet him here  
This side the grave, his stricken home?

With gentle hand unwillingly,  
We placed him where the word is Rest;  
And, though 'tis hard to give him up,  
Yet still the Master's claim is best.

And thus our souls in comfort cry  
Unto our troubled hearts, "Be still;"  
For shall we not soon meet again  
With him in Heaven, if we will?

The answer comes, "'Twill not be long  
'Till in that grander home above  
We'll join again in our old song,  
And breathe once more with him we love."

*Alfred McCann.*

## TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 21, 1901.

"Amid the applause of thousands," says the "Post" of June 22, "the graduates of the Pittsburg Catholic College of the Holy Ghost last night received diplomas from the hands of Bishop Richard Phelan." The boxes of the Grand Opera House were filled with the local clergy and the friends of graduates. Several ministerial representatives of Protestant denominations were present, conspicuous amongst them being Dr. S. E. Young, of the First Presbyterian Church.

Each speaker was well received, and flowers in profusion were bestowed upon the members of the class of 1901 as they presented themselves upon the stage. Of chief interest was the address of Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas J. Conaty, S. T. D., Rector of the Catholic University of America, who spoke on "The Catholic College Man of the Twentieth Century." His address is reproduced in full elsewhere in these pages. Following is the program of exercises: Overture, "Hortensia," College Orchestra; Latin Salutatory, George J. Schalz; Song, "Anchored," Patrick A. Gillespie; Oration, "The Inheritance of the Twentieth Century," William J. McElligott; Cornet Solo, "Shall We Meet Again," Frank P. Hartigan; Oration, "Deutsch-Amerikanische Verhaeltnisse," Joseph A. Baumgartner; Chorus, "We'll Rally One and All," Glee Club and Orchestra; Oration, "Commercial Spirit of the Twentieth Century," George H. Roehrig; Violin Selection, "Air Varie," Eugene A. Hally; Oration, "The Young Man of the Twentieth Century," James A. Riley; Chorus, "The Flag That Floats Above Us," Glee Club and Orchestra.

Graduates, 1901. (a) Commercial Department. The Diploma of Master of Accounts has been awarded to Charles Caroll Bolus, George William Gast, Frederick John Kautz, James Walter McLaughlin, Richard Thomas McAllister, Charles Jeseeph O'Neal, George Henry Roehrig, John Henry Sackville, Alfred Alexander Smith.

(b) Classical and Scientific Department. The Degree of Bachelor of Arts has been conferred on Joseph Aloysius Baumgartner, Patrick Aloysius Gillespie, William Jerome McElligott, James Aloysius Riley, George Joseph Schalz.

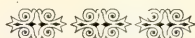
Medalists. (a) Under-Graduate Medalists. Silver Medal for Elocution, Division II., awarded to John Joseph Dekowski, Second Academic; Silver Medal for Elocution, Division I., awarded to Albert Joseph Eschman, Sophomore; Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, in the Academic Classes, awarded to Timothy Francis O'Shea, Second Academic.

(b) Graduate Medals. Gold Medal for Excellence in Commercial Course, awarded to Frederic John Kautz; Gold Medal for Book-keeping and Arithmetic, awarded to James Walter McLaughlin; Gold Medal for Lan-

guages, awarded to George Joseph Schalz; Gold Medal for Mathematics and Science, awarded to Joseph Aloysius Baumgartner; Gold Medal for Oratory and English, awarded to Patrick Aloysius Gillespie; Gold Medal for Philosophy and Classics, awarded to James Aloysius Riley; Bishop Phelan Medal for General Excellence, awarded to William Jerome McElligott.

Donors of Gold Medals: The Right Rev. R. Phelan, D. D.; the Very Rev. F. L. Tobin, V. G.; the Rev. Francis Keane, Rector, Sacred Heart Church, City; the Rev. William Graham, Rector, St. Patrick's Church, City; the Rev. Michael Ward, St. Aloysius Church, Wilmerding, Pa.; the Rev. Thomas Gillen, Rector, St. Joseph's Church, Natrona, Pa.; Mr. A. V. D. Watterson, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Edward G. O'Connor, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Eugene S. Reilly, Pittsburg, Pa.

Song, "Welcome, Pretty Primrose Flower," Richard T. A. Ennis; Address, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas J. Conaty, S. T. D., Rector of Catholic University of America; Song, "The Heart Bowed Down," George H. Roehrig; Valedictory, Patrick A. Gillespie; Blessing, Rt. Rev. Richard Phelan, D. D., Bishop of Pittsburg; Finale, "Farewell March," College Orchestra.



## Catholic College Man in the Twentieth Century.

Address of Rt. Rev. Monsignor Conaty, Rector of the Catholic University, to the  
Graduates, Commencement, Holy Ghost College,  
Pittsburg, June 21, 1901.

Monsignor Conaty congratulated the graduates and their teachers on the very enjoyable program which had been presented, and said that he bore to them the good wishes of the Catholic University, which is always deeply interested in the work of collegiate instruction. He said that the inheritance of truth, which belonged to them, was the true leaven of life and it alone could dignity and ennoble the aims and purposes of scholarship which in commercial, as well as in professional life, will enable the young man of the twentieth century to do his full duty. Graduation from a college is a matter of more than ordinary interest. A college with right standards, with true instincts, is a tower of strength in a community. It means a home of learning, a training of character, a nursery of scholarship whence issue men fitted for the duties of life. This is an age of college men, and there are those who strongly believe that the leadership of the future in all walks of life will largely fall upon men who have been trained in college.

As Catholics, we should enter these ranks, and Catholic parents should not be slow to make the sacrifices by which their children may fit themselves



to take their place among active men and women who, having passed through the grades of collegiate instruction, are honored by the degrees which the college grants. College men should be leaders in thought, in action, in the development of the resources of the country, and in the betterment of the conditions of society. College education is not intended merely for the advantage of those who pass through college halls and are privileged to receive the college diploma. It bears with it a responsibility which, like the talents of old, should not be allowed to remain unproductive. Scholarship is diffusive, and it is given that mankind may be benefited by it. College men are few in the great mass of people, and hence they should fit themselves to worthily lead the people along the lines that tend toward the higher and better life, that happiness and prosperity may be increased. Men sometimes question the general utility of collegiate instruction and assert that for the business man it is time wasted.

We hold the contrary, for we believe that the college man ought to be the better fitted to intelligently undertake any enterprise. College education broadens a man's views, makes him familiar with the world of thought, brings him in contact with the minds of generations past, lays the foundations for scholarship, and allows him to acquire that knowledge which will enable him to solve the problems which confront society. It liberalizes his appreciation of the world in which he lives, and from the past teaches him to judge the present and forecast the future. It may be, and no doubt is true, that some men are not benefited by collegiate instruction; but the same is true in all forms of instruction, in all walks of life. It is true that education should be adapted to a man's needs and capacity, but the principle holds good that the broader one's knowledge is, the better and more intelligent should be his work in any field of activity. The college is a place where mind and body are disciplined by thorough method, that thus habits of serious thought and of correct life may influence character and benefit the individual and society. Not every man who passes through college and graduates is the college man to whom the world looks for leadership or benefit, but he who having been selected because of his aptitude for higher study, has thoroughly realized what the college is and has improved his opportunities, always earnest and ambitious to know what the college has to tell him, that he may be fitted for the place which his education marks out for him among his fellow men.

Education aims to develop character, to lead men to give the best in them to life and its duties. College trains the mind, the heart, the body, that all may combine in the building up of character and may stand the tests of life. The college man should give the best expression to character, which, after all, is the possession of the best of which our nature is capable. Character is in being, and not in having, in living in the world, and not in conquering worlds; in assimilating the true, the good and the beautiful, more than acquiring

knowledge of their history and meaning; in a word, in being good, more than in discoursing on goodness.

The educated man should be an example of strong, sturdy manliness which tells of a soul in all his acts, and a faith in God, which spiritualizes his entire life. In him should be the hope which argues immortality, and the will which finds its perfection in obedience to the eternal laws. Herein is to be found the Christian gentleman, whose life is a blessing to his fellowmen, because his character exemplifies his faith in God and his hope in immortality. College adds culture to his knowledge and aims to make him a model man, a good citizen, and a true scholar. Without religion, which alone can answer the questions of life, college instruction lacks the soul of true knowledge and cannot form the character which makes the Christian gentleman and the Christian scholar, who alone can save and preserve the ideals of true manhood. The college man needed in the new century and competent to do the best work in any field of endeavor is a man with a faith in God and in his fellow man, as well as with a knowledge of classic and scientific learning.

We hear much about the ethical idea, as if this were a discovery of modern civilization. No man will dispute the need of the ethical in the development of character; but the Christian must insist that the ethical be found in the Gospel of Christ and not in the vagaries of admirers of Eastern dreamings or the ill-defined theories of a Buddhist philosophy or the revamping of pagan sentences. Thank God, Christianity perfects the best which Buddhism advocates, and antedates much that passes for Buddhistic expression. We are not to be satisfied with the fragments of ethics which lie scattered here and there through the systems of the philosophy of the world. The shadows of the great truth are not sufficient. We demand the truth in its fulness, as it shines forth in Christ. We insist that Christianity alone meets all the demands of human life and forms the character which our civilization needs, and we seek for its expression in literature, in art and science, in philosophy and in life, for on it is built the only morality which leads to goodness.

Conscience is to character what the soul is to the body, what the sun is to the earth. Give to the exterior of character the greatest possible accomplishments, without conscience, and you have but Dead Sea fruit. No teacher but religion can inform, instruct and guide conscience. Human law reaches but to the surface, nothing penetrates to the conscience but the eternal law of God. To us religion means Christianity as taught by the Catholic Church, and character means Christian character, modeled upon Christ, Who is the ideal of manhood. All human society exists to help man obtain his destiny. Nations have their missions and are but instruments for man's happiness and God's glory. A common Father created all and a common Redeemer died for us. Equality, liberty, happiness are the birthright of the children of God and the sources of a nation's glory and an individual's progress. Other men may have

other views, but these are our views and we feel the duty to build our educational systems upon them as foundation stones. Christ is greater than Socrates or Aristotle; Christianity is more glorious than paganism, it is superior to the intellectual idolatry of a science without God. National prosperity is a vain bauble unless it be a stepping stone to a better manhood and a higher life. Christianity, the teacher of our conscience, is the moulder of our character.

A danger to character is found in the false values of life, the exaggerated ideas of material things, the increasing absence of the supernatural. This is expressed in the literature upon which fashion has set its cachet of approval. Literature expresses a people's thought, and literature is a most potent agent in the building of character. Much of modern literature is an agent of perversion. In it life is presented frequently either as animalism or naturalism. There is little of the spiritual and practically none of the supernatural, as the Christian understands it. Much of the fashionable literature has lost its taste for God and Christian virtue, and is immersed in the non-religious, the material or the sensual. It caters to depravity, picturing the vices of society in preference to its virtues, and bases its action upon the popular demands of the market. It makes false psychology play its part as a basis of character, and it has false philosophy to send error through all the stages of mental growth. The purely human is adored, and thus becomes the aim and purpose of what is falsely called perfection. Naturalism, realism, pessimism have been allowed to shape the literature that is read, and as a result it has neither soul nor a supernatural idea. Vice is made to appear as heroism and virtue as cowardice, the ability to break any or all the commandments is indicative of bravery, and the violation of obligations, parental, marital and filial is credited up to the frailty of human nature or the tendency of the age. Thus literature, which should be an aid to character building, leading to the true ideals of true manhood, becomes so often an ignoble follower of unrestrained passion, or a base panderer to the earthliness of materialism or the filth of vicious realism. It is not surprising that, as a result, divorce is ruining the home, indifference and irreligion are ruining faith, the gospel of despair is supplanting the virtue of Christian hope and character is ruined.

In the political world new standards are being established. Time was when nations as well as individuals felt the binding power of the Decalogue, and Christian principles dictated the laws of nations. Constitutions based upon those principles still remain written, but we have heard men, in high places, consign them to the archives, as not apt for the work of modern States. Business, commercialism, trade, mercantile development, extension of influence, empire, are now asserted as the determining influences of national action, and the inalienable rights of men have lost their meaning in the onward march of trade.



The source of our national life, as also the very nursery of character, is the family in the home. Influences are at work, that if not restrained, must end in the destruction of the family. The divorce evil is sapping the foundations of family life. Divorces threaten to keep pace with marriages. The love of man for wife and children, in some quarters, is fast becoming an ancient legend. False social ideas, desire for ease and enjoyment, the shirking of responsibility, are demanding a home without children, a marriage dependent upon the will of the parties to the continuance of the marital tie, a State paternalism over the family and positive religion out of date. The result must be detrimental to character and hostile to the true aims and purposes of society.

Humanity necessarily looks up to God for redemption and perfection. Divine love is the key to true progress, as it is the mould of true character. We need the Divine order, by which the relations between the human soul and God are properly adjusted. The sense of personal sin, the original lapse from innocence, and the helplessness of man unless aided by the Incarnation are the great facts in determining human life and character. We must seek for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit through grace, as the absolutely necessary, efficacious means of attaining to our destiny. Humanity is a glorious word, but its dignity and its honor shine resplendent from its union with God through Christ. Environment, heredity and the survival of the fittest may, as a witty woman has said, displace the terms, the world, the flesh and the devil, but without God they are cries of a tyranny which reduces man to the slavery of passion and renders him incapable of realizing high ideals.

The Goethe-Bund, of Germany, may assert that there is no morality in life. We prefer to believe morality underlies all life—that it guides the brush and the chisel of the sculptor, as well as the pen of the literateur, just as it gives soul to the word of the preacher and to the act of virtue. Morality springing from religion makes life worth living and illumines and beautifies all human action; it gives source to justice, offers freedom to the slave, sanctions contracts, adds sacredness to oaths, strengthens responsibility and glorifies our citizenship.

Fifty years ago it was said that general education would remedy all existing evils, and lessen if not abolish crime. In the world of science it was said, that science fully developed would be the panacea for all suffering. If we examine results, I am afraid that we will find neither promise fulfilled. Intellectual crime—if such a term may be used—has certainly increased. Refinement in crime is in evidence on all sides. Where is the fault? I feel satisfied that it must be placed to the credit of a one-sided education—the evil is in the divorce of education from positive religion. Withdraw religion with its precepts as an essential factor in education, and you have, as a result, mental refinement without balancing power of will and of heart properly

instructed. Religion in many systems of education has become a sort of elective study; it is optional—it forms no part of a prescribed course. As a result, the youthful mind comes to the conclusion that religion is not so important. If religion enters at all into such systems of instruction, it is largely as a Sunday garment, worn only on occasions, and necessary only at certain moments of life. No man who values social improvement along religious lines, can fail to be frightened at the results of our educational efforts: Bank defalcations, Senate briberies, postal frauds, stock gambling, divorce increase, stage indecencies, literary degeneracy—surely these are not the result of illiteracy—they are the crimes of educated people. The empty churches about which so much is written, the unchurched masses increasing so amazingly in our large centers, are the results of an education which has minimized religion as a teacher with a message of salvation and has practically banished it from the schools. Religion evidently has lost its hold on such people, and if we seek for reasons, we certainly will find one in the fact that religion has not been made the warp and woof of the instruction necessary to develop mind and heart in manhood. Gladstone once said, "The sense of sin has decayed." Immortality, judgment, responsibility, have lost their meaning. The spiritual is known only as a sort of charm or superstition. The key to the supernatural has been lost. Indeed, as Ruskin has said: "If you strip life of the ideal and the spiritual, you kill art and philosophy."

We have allowed Christ to be deposed from His place as a teacher of youth. We have allowed the non-Christian and the anti-Christian, and even the atheist to emasculate our public education. Those who have set up for themselves Christian schools, where the doctrines of Christ are made the doctrines of life, are held up to ridicule, as hostile to the best interests of the community. It still remains true, and it cannot be asserted too strongly, that we must reform our education if we would remove the evil at its source. Religion should never be forced to be an outcast from the hearts and the lives of the people. We no doubt differ as to what we mean by religion; but to my mind, and I feel satisfied to yours also, it means a positive code of doctrine and morals, having its source in Christ and its authority in Christianity, which is essentially a teacher. We can be satisfied with nothing else if we listen at all to the demands of a Christian conscience.

I am aware of the fact that this is an educational age, an age of general, free, education; and no one rejoices more than I do in general education, but I insist that the Christian parent should have a voice in determining its character. He is a citizen and a tax-payer and he has rights which even a modern State should respect. What is to be feared most is the tendency in education to make religion a simple sentiment, and not an informing force. You remember that Milton says, in speaking of education, that "a complete and general education is that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully and

magnanimously all the private and public offices of life," and he also says that education "should make a man hate the cowardice of doing wrong." You cannot do this except by the voice of religion, that teaches what is just and what is right.

Education is a much abused word, and in its name many crimes are committed against conscience and against God. Education, if it means anything, is development in line with man's destiny. It is the answer to the questions of life and eternity. It is the agency in character-building which lays hold of everything in revelation and nature, and, by its harmonious action on man, moulds and shapes and perfects the character which fits him for his place in life. Disorganize these different elements, set them up in antagonism one with the other, or overlook some that are essential, such as religion, and what is the character which results? A stunted, dwarfed, deformed, sightless, animalized being, all mind and no soul, intelligence with no heart, the fulness of a man is not in him.

The Catholic Church stands boldly against the absence of religion in any stage of instruction, and insists that the positive teachings of Christianity through the Church form the woof and warp of all instruction in home, in school, in college and in university. Men who have little or no faith in a positive Christianity may assert that the college of the future is to be a college without any form of religion. The Catholic Church refuses to add its voice to any such abdication of God's rights over mind and heart. It boldly asserts that the educated man, the college man, needed for the future, should be a Christian, whose mind thoroughly possesses the truth of God and whose heart beats in full unison with God's eternal laws; he should be a student of God and nature; knowing the revelation which comes from scientific investigation in the world which God has made; he should be a student who realizes that in God and nature one truth is found—the truth of God. He should know that physical science deals with nature or its phenomena or results, while religion deals with the author of nature, who is the one cause of all. Physical knowledge deals with the finite, religion with the infinite. The lines are parallel and will never cross or conflict except as man's confused ideas misconceive them. The better a man is versed in these relations, the better will be his ability to enter into any sphere of usefulness and do his full duty. Collegiate institutions aim to show these relations and prepare a man to enter into the field of scholarship which is the perfection of education.

Scholarship demands devotion to truth which is the object of all study and devotion to labor by which alone results can be obtained. You cannot loaf into scholarship, you must work into it. Scholarship requires a large and intellectual love for humanity, which it seeks to know and to better. Learning is light and warmth, and like both it is essentially diffusive and is given that it may benefit mankind. The scholar who sits and amasses knowl-



edge merely for his own satisfaction has not caught the spirit of knowledge. He should gather not only that he himself may enjoy, but also that others may enjoy with him. The mission of the scholar in our American life is a noble one. He lives among men who enjoy the privilege of a general education which stimulates in them the desire for greater knowledge and makes them capable of being benefited by the researches of scholarship. The scholar is an apostle of truth, strengthening in men's minds and hearts the knowledge and love of God, who in word and act has manifested Himself in revelation and in nature. The college man shares in no small degree in this apostolate and he should fit himself to fulfil his mission in the spirit of the education which he has received. The Catholic college man has a special responsibility to the age and country. Trained in the Christian life he should be a leaven for good in the world of thought and action. He represents not merely the human side of scholarship but also represents the supernatural. His scholarship is Christian and his guide is the Catholic Church, which has given to the world the inheritance of the civilization which it enjoys. No man is better prepared to enter into our active life and shape and mould its thought along the lines that lead to true progress. Grounded in the principles of sound philosophy, with a conscience trained in the knowledge of the eternal laws and a character formed to goodness by the morality of Christ, he should be the one whom men would respect because of the message of the truth which he bears to the individual and to the nation. Fearlessly he should proclaim that public and private morality spring from the same source, that the nation as well as the citizen has its obligations to God as well as its rights, that the ten commandments equally bind both, and that the State which violates the Divine law must expect punishment.

Men of late are preaching the gospel of public utility, the advancement of trade, the success of business, the enlargement of territory as the goals of a nation's ambition, the tests of national life. No matter what material prosperity may come to a people, it still remains true that the eternal law is the underlying principle of all law. It alone gives sanction to law and guarantee to confidence. Ignore it and the passions of the human heart are in control, fear of detection and punishment are the controlling influences, might prevails over right, popular promises are forgotten in the greed for gain or the avarice of mercantile success, human rights become a myth, free government a caprice, the autocracy of the dictator and the despot is in sight, anarchy is at hand. The Christian scholar, the man educated in the spirit of truth has the responsibility to preach the gospel of truth, to puncture the errors of materialistic theories and boldly lead the people along the lines of truth, which alone can save our liberties and preserve our manhood. He rules the people best who has first learned to obey God. The college training which does not

indoctrinate its graduates with these Christian principles fails in its duty to character and to scholarship.

Graduates, God has been good to you in the knowledge you have received in a Catholic college where religion and science have gone hand in hand to train your mind, will and heart in that character which marks you as Catholic, educated gentlemen, upon whom now falls the responsibility to be apostles of truth. You go forth into life prepared to enter into its activities and be a wholesome influence by virtue of your education. The professions open to you, business invites you, the Church and the State look to you. We need men who know life and its duties and are prepared to meet them. We need Christians who understand religion and are ready to comply with all its obligations. We need good citizens who realize that public and private morality are based upon the same ten commandments, and that what is morally wrong can never be politically right. We need honesty in public as well as in private life. The State demands our best service, and if educated men were always true to their ideals, the day of corruption and misrule would soon end and the people would have their own again. Stand for God's rights, as well as the people's rights. Stand for duty fearlessly and unceasingly, and success must come to you, no matter in what sphere of usefulness your lot may be cast. All men respect and fear a man of truth, a man of conscience, an honest man. Be true, then, to your education, and your conscience will bless you, your Church will be proud of you, and your State will honor you. We have a glorious Church and a noble republic. Give to both the service of a good character and your education will not be in vain. The future lives for the honor which will come to it from the Christian college gentlemen upon whom its highest honors have been bestowed. Be manly, upright and fearless. Stand always for the right and the true. Love virtue and a spotless name and be loyal to your religion and your country. My best wishes go with you as you step forth into life to do your duty as Catholic scholars and citizens, and may none of us ever be ashamed of any act of yours in private or public life.



## CORPUS CHRISTI.

On the 6th of June we celebrated the great and sublime feast of Corpus Christi. This day is no longer generally observed in America, but our "Alma Mater," true to the ancient traditions, solemnized this feast as it did never before.

On this day five of our younger brethren had the happiness of receiving, for the first time, the sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist. These youths also, after renewing their baptismal vows, took the solemn oath to abstain from all intoxicating drinks till their 21st year, and espoused the Blessed Virgin as their patroness and mother.

The ceremonies began with a Solemn High Mass, celebrated by Rev. P. Rumbach, assisted by Rev. H. J. McDermott as deacon, who also delivered a pleasing and instructing sermon, and Rev. L. Galette as subdeacon. After Mass the procession, with the Blessed Sacrament, was formed and marched in a solemn manner around the campus to the altar, which had been erected for the occasion. The altar was the most beautiful that has ever been erected on our campus—and that is saying much. The profusion of flowers and ferns, mixed with curtains and draperies, created a happy effect. The procession was headed with the crossbearer, accompanied by two acolytes. Then followed the various sodalities with their banners and the choir singing hymns. The reverend clergy, clothed in surplice, followed by the celebrant carrying the Blessed Sacrament, accompanied by the deacon and subdeacon, closed the procession. It was the longest Corpus Christi procession the college had ever witnessed. The day itself was dreary, but, as the procession left the chapel, the sun sent its brilliant lustre upon the pious worshippers. After the procession had again entered the Church the "Tantum Ergo" was intoned and the Blessing given, after which the communicants made their vows. The photograph of the altar which had been constructed on the campus is very beautiful, and will recall that happy day of 1901.

*G. H. Schoppel.*



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## ...EDITORIALS...

### The Past Year a Successful One.

The most successful year in the history of the Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost has come to a close. For the large number of students; for the excellent discipline that prevailed; for the genuine College spirit that was manifested; for the high standard maintained throughout the four terms in all branches and departments of studies; for the number and brilliancy of the entertainments that marked its course, it has been unexcelled. The members of the Faculty, as well as the students, were all blessed with perfect health, which speaks well for the College at a point of view that occasions no little worry to parents and teachers.

The graduates, fourteen in number, represented the best phases of the varied work accomplished by the College in all its departments.

Thus, in every respect, the College has lived up to the high standard

and the noble traditions of the past, verifying the trust reposed in it by both clergy and laity, as well as justifying the sentiments of confidence and pride with which the past students, who have gone forth from its walls into the busy world, look upon their *Alma Mater*, one of the leading Catholic Colleges of the country.

T. A. D.



## The College Curriculum.

Now is the anxious time for the solicitous parents that have made up their mind to send their boys to school. Unfortunately too much blind and implicit confidence is placed by unthinking parents either in the childish and inexperienced whims of the boys themselves, or in some of the intrinsic and merely superficial motives which are made to pass for the best interests of young men. It is a mistake for parents to expose the innocence and faith of their children for the phantom of an education, or for an acquaintance deemed useful in social life.

In a Catholic College the best interests of students are safeguarded and a good education is given. We know all this is true for our own College. We all know how our spiritual welfare is cared for during our College life. Then the various Departments and Courses show a complete system of College education. There is a Preparatory Course for young boys, as many parents, for various reasons, prefer to send children after their twelfth year to an Institution like ours. The Commercial Department, with its complete equipment of office work, supplemented by Shorthand and Typewriting, supplies a want in these two cities. We have an Academic Course of three or four years, corresponding to the High School Course, which is followed by a regular College Course of four years, leading to the degree of B. A., and B. Sc., and fitting young men for technical or university courses.

Thus we have Departments and Courses to meet the requirements of any young man, no matter what profession he wishes to embrace, no matter what career he intends to pursue. Hence we can understand the truth and force of what our Rev. President said at the Commencement: "That our College is a useful, and even a necessary work in these two cities, and that it supplies a need for our Catholic people especially."

P. O'C.



## Catholic Education.

At the Commencement Exercises, previous to the Proclamation of Honors in the Non-Graduating Classes, the Rev. President of the College, in a short address, made the following remarks which parents may with profit seriously reflect upon. "The atmosphere breathed in a Catholic college, intercourse with men of character and men doubly consecrated to God and

Mother Church, the influence of moral and religious training—all inspire Catholic youth to live up to a good standard of righteousness as Christian students and young gentlemen. Catholic parents are bound to give their children a Christian education—the very best their circumstances will permit. Pittsburg College supplies a need for Catholic youth, since a Catholic High School or a Catholic College is the only place to which Catholic boys can be sent with safety to their best interests. It is only in Catholic High Schools, Colleges and Universities that a complete education in the full sense of the term is given. Other institutions give instruction, but not education. They pay due attention to physical and intellectual training, but moral or religious training they neglect altogether. Man has a body, a mind and a soul; his training, therefore, should be physical, intellectual and religious. If one of these be neglected, no perfect man can be formed. Catholic institutions hold that the body must be developed, so as to acquire strength; the mind instructed, so as to acquire true wisdom; and the soul prepared, so as to possess charity, or love of God. Such an education fits men for any position in life; it makes them good members of society, models of grace and beauty, lords of wisdom and true knowledge, and fits them to become the friends of God, their Creator and last end.”

J. M.



## THE INHERITANCE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

(MR. W. J. McELGOTT.)

When we look with pride upon the progress, the science, the civilization of the present day—when we boast of the enlightenment, the advancement of our age, we forget too readily the heavy debt we owe to the centuries, and to the men, of the past.

At no period has progress been made by leaps and bounds; at no period has Nature deviated from the unwritten but well-defined law by which she does all things with order, measure, and degrees. Even the great discoveries that have immortalized a man, or an age, have all been steadily and surely wrought out of the very lap of Nature by the slow and progressive instrumentality of many operating causes.

Thus, from age to age, from generation to generation, legacies have been handed down in every department of human knowledge—legacies that, in their full and complex form, cannot be said to belong to any age or generation. For there is none of those we possess, however perfect or remarkable, that does not owe some remote element of its perfection to our predecessors, even of a ruder age.

Guided, therefore, and moderated by the sentiment of what we owe to the past, we cannot fail to derive substantial profit from the contemplation of the vast inheritance which we possess, and which we have received, as a



sacred trust, a valued deposit, from the human family, whose place and succession we occupy.

Comparisons are, in all things and spheres, a necessary means, a necessary standard, with which to estimate the value of any object. Privation, too, enhances, or rather, reestablishes, that correct estimate of the valuable possession which is otherwise overlooked.

It is when the strong man is brought down to a bed of sickness that he appreciates the enjoyment of the previous health which seemed to him so natural as to escape his acknowledgment. It is when the citizen of an enlightened country is brought side by side with the ignorant, the uneducated, or the savage, that he feels and acknowledges the benefit of education, the blessings of civilization.

It is, also, when we compare the science of to-day, or the methods of to-day, or the facilities of to-day, with the science, the methods and the facilities of preceding times, that we bless the causes that brought about what we know and what we now enjoy.

Yet, even in this comparison, there is much to be found that forces our admiration of the past and our condemnation of the present.

When we think of the ignorance in which our forefathers contemplated the very form of the earth, even when we go back to the crude maps of Columbus, and we think of the time it took to traverse the smallest of our ocean highways, we can better estimate the advances we have made within the last four hundred years. The extremities of the globe, brought into the contact of a few minutes' speaking distance by the telegraph—better still, the shores of the Atlantic and the Pacific knitted together and spanned by the frail human voice, through the telephone—the intimacies of friendship, the transactions of business, the carriage of the heaviest freight, all asking but a few short days to leap the bounds that separate the old world from the new—what happens in one minute, known within the hour, through all the vast expanse of the civilized world—electricity, the child of Nature's once most dreaded phenomenon, made captive by the genius of man, and carried along the feeble wire, where man wills, laughing, like the invisible fairy of olden legend, in its power over the ponderous things of earth.

“ Man rends the oak—and bids it ride,  
To guard the shores its beauty graced ;  
He smites the rock, upheaved in pride,  
See towers of strength and domes of taste.  
Earth's teeming canes their wealth reveal,  
Fire bears his banner on the wave,  
He bids the mortal poison heal,  
And leaps, triumphant, o'er the grave.

“ He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,  
Admiring beauty's lap to fill ;  
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,

And mocks his own creator's skill.  
With thoughts that swell his glowing soul  
He bids the ore illumine the page,  
And proudly scorning Time's control,  
Commerces with an unborn age.

"In fields of air he writes his name,  
And treads the chambers of the sky ;  
He reads the stars and grasps the flame  
That quivers round the throne on high.  
In war renown'd, in peace sublime,  
He moves in greatness and in grace ;  
His power subduing space and time,  
Sinks realm to realm, and race to race."

All these offspring of our latest genius are but the merest, commonest, inheritance of the twentieth century! Ordinary, and simple, and indispensable to us they have become, as our daily bread! But when placed alongside the things of yesterday, not to say of ten centuries ago, they become eloquent of growth, and significant of progress—they evidence the strides we have made in knowledge and power. Yet, with all these instruments, with all these talismans in our hands, rivaling the wondrous and magic wand of Aladin, we must bow before the genius, the labor, the brains of our predecessors.

What have we to show, to-day, that can surpass the combined works of an Augustine, though traced by the slow and wearisome styles upon the heavy leaves of the papyrus? What have we, in volume and numbers alone, not to speak of the intellect, the logic, the language, the grandeur and sublimity of thought, that can compare with the works of Thomas of Aquin, dictated to the humble monastic scribe, bent over his clumsy parchment?

And yet they had neither the art of printing nor the facilities of writing, nor the hundred thousand stores of implements and apparatus that await, like willing slaves, the every beck of genius, the every nod of science, the every mood of fancy and of thought. What can we point to, in our day, or even in the last few centuries, that can rival the grand old monuments of the middle ages?

Where are the spires of to-day that can challenge the slender towers of Cologne, or the pointed obelisks of the Nile? Where are the engineers of modern times, with all the machinery at their command, with all the combined experience of centuries past, that can equal the feats, the prodigies, of the men who built St. Peter's at Rome, or the Temple of Karnak, or the Pyramids of Egypt? Even Music can hardly claim to hold a more commanding eminence than the one she occupied in olden times, of which the poet said :

"Thy wonders, in that god-like age,  
Fill thy recording sister's page."

Alas, even for her does he exclaim :

“O, music sphere, undescended maid,  
 Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid !  
 Why, goddess, why to us denied,  
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?  
 Where is thy native, simple heart,  
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?  
 Arise, as in that elder time,  
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !  
 O bid our vain endeavor cease ;  
 Revive the just designs of Greece,  
 Return in all thy simple state !  
 Confirm the tales her sons relate.”

We are, therefore, but the heirs of the past—heirs of the ages :—

\* \* \* \* \*

“Heirs of all that they have wrought,  
 All their store of empires high,  
 All their wealth of precious thought !

“Heirs of all the good, and more  
 Bought by labor, art and drain,  
 All accumulated lore  
 Deep and high and wide domain !

“Heirs of all that they have earned  
 By their passion and their tears ;  
 Heirs of all that they have learned  
 Through the weary toiling years !”

And often, alas, may we sigh for the departed glories of the past, even in the midst of all the wealth and abundance and prodigality of the present ! especially when we think how the arts have suffered and decayed through the pride and neglect and boasting of a swollen and self-glorifying science. It was once the glory of the arts to serve the true and the good, by expressing the beautiful. It was only when thus guarded and inspired that they rose to the heights of the sublime. No wonder the poet of old could sing :

“Earth's thousand tribes of living things,  
 At Art's command, to man are given ;  
 The village groves, the city springs,  
 And point their spires of faith to heaven.”

— It was then that man was really greater in Shakespeare, Dante, M. Angelo and Galileo, than he is to-day with the science and mechanical wonders of our age, because *now*, like the spoiled and proud spendthrift, ungrateful heir to paternal wealth, he has ignored, in his pride, the Author of all art and science ; he has fallen into the “reprobate sense ;”



he has fallen from the high estate of truth into the narrow and debasing depths of every error ! while, before, he knew that,—

“ Beyond the grave his course sublime,  
Destined through nobler paths to run  
In his career, the end of time  
Is but eternity begun.”

And when he asks himself :

“ What guided him in high pursuit,  
Opened, illumined, cheered his way,  
Discerned the immortal from the brute,  
God’s image from the mould of clay ?

He could answer, with the faith of his Christian predecessors, of whom he felt himself the heir :

“ Heir of all the faith sublime,  
On whose wings they soared to heaven ;”

he could say in the Christian sense,

“ ’Tis knowledge ; knowledge to the soul  
Is power, and liberty, and peace,  
And while celestial ages roll,  
The joys of knowledge shall increase.”

Let us not, therefore, be vainly carried away by the barren contemplation of our vast inheritance in Arts and Science. Let us not waste time and energy in the empty prophecies of what the future will bring forth. Rather, in the words of life’s gentle Psalmist :

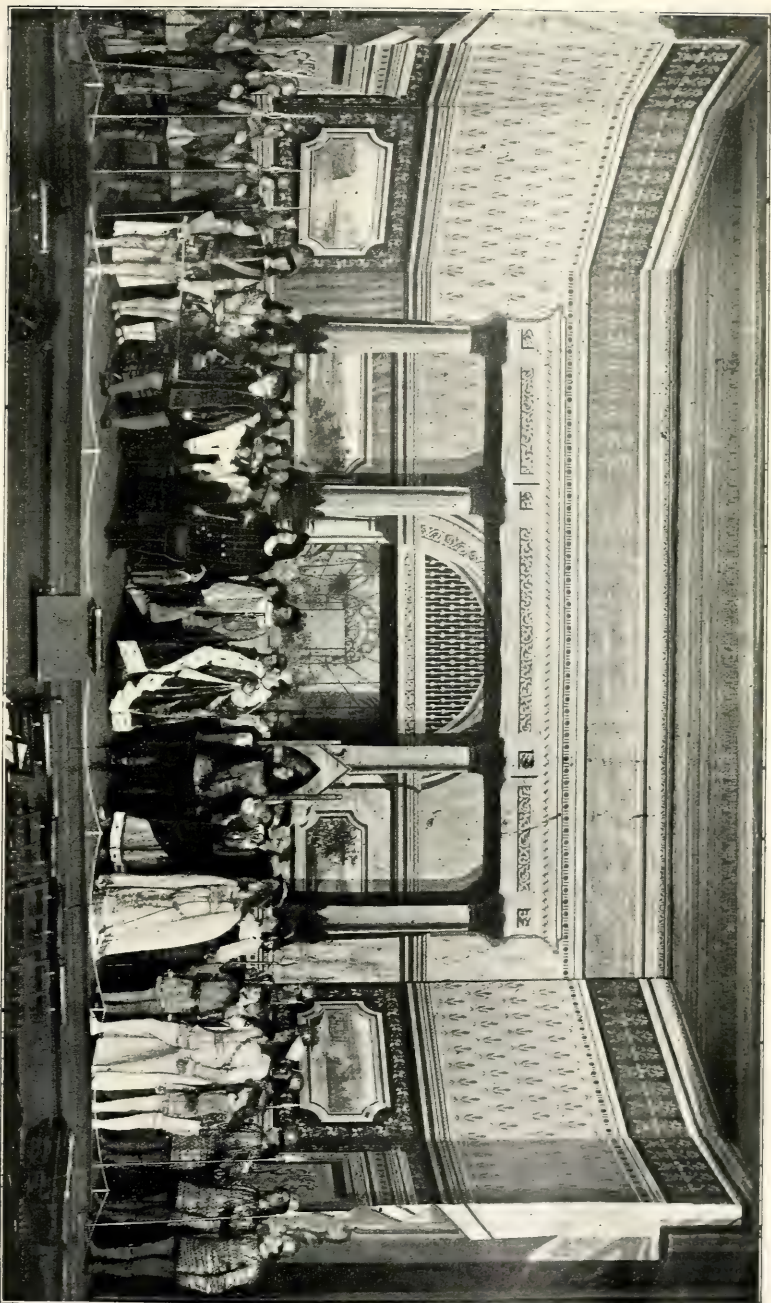
“ Trust no future, howe’er pleasant !  
Let the dead past bury its dead.  
Act—act in the living present,  
Heart within, and God o’er head.”

Let our motto be the hymn of perseverance :

“ Begin while life is bright and young,  
Work out each noble plan ;  
True knowledge lends a charm to youth  
And dignifies the man.

“ Then upward, onward, step by step,  
With perseverance rise ;  
And emulate, with hearts of hope,  
The good, the great, the wise.”





College Students in Louis XI.—May 9, 1901.



## THE COMMERCIAL SPIRIT AND TENDENCIES OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

(MR. GEORGE H. A. ROEHRIG.)

In counting up the achievements of our country within the age that is now past, and in calculating the sum total of what we have done within the last one hundred years—or rather, when we try to characterize the nineteenth century in the United States, we are apt to say: "It was an age of commercialism," at least towards its close, which we all of us have witnessed.

Is this a charge which it is necessary to repel? Is this a charge which brings a blot upon the age? or a sense of shame upon the country?

It is true that the nineteenth century was marked by an advance in commerce, unequalled by any period in the existence of the world. But great, and rapid, and potent as it was, the little we have seen of the twentieth century would seem already to make us anticipate something far more wonderful still, for it has shown such a fierce, swift, devouring growth in commercial life that it takes our breath away to think of it. It bids fair to be so wide, and yet so united, so compact, so concentrated, as, while belting the globe in one vast network of commerce, to make the slightest jar in any one spot send a thrill through the whole.

This is what makes its magnitude so much to be dreaded. This is what raises up, in the very midst of prosperity, the prophets of calamity. And thus has come about the charge, with blame implied, of the "sordid spirit of the age"—the neglect of art—the "spurning of higher things," the "low, base tendencies of this age, and especially of this country, to commercialism!" Then the threats, or promises, or anticipations of evils untold—of ruin, like that of the old republics of Venice and Rome, or the still older ones of Tyre, and Sidon, and Phenicia—that fell, when the spirit of commercialism reached the zenith of its influence and its power.

But while allowing that this great country of ours has been, above all the other nations of the world, during the past century, the most prosperous, the most remarkable for its vast commercial expansion, its wonderful business enterprise, there is no need to be alarmed—there is no need of pessimists to come and prophesy the approach of impending ruin. On the contrary, we should but see therein the more certain harbinger, and the more proximate realization, of the ends for which this Government was originally established, to secure such inalienable rights as "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

One hundred years form but a short time in the history of a great nation. It is scarcely a step in the formation of a great race. And so the one hundred years that have now passed over this country's face, since stable government began to drag her from the fearful strife which gave her birth, and gave her the security, the breathing space she needed, to start upon her

providential career—those one hundred years could scarcely be made the test of what she is destined to be.

And yet, it has been for her a wonderful century, in its figure, that, in every line of life and activity, express the vast extent of her progress! And are we to be branded with reproach because commerce has been put upon the seat of honor? because business enterprise has thrown into the shade the cultivation of the arts? Is it to be wondered at that we have not yet reached to the level of Ancient Art, as in Rome or Greece, or of modern science, literature and taste, as amid the nations of continental Europe? Is it surprising, to the one who has impartially studied our history, and our struggles, the building up of our people, the expansion of our country—is it surprising that so many of our young men have rushed into the pursuits of commerce, have been whirled by the force of circumstances into the vortex of a business career? It was for yesterday, and it is for to-day, the question, “To live, or not to live!” It is the question of life for 80,000,000 of human beings, where there were scarcely the one-twentieth part of that multitude one hundred years ago!

The literature we have created is small and scanty, if you wish. The Arts we have fostered, the monuments we have raised, the sciences we have patronized, are not, perhaps, expressive of the genius of other times, and other places, and other peoples! We have given to the world no Homer nor Shakespeare in literature; no Phidias nor Angelo in sculpture; no Raphael, Titian, nor Reubens in painting.

But the geniuses, the men, the instruments were not wanting. They were busy at other things. They were hidden and concealed and tied down in other works, in other spheres, where their innate talent found vent in another form.

There was all the energy, the intelligence, the reasoning power, the sentiment the passion, the daring, the perseverance, that make up the essence of genius! But they have found their expression, not in Epics, nor in Dramas, nor in the masterpieces of art,—but in the commerce, the manufactures, the inventions, the industries that have made this country, in the opening year of the century, the wonder of the civilized world!

See all the mighty effort of mind and body thrown out, in our midst, over the broad field of labor alone! Not the mere brute force of man, the animal! but the higher force of the spiritual, reasoning, observant, inventive man, grappling directly with all the hidden forces of Nature!

And thus we may recognize and acknowledge that the tendency of our age, of our opening century, is one of commercialism. But we must not for that cry out “*failure* or impending *ruin*!”

What we must do, and do it we can, is to keep forever before our minds that all this is but a means, not the only end,—that success is not the only, or greatest, test of a man’s career of usefulness—that the accumulation of

wealth is not the real purpose, nor the only end of man in this life, even in a business career !

The great foundation of real and ultimate progress must rest upon solid, good principles. And if a business man provide not for the intellectual and moral enjoyment of his higher nature, in mature age, his life, his career has been a failure !

All this is the great purpose of true education, even where a commercial training is a leading factor. When this is realized by the great mass of our people, and when the commercial fever shall have exhausted itself ; when the commercial spirit shall have had its day ; then we shall have the time, and the means, and the opportunities to foster the arts, to create the literature, to build up the monuments—to attain, in that highest, noblest sense, as it was, no doubt, intended by the writer of that immortal Declaration of Independence—to attain, to secure “the inalienable rights of Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness.”



## THE YOUNG MAN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

(MR. J. A. RILEY.)

Since the last we met on this arena of the Intellect, where candidates for Academic honors are crowned and applauded, like the Greeks of old in the Olympic Stadium, we have been ushered into a new century. It is still young in its achievements, nor has it yet, to all appearances, given to the world much wondrous result that could distinguish it from its predecessors. No special characteristic, so far, has set its seal upon this infant giant of the ages. All we can, at present, bestow upon it is made up of promises and surmise, of prophecy and of hope. But of all that it carries within its bosom—of all the factors and elements that make up the basis of its strength and the foundation of its future greatness—there is none more important, none more valuable, than the character of the youth which it is taking hold of to make the “man of the 20th Century.” After all; it is not the vague, dead cycle of years that makes what we call the Century! It is not the piles of stones or of granite that make up the great city; it is not mere material numbers that make the great nation or people. But it is the thought, the action, the character, the temper, the achievement of the human element along the course of time, that have made, or marred, the greatness of any particular age.

“The child is father to the man” said the Poet, reflecting in this simple phrase, the wisdom, the philosophy, the truth of antiquity. Hence, we have an excellent means of ascertaining, or as least of anticipating, the character of the coming, or better still, the present, century, by looking at the human element—as yet unformed and unfashioned—which is being transferred to the new age, to make its material, to constitute its essence. Give me the young men who are stepping forth into the field of active life, from off the threshold



of this new century, and I ought to be able to describe the century's hopes—I ought to be able to measure the century's prospects. I may not be able to prophesy the limits or the extent of its progress, along particular lines. For, leaving aside the disposition of Providence, accident and opportunity may multiply resources, and may stimulate invention. But what is true of the man, in the case of a single individual—what is true of the ripened and matured people is, likewise, true of the full-grown century; tell me how the child is and I will let you know, in general, what you may expect the man to be—tell me how the rising generation, in a State, are growing into manhood, and I will assure you what you may expect that people to become as a body—as a nation.

When, therefore, we look around us, either in the world at large, or in the more immediate surroundings of our own country, we are naturally impelled to make the starting point of our inquiry be the all-important question: How is the youth of the day brought up? How is he educated? It is not merely, and exclusively, the question: how is he mentally drilled? how is he taught to read and write, or even to reason? how is he made familiar with the sciences, and the arts, with history and philosophy?—how soon, and how abundantly, is his mental storehouse filled with the accumulated treasures of learning? But the larger, more serious, more important question arises: How is he being trained to become “the perfect man?” How is he being drilled, if you wish, to make the most of all his faculties, and, building upon the native energy of his whole character, to put to future profit the net income and resources which he has reaped from the combined labor and development of the past. At every period, the young man is the great hope and backbone of the country. He is, in truth, the Nation's standby. In every crisis through which a nation passes, it is upon its youth that it must fall back. Such was the case with Napoleon, a hundred years ago, when, out of the youthful conscripts, he made the soldiers of the French Empire. Such was the necessity which confronted the Union at the opening of the Civil War; and, because the North excelled in its youth, we are now enjoying the hundred-fold blessings of an unconquerable unity. When we looked around us, so recently, on Decoration Day, and beheld in every city of the land the thousands of grey-haired, yet sturdy, veterans, upon whose heads have fallen the snows of forty winters, since that dreadful crisis, we thought of the time when those beardless boys and bright young heroes stepped forth, with elastic step, from beneath their paternal roof—and we could realize how important, how vital, it was to have in them a bulwark, to which we could revert in the hour of danger. And the loyal American's heart dilated with joy when he beheld, determined to give up their lives for the maintainance of the Union, such an inspiring array of heroic, noble young men penetrated with the deep sense of the gratitude and loyalty they owed their native land and manifesting that spirit of patriotism which they inherited from their fathers, by coming to the relief of their country at a

period when the integrity of this Republic was imperiled and its immediate dissolution seemed imminent.

The twentieth century demands young men with brains and character—men who are educated in every sense of the word ; not those whose education is so superficial and shallow that we can readily perceive in them a verification of what the poet tells us :

“ A little learning is a dangerous thing ; ”

but young men who are educated both in mind and heart, who are conspicuous among their fellow men for practical judgment, habits of industry, cultivated tastes and solid virtues.

But now the question arises : Where are we to look for educational systems capable of producing such desirable young men ? Is it in those institutions, only too prevalent in our days, which are characterized by moral deformities and an almost heathenish code of ethics and which can at most make a hollow profession of Christianity ? No, the system which truly educates, is the system which, in the words of our honored and distinguished guest of to-night—the Right Rev. Dr. Conaty,—speaking some years ago, upon this very platform—“ builds in youth the strongest faith in God and in his fellow-man—the system which broadens and strengthens, while it uplifts the man—the system that harmonizes the supernatural with the natural—the system that creates for the youth that necessary atmosphere of religion in which he must breathe to live, and in which he is taught the duty and responsibility of life.” It is in such an atmosphere that young men receive an education worthy of the name ; and that they are instructed, not in view of lucrative advantage only, but, principally and chiefly, to become that higher type of noble manhood that sheds so much lustre around it, and that no man can behold without a sentiment of admiration. It is there we must look for the true, solid, successful young man of the twentieth century !

When we glance over the nineteenth century, and pass in review the vast number of young men that have suffered shipwreck upon the broad ocean of life, we cannot help being penetrated with the conviction that if this present century is destined to witness fewer of these lamentable failures than did its predecessor, the moral and religious traits of the twentieth century young man must form his predominating characteristics. Perhaps at no previous time were the opportunities so numerous, nor was the necessity so great, for young men endowed with these qualifications, as is the case now at the opening of this new cycle. Yes, the twentieth century clamors for upright, honest, talented, high-minded young men, God-fearing, religious young men, endowed with the sound principles of morality and ever ready to extend a succouring hand to their less fortunate and down-trodden fellow man—young men who are good citizens and loyal patriots, because they are true men, and devoted sons—loyal to their country, because they are loyal to

their home, devoted to their families, true to themselves. For, as the poet says:

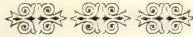
"Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,  
His first best country ever is at home."

—*Goldsmith.*

"This above all (says Shakespeare): To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Thus equipped, and thus inspired, the young man of the twentieth century will leave his mark upon the age—will go forth, in his sphere, narrow or enlarged, humble or elevated, to greater conquests in every department of human progress, inscribing upon his banner, this noble motto:

"Be just and fear not: let all the ends thou aim'st at be  
thy country's, thy God's and truth's."—*Shakespeare.*



## VALEDICTORY.

(MR. P. A. GILLESPIE.)

It is only when we approach the term of a possession which we are about to lose that we sometimes acquire a truer and deeper insight into its unsuspected value; and the sadness entailed by the consciousness of loss is not dispelled by the anticipation of novelty and its gains.

But when that possession is the embodiment of happiest years and the fruition of life's springtime—and when it is one that can never be recovered, to be enjoyed again—the consciousness of loss with its corresponding sadness, is more keenly felt, and more surely brought home to the sensitive heart.

That this is our situation to-night, beloved friends, we need hardly assure you—for, spite of all the joy that completion of a long and specified work may bring, spite of all the joy that academic honors have occasioned, we cannot conceal the expression of our grief that the bonds, which made us and our Alma Mater an intertwining whole, are this moment severing their tender strands. We cannot but feel that they are leaving us alone to gather a newer life, as does the infant born, when first it breathes the outward air.

Yes, such is our situation from to-night. Unlike the infant, however, which still experiences the actual, cherishing care of the mother, who has carried it to the open gates of life, and there deposits it to watch it while it grows, we are sent forth with only the remembrance of what our mother has done for us, and has given us!

Still further unlike the infant, whose ungrown feelings have not yet learned what sorrow is, or can be—the sorrow of parting from her who gave it birth—we feel, in all its weight and gloom, this parting. We feel it even



despite the fact that it is the very goal for which we so long have striven, and to which we have so long looked forward.

Thus it is that, to-night, we take the honors given us, with a sensible unwillingness; for by them are we saddened as no other honor can sadden, and no other joy is to ours akin, except, perhaps, the mingled joy and sorrow of the maiden who quits the home of her childhood to enter upon a broader field, a heavier work, a new and unknown sphere.

I have mentioned her—the Alma Mater, the Mother that has given us the birth of manhood's true life! What then, can I say to her? What can the tongue bring up out of those depths which no words can ever fathom—those depths of affection, yea, of love—those depths that long dear memories have filled—filled utterly with gratitude, never realized at all until its mighty fulness burst with one swift-lightning flash upon these ever lessening hours that still remain! Also, their circle have narrower and ever narrower grown, until but one, this little one, is left of all the past! Oh! can we realize it so? One little hour is all that's left to us—to me and thee, Dear Alma Mater; for, in an hour, the child goes forth into the world, away from thee *forever!*

O Mother let me sieze upon this hour to thank thee, in the name and place of all thy parting children, even though the fulness of my heart chokes back my thoughts, and makes the few, hard sounds that, spite of me, escape; but wild and incoherent words!

We came to her, comrades, but as boys; and, boys-like, we did not think her grim, old walls would, someday, cause the pain we feel in leaving them forever. Ah! what a work was hers! what a work, to take the boy and form, and fashion him unto a mold of temperance, and justice, and honesty and truth! What a work it was, involving all the prudence of a mother's care and love, to rear and build up the structure of a man! What more can a mother do than this! to awaken a love for truth, to give to the yearning, growing mind a sense of duty and to open the soul's young eyes to the last great purpose and end of life!

What more can a mother leave to us than her thought, her maxims, her principles? What more can she do than teach her child to love and cherish the good for the good's own sake, to be virtuous in action, out of the virtue in the heart! And she, our Alma Mater, she has done, or tried to do, these things—and our lives yet to come are to prove the efficacy of her work, and our worthiness of her trial!

Then let us—the children, the fruits of 1901—stand forth as the monuments of a Mother's love—not as the ephemeral bower of a day, or a week, to be blown away by every wind of trial or distress! But let us feel that, though we leave her to-night, we take with us a rich legacy—a faithful talisman—a staunch companion, which no misery, nor any misfortunes, nor any vicissitude of life can depress—no tyranny enslave, no enemy alienate, no sin destroy! And this companion, this talisman, our friend in solitude, our solace in suffering, our potent sentry—word abroad, is the motto that has

been emblazoned, not upon our books, nor upon our hats, nor on our College breast-pin, but written deep upon our conduct and our hearts, until it has grown to be our second nature—"Aim for the good, the true, the beautiful; with knowledge as the sword, and religion, the buckler!"

This is the spirit that has been breathed, like a second soul, within us. This is the spirit that will guide us and accompany us, the spirit that will never die!

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,  
That stirs our hearts in youth,  
The impulse to a wordless prayer,  
The dreams of love and truth,  
The longings after something lost,  
The spirit's yearning cry,  
The strivings after better hopes—  
Those things can never die.

And you, Dear Comrades, you who still remain behind, who have not yet completed the allotted way—may you hold before your eyes, as a beacon light, the thought of these same things that cannot die, of that same spirit that has begun to stir your youthful hearts.

To you we bequeath it as a legacy—upon you we throw the mantle of responsibility to uphold the strong traditions of the past, to uphold the honor and the name of our Alma Mater.

Although, beloved friends—you, venerable Father, who have honored and blessed us with your presence—you, the guide of our academical course—you the friends and parents who have waited for this day with patient sacrifice—and you the "partners of our toil," the companions of our route, to you we must at length avow the truth of what the Poet sang:

"The glistening tear-drops in the eye  
Must say what trembling lips deny."  
The heart feels more than tongue can tell—  
Even bravest heart may swell  
In the moment of farewell!"

But before we go, we wish, beneath the inspiration of your united presence, to pledge ourselves, again, to live henceforth the life that will do honor to you, to our Alma Mater and to ourselves:

"We live for those who love us,  
For those we know are true;  
For the heaven that smiles above us,  
And awaits our spirits, too;

For all human ties that bind us,  
For the task our God assigned us,  
For the bright hopes left behind us  
And the good that we can do;

For the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the cause that needs assistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that we can do!"

## HEROISM OF A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

The College recently was within a very little of losing one of its most prominent men. The 24th of June has taken its place on the calendar of wrecks and amongst the red-letter days of Father A. D. Gavin's life. When he awoke in the Mercy Hospital on the morning of the 25th Father Gavin's modesty was rather shocked to find himself enrolled on the list of heroes. We who know him are not surprised—he was only following on that occasion the bent of his generous, God-loving, soul-loving nature, which would carry him, if duty called, "into the jaws of death, into the mouth of Hell." It will not be out of place to reproduce here what the Pittsburg "Post" said about Father Gavin's conduct after the wreck:

The wreck was characterized by an incident of a character which always attracts notice, although such incidents are of common occurrence. On the wrecked train was a priest of the Roman Catholic church. He was painfully injured, but he gave no thought to his own pain until he had sought among his fellow sufferers those of his faith and given them the offices of their religion. This hero was Rev. Father A. D. Gavin, professor of English and assistant disciplinarian at the Holy Ghost college in this city.

Father Gavin is a native of Ireland, a handsome man of large stature and youthful, being only 28 years of age. He was educated at the college where he is now professor, completing his studies in Paris. His family reside in Cleveland. Yesterday afternoon, he left the college to go to Cleveland to attend the wedding of a cousin, a young woman. He took the fated express and in a little while fell asleep.

The next thing he remembered was being awakened by a frightful shock and finding himself in a corner of the car, where he had been hurled by its force. He soon realized that the car had been telescoped, but he managed to make his way to the door and escape from it. Once outside, he quickly grasped the extent of the damage that had been done. He saw cars piled up all around and apparently scores of his fellow-creatures pinioned within them or having just been brought out lying upon the ground and seemingly in the throes of dissolution.

Cries and prayers were going up and the effect of these upon the listening ears of the tender-hearted priest was heart-rending. Father Gavin felt a sickening pain in his side. He had been injured there in the shock which hurled him from end to end of the car he had occupied. He put his hand to his head, where there was pain also, and found that he was bleeding profusely from a deep scalp wound. He saw physicians around him attending upon the wants of the injured as they were brought from the wreck by rescuers or as they crawled out by their own unaided efforts.

He might have gone to one of those doctors and his priestly garments would have secured him help in advance of others. But he did not do that. He went instead to a group of injured. Most of them were worse scared than hurt, but they did not know that. Neither did Father Gavin. There were probably dying men or women among them, and if there were and they were Catholics, there more than anywhere else the services of a priest were needed. He inquired of those wounded if there were Catholics among them. In this way he made the rounds of all the injured who were out of the wrecked cars and then waited for others to be brought out. He found a number of Catholics who desired him to give them absolution and he did so.

When he had completed this labor, so far as all the victims of the wreck were concerned, he allowed his own injuries to be dressed. It is not known that any







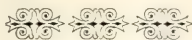
Bryson Pgh.

The Business Hall, Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost.

one to whom Father Gavin gave absolution is likely to die, but without doubt his kindly offices gave comfort to many a sorely distressed soul.

Upon his arrival in the city with the other injured last evening, he was taken at once to the Mercy hospital, where his hurts were again dressed and his condition was pronounced not critical. Father

McDermott and others of the priests of the college called at the hospital during the evening to inquire as to his condition, as did also some of the students. A few of them were admitted to see him and found him bright and cheerful. Father Gavin estimated that about 30 persons had been injured in the wreck.



## PITTSBURG COLLEGE FIELD DAY.

(Pittsburg Post, June 16.)

The students of Pittsburg College held their field meet yesterday afternoon. Despite the fact that the weather was most threatening, the grand stand was filled with ladies and gentlemen attracted by this interesting annual event, during which they have an opportunity of seeing some high-class exhibitions of athletics, and of hearing a choice selection of music from the popular Eighteenth Regiment Band. The races were many and closely contested, O'Connor, McLane and Mayer carrying off the chief honors, the first mentioned covering the 100-yard dash with apparent ease in 10 1-5 seconds. The high jump took quite a while to decide, first place being eventually secured by Murphy, though he could not do himself full justice, owing to the slippery condition of the grounds. The rain then came down so heavily that it became necessary to postpone the pole vault and the relay race, both of which events were pulled off on Monday afternoon.

Throwing baseball—Gapen won, McLane second, Davin third. Distance, 110 yards. Prize, catcher's mit.

100-yard dash—Minims—Schmitz won, Dullard second, M. Ennis third. Time, 15 seconds. Prizes, gold links set with diamonds, sweater, prayer book.

Juniors—Hartigan won, Neilan second, Keeney third. Time 11 3-5 seconds. Prizes, dress suit case, alligator satchel, silver loving cup.

Seniors—O'Connor won, McLane second, O'Hare third. Time, 10 1-5 seconds. Prizes, President's cup, silk umbrella, silver-mounted cane.

Hop, step and jump—Minims—Dullard won, Ennis second, Vislet third. Distance, 30 feet 7 inches. Prizes, sweater, silk umbrella.

Juniors—Neilan won, Dunn second, Keeney third. Distance, 34 feet 6 inches. Prize, silk umbrella.

Seniors—O'Connor won, McLane second, Fandraj third. Distance, 41 feet 9 inches. Prizes, silver biscuit tray, tobacco holder.

Hurdle race—Minims—Schmitz won, M. Ennis second. Time, 20 seconds. Prize, ebony cloth brush.

Juniors—Corbett won, Neilan second, Keeney third. Time, 14 seconds. Prize, violin.

Seniors—Mayer won, Sackville second. Time, 15 seconds. Prize, silver ice pitcher, bicycle shoes.

Broad jump—Juniors—Dullard won, Lauinger second, M. Ennis third. Distance, 14 feet. Prize, fancy thermometer.



Seniors—O'Connor won, McLane second, Mayer third. Distance, 20 feet 11 inches. Prizes, punching bag, silver cigarette case.

220-yard run—Minims—Schmitz won, M. Ennis second, Lauinger third. Time, 25 seconds. Prizes, bicycle shoes, silk umbrella.

Juniors—Corbett won, Neilan second, McHale third. Time, 23 seconds. Prizes, ebony military brush, fielder's glove.

Seniors—McLane won, O'Connor second, Davin third. Time, 18 seconds. Prizes, violin, sweater.

High jump—Murphy won, Sackville

second, O'Connor third. Height 5 feet 4 inches. Prizes, jersey, silver match box.

440-yard run—Minims—M. Ennis won, O'Hara second. Prizes, satchel, Yankee watch.

Juniors—Neilan won, Corbett second, Keeney third. Prize, mother-of-pearl knife.

Seniors—Eschman won, O'Hare second, Costello third. Prizes, bedouin, cigar case.

Pole vault—Murphy won, McLane second. Prize, gold links.

Relay race—Commercial *vs.* Classical—Commercial won. Prize, diamond stick pin.



## ATHLETICS.

### 'VARSITY TEAM.

Pittsburg College *vs.* St. Vincent College,

At Beatty, June 12.

On Wednesday afternoon, June 12, the College team went up to St. Vincent's and defeated the team of that institution by the score of 4 to 2. The game was very interesting and exciting from the start, as the score clearly shows.

Both McLane, of the College, and Wireback, of St. Vincent's, being in great form, did some fine twirling, each pitcher having to his credit five strike-outs. McLane, however, had a shade the better of it, and also had the better support.

As Crawford, the College catcher, was unable to go along, Gapen went behind the bat and astonished everyone by the manner in which he caught his first game of the season.

The total hits made in the game were: College, 4; St. Vincent, 2.

Laux, Keating and Huckestein did the star fielding for the College, while Peterman and Wireback did well for St. Vincent's.

The final score was: Pittsburg College, 4; St. Vincent, 2.

College Present *vs.* College Past,

June 15.

The Present Pittsburg College team crossed bats with a picked team of Past Students on Saturday, June 15. Notwithstanding the rain that fell continuously, the game was interesting, and it resulted in a victory for the Pres-

ent team. Gapen, for the college, struck out 11 men in five innings, whilst Joyce, who did the twirling for the Past Students, showed that he still had a variety of curves and speed to baffle the best of batsmen.

The final score was: Pittsburg College Present, 5; Past, 3.

### Pittsburg College *vs.* St. Vincent's College.

Says the "Dispatch," June 20:

When the different colleges and other institutions of learning are contesting on the athletic field next spring a new foe may be among them. The Pittsburg College will likely have track and field teams, and will be among the contestants for college honors. Athletes of ability who are capable of doing creditable performances with the proper coaching are in the college, and if this branch receives attention the students on the Bluff will be able to perform satisfactorily with the other colleges around here.

The college is equipped with a good athletic field and other facilities for training, and in a financial way the school looks after it, thus relieving the students of much worry.

The Pittsburg College ball team was defeated by St. Vincent College yesterday on the Bluff by a score of 9 to 6. Gapen of Pittsburg college was easy for St. Vincent, and was taken off the rubber in the fourth inning after six runs and seven hits had been made off his delivery. McLane was substituted for him, and did

better. The game was witnessed by the largest crowd that has been on the college grounds this season. The Westmorelanders brought a crowd of rooters, and, they, with the local college partisans, kept up an incessant noise throughout the game. A parade with all the Pittsburg College students, headed by a martial band, marched around the campus playing "A Hot Time in the Old Town," to which the students joined in by singing. College yells and songs were frequent throughout the game.

St. Vincent took the lead in the second inning and kept it. In the third inning, with Casey on first, Caven knocked the ball over the right field fence for a home run. In the ninth the local collegians started out as if they might score. After Dunn had gone out on a fly to Casey, Laux sent a liner to short, which was muffed. Gapen followed with a double to middle, Laux scoring. With Gapen on third the spectators crowded in near the base lines and tried to get Wireback in the air. Crawford was retired on a foul fly and McLane struck out, ending the game.

### THE RESERVES.

#### P. C. Reserves *vs.* Lyceum Reserves.

The Pittsburg College Reserves whitewashed the Lyceum Reserves, May 30, on the College grounds. The final score was 5 to 0. Both teams did well, but the Lyceum players could not connect with Smith's curves at opportune times, while the College boys' hits counted for runs. In the fielding the College team played better ball than their opponents, having only two errors to Lyceums' six. The playing of O'Hare, Smith and Whalen for the Collegians, and that of Deasy, Spindell and Hohenstatt for the Lyceums were features.

P. C. Reserves vs. Sewickley Y. M. C. A.,

June 12.

The College Reserves, by defeating the Sewickley Y. M. C. A. second team on the College grounds June 12, added another victory to their list. The game from beginning was snappy and well played by both teams.

The Reserves put up the better game at the bat, having twelve hits to the opposing team's 6.

The pitching of Smith and the batting of Relihan and Gaynor for the Reserves, and the batting of Smith and Wilson for Sewickley, were the features of the game.

The final score was: College Reserves, 8; Y. M. C. A., 6.

P. C. Reserves vs. Braddock H. S.

On June 13 Braddock High School visited the College for the second time this season, but only to meet a second defeat. They were never in the race, though costly errors gave them many runs. The final score was: P. C. R., 19; B. H. S., 11. Wiegel allowed the visitors only four hits. This was the last game of the Reserves of 1901. Their record for the season is as follows:

May 4, P. C. R., 22, Braddock H. S., 15; May 18, P. C. R., 8, Allegheny H. S., 8; May 30, P. C. R., 5, Lyceum Reserves, 0; June 1, P. C. R., 2, McKeesport H. S., 3 (5 innings); June 6, P. C. R., 15, McKeesport H. S., 9; June 8, P. C. R., 16, C. C. A. A., 14; June 12, P. C. R., 8, Sewickley Y. M. C. A., 6; June 13, P. C. R., 19, Braddock H. C., 11.

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THINGS OBSERVED FROM THE GRAND STAND AND THE PLAYERS' BENCH.

Wm. Ryan, desirous of lowering the colors of the 'Varsity team, organized an all-professional, *alias*, *has-been* team, composed of Messrs. Stackable, Fisher, Campbell, McLaughlin, Schoppal, McElligott, Ryan, Rahe and McCann. The manager himself was on the rubber, but as his southpaw was a trifle glassy, he met defeat.

Gapen kept the opposing team gaping, but at Beaver Falls our boys did the gaping—1 run, 4 hits, 10 errors!!

Crawford, our young catcher from Crafton, played a fine game behind the bat. He is an excellent elocutionist too, as he demonstrated on the night of the Boarders banquet. "*Grattan's Reply*" was cheered to the echo.

Gapen and Laux lead the College batters, Gapen's average being 421, Laux's 385.

C. Mayer had the only home-run this year. "O how the sluggers of last year have fallen, fallen!"

W. McLane's record as a pitcher stands perhaps unrivaled in this vicinity. Pittsburg High School got 1 hit, Carnegie S. C. 3, St. Vincent (1st game) 2, St. Vincent (2nd game, last 5 innings) 3. Total number of runs 4.

Bernard Dunn, our second baseman, is as good a waiter as there is in the city. Jeremy has his lines out for him. "Berny" bites—sometimes.

Laux, Davin and Gapen had a chase



for the largest number of two-baggers. Eight, six and five, is their standing.

Captain Huckestein lorded it over the middle kingdom in autocratic style.

Robinson, Sackville, Keating and the Base Ball, or perhaps the opposing pitcher, were not on good terms this season—but there are other seasons ahead to square accounts. All are good all-round players.

Captain Relihan, of the Reserves, surprised everybody, first, by leaping from last year's fourth team to the Reserves, secondly, by captaining his team so vigorously, thirdly, by his good playing in the field and at the bat.

Ralph Hayes, at short, was the admired of every spectator. He played far above his age and size, and often "showing up" the 'Varsity short stop by his brilliant stops and throws.

John Neylan played a fine game at third, and batted hard, pressing Dean and Gaynor hard in that line.

Al Smith can live for many a ball season on the reputation he made by shutting out the Lyceum Reserves. It was a splendid game.

Whalen and Lackner sweated enough for four behind the bat—so thought Alex McLaughlin, and he whispered to himself "What's the use in my sweating"—*Cui bono?*

John O'Hare, Jr., was "the whole thing" at McKeesport. Two hits, one a two bagger.

Charlie Bolus fielded and batted like a veteran, though it was his first experience in fast company.



## COLLEGE EVENTS.

### BOARDERS' BANQUET.

On the eve of the summer vacation the management of the Base Ball Club gave a farewell banquet to the team of '01, and all the boarders were invited guests. It was a most enjoyable affair. Good-cheer was the motto of the evening. When justice had been done to the tasteful viands, Father P. A. McDermott was made to take the floor, and in his own masterly manner passed in review the scholastic year just nearing its end, dwelling particularly on the athletic features that marked it above all its predecessors. Many a hip, hip, hurrah! interrupted the reverend speaker, evidencing the interest with which he was heard. Father H. J. McDermott next arose, and discoursed about things disciplinary, athletic and scholastic. His words went home to the hearts of all, and, I do believe, many a silent tear coursed down the youthful cheeks of some of his hearers. Father A. D. Gavin complimented all on their good behavior during the year and hoped they would do still better after the Holidays.

Father Gavin then treated us to one of his favorite songs—an Irish one, of course. Mr. Maniecki followed with another, also an Irish one. Mr. J. Laux then talked on *things in general*, and about the ball season of '01 in particular. Mr. Stackable surprised everybody with an Irish ditty, Captain E. J. Huckestein sang *Au Revoir*, but would not give a speech,

John O'Hare volunteering in his stead; he acquitted himself in congressional style. P. A. Gillespie, the successful manager of the year, sang a touching little song and was loudly cheered. Paul Crawford, our great young catcher, gave a magnificent rendering of "Grattan's Reply."

The Reverend President closed the evening by an address of congratulations for the success of the year, good wishes for the vacation, and promises of a hearty welcome in September.

#### ST. ALOYSIUS' DAY.

The patronal feast of the students was celebrated with great pomp. At the Solemn High Mass, Rev. L. Galette officiated and Father Griffin delivered the Baccalaureate sermon to the graduates of '01, who assisted in cap and gown, and approached the Holy Table in a body. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given after Mass.

At 10:30, in the presence of the entire faculty, and the two distinguished visitors—Rt. Rev. Mgr. Conaty, S. T. D., Rector of the Catholic University, and Rev. Dr. S. E. Young, of this city—the honor certificates and Field Day prizes were distributed. The guests were heartily cheered and responded handsomely to the invitations to speak.

#### FATHER GRIFFIN'S DEPARTURE FOR HIS HOME.

After laboring unremittingly for twenty years in Holy Ghost College, Father John Griffin, our Treasurer and Head of the Musical Department of the College, has finally resolved to pass a few months amongst his dear ones in the Emerald Isle. On the eve of his departure the boys, to show their appreciation of his eminent services, presented him with a few testimonials, and Mr. Alfred Smith, '01, read the following farewell address:

"REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER—It is with mingled feelings of joy and regret that we have learned of your approaching departure from our midst for the purpose of making a brief visit to your native land.

We rejoice with yourself that the time has at length come when you will be enabled to take the first real rest and vacation of your busy life, after twenty years of uninterrupted work. Twenty years spent in this one institution, twenty years of faithful ministry, of brilliant and varied effective teaching, twenty years of an edifying life, amidst the priests and people of this great diocese, and especially among the vast number of boys, who have during that long period lived in this college, and have gone forth into the world from its protecting and hospitable walls!

When we think of all this labor, and of all this fidelity, and of all these years, we cannot but feel that you deserve a good long rest, and we trust that the vacation which you are now taking will be for you a time of repose, a time of thorough relaxation from the onerous and multiplied duties which claimed and absorbed your attention during those many years.

We know, therefore, and realize that it was in our immediate interest, as well as in the interests of the College and the Order, that you labored, and therefore it is that in losing you, even though it be only for a short time, we cannot refrain from an expression of extreme regret, because we shall miss your kindly presence, the inspiration of your work at the organ and in the orchestra, the encouragement of your fatherly monitions in the confessional and the sacred ministry. All this we shall miss, but, we hope, only for a time. We, therefore, wish you a happy journey, a pleasant visit to the old home, and a safe return to our midst—a return which we shall all welcome.”

#### THE PHI ALPHA ANNUAL BANQUET AND RALLY.

The Phi Alpha Society, organized two years ago by our ever indefatigable and self-sacrificing Mr. Topham, on the evening of June 20 sat down to their Second Annual Banquet together with a number of invited guests, consisting of some of the Fathers and members of the faculty.

Purple and gold drapery was artistically arranged about the walls and ceiling of the banquet hall, and an improvised canopy of the same colors formed an appropriate setting for a large picture of the Society. Cut flowers, placed with careless abandon before the eye, made still more inviting the immaculate table on which they rested.

We will not speak of the dinner—it was as good as dinners ever are. The soul of the repast was in the speeches, and, although it seemed that the greeting and applause given the first speaker, who was John H. Sackville, the Historian of the Society, reached the uttermost degree of enthusiasm, yet each succeeding speaker experienced a higher register in a gradation of fellowship *expressed* than did the one before him.

It cannot be denied that these happenings promote friendships which will go out of the class-room days into the solid amber of beautiful memories, striking into human hearts keener sentiments and quicker sympathies and warmer impulses than any other phase of College life engenders. But a word about the speakers. James W. McLaughlin, the Vice-President, and Alfred A. Smith, the Prophet of the Society, after “unburdening their minds,” were followed by Joseph A. Whalen, who addressed the new members. This speech elicited a response from James Hayes on behalf of the “new members,” after which Charles C. Bolus spoke to the old members who were one time students of the College. Following these were John W. Ryan, James J. Curran, Clarence Jackson, Frank J. Kautz, Hubert E. Gaynor, Richard J. Couzins, a Vice-President, William A. McLane, George H. Roehrig, and a number of others, all of whom tried to rival their immediate predecessors in quality and quantity of utterance. We are glad that laughter rang through the old hall that night—laughter out of hearts that could feel. Our Very Reverend President, Father Hehir, then spoke, dwelling upon the justification of the Society’s existence and the vocation which he felt it had. Fathers Griffin and Stadelman and Messrs. Campbell and Mc-



Cann responded to toasts and in turn were followed by Fathers Galette, Ward, Retka, Gavin, and H. J. McDermott.

The last speech of the evening was Mr. Topham's, who, as President of the Society, was kept on his feet for forty minutes by the boys, who would not give him permission to sit down. The history of the organization, its early development and present membership and the anticipated results of its growth were the topics of his address, but he also humorously dilated upon the words of Prophet Smith, forecasting the future career of each individual.

After four hours (which seemed but half the time) spent thus in the interchange of thought and sympathy, the evening was brought to a close with the blessing of Father Superior.



### ALUMNI NOTES.

In the hurry of Commencement preparations, and the preoccupations incident to examinations we were almost inclined to overlook some important and agreeable news items, regarding some of our old boys, that have recently come to our notice. We shall, therefore, for the present, content ourselves with giving them the brief space of a passing mention, although we feel that under other circumstances, they would deserve more extended comment.

MANY of the old College fans will remember Robert J. Lawler, of Cleveland, who in '90 and '91, was amongst the first to bring honor and fame to H. G. C. on the diamond and gridiron. They will be gratified to know that he has just recently passed brilliant and successful examinations for the M. D. in Cleveland, and is now attached to the staff of the prominent Alexius Hospital in that city.

NEARER home we find our old friend, Lawrence Knorr, who has attained the coveted honor of M. D. from our West Penn Medical University. We feel sure that both of those young gentlemen will do honor to their chosen profession.

MESSRS. KELLY, SCHROEFFL AND JOSEPH DANNER, who, after having concluded the Novitiate, are now studying Theology in the Senior Scholasticate of the Holy Ghost Order, in Philadelphia, have been recently promoted to Minor Orders.

WITHIN the last month several of our old students have been enrolled in the sacred ranks of the eternal priesthood. Amongst them we shall, at present, mention the Rev. Wm. Kane, and the Rev. Thos. McMahon, of Youngstown, O., who celebrated their first Holy Mass in that city, on Sunday, June 17; the Rev. Celestine Fallon, who celebrated his first Mass at Gallitzin, Pa., on Sunday, June 23; the Rev. Jerome McQuillen, who cele-

brated his first Mass at St. Stephen's Church, Hazelwood, on the same Sunday; and the Rev. James O'Neil, who offered up the Holy Sacrifice for the first time, in St. Bridget's Church, Pittsburg, on Sunday, July 7, assisted by Rev. A. D. Gavin, C. S. Sp., of the Pittsburg College, and Rev. Father Gallagher, of St. Peter's Pro-Cathedral, Allegheny.

WE were favored the other day with a visit from our former captain of the baseball team, Rev. Michael McGarey, who has finished his theological studies at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, but who, on account of age, will not be elevated to the holy priesthood until the month of September. He bears the honor of Deaconship with the same modesty that always characterized him in the olden days.



### GLEANINGS.

During the year Michael Relihan was the Secretary-General of all the managers of all the teams in the whole College.

On the night of the Commencement Joe Brown astonished all his comrades by the masterly manner in which he acquitted himself of the arduous task of "minding the baby." He is beginning to practice early, knowing right well that "practice makes perfect."

Rhea Elliott regretted one thing only, and that was that "The Never-Sweats" did not organize this year. He had a grand opening address. Keep it for next year, Rhea.

Since Pat Gillespie graduated, Huckestein thinks he has a good chance of becoming President of the Patriarchs.

John Hartigan still holds his job as janitor of the Gymnasium dressing-room. John was up at Greensburg last Decoration Day, when the small boys went up to play St. Mary's Academy. He felt quite at home in the dear old place.

On the night of the farewell banquet "Senator" O'Hare gave us a faint glimpse of his future greatness in the Capitol when the representative from Massachusetts will overawe the Western members by his oratorical powers.

Harry Smith will spend his vacation "stereoscoping" in Western Pennsylvania. Several warrants have already been issued.

Mr. Philip B. Reilly, '94, paid us a visit recently. He is as big and strong as ever. He expressed great surprise and astonishment at all the improvements which have been made since he left here. In speaking of olden times, Phil claims the distinguished honor of being the first student taught by Rev. Father Patrick McDermott, the Father who has done so much for the students of the past and present. Phil is steadily climbing the ladder of success and fame.

Mr. Jacob Kraus, one of last year's graduates, has passed the final examination for admission to the bar. This is pleasant news to us, as we are always anxious to learn of our boys advancing; therefore, to Mr. Kraus we extend our heartiest congratulations, and wish him a very successful career in his chosen profession.

Mr. P. H. McGuire, who has been taking a special course at the College this year, has also passed the preliminary examination for admission to the bar. Mc. is a very studious young man, and we are sure that he will make a success as a dispenser of justice from the fact that he has a knack for making friends, as is proven by his popularity amongst the young men of the Y. M. I., who have shown that they recognize his worth by having him as Grand Secretary of the organization in the Pennsylvania jurisdiction.

We are told that what Tom Howard does not know of mathematics is not worth knowing. We always thought so, but never liked to say so for fear Tom's cranium might enlarge.

I don't think Gaynor is mad, for I am sometimes wrong in my conjectures of human nature. But he certainly acted the "Progress of Madness" in the most realistic fashion.

We always thought that the administering of the beaters was one of the prerogatives of the disciplinarians, but we find that Albert Smith has taken to beating, not by dishonest methods, but with a strong arm, the big bass-drum.

I wonder if our young Schwab is interested in any of the gigantic financial deals we hear about?

I predict that Davin will send future generations into spasms of delight and pleasure by his beautiful poems, which are full of ideas culled from his very fertile mind and encased at present in the various text books belonging to Ryan, Rahe, McHugh, &c., who are members of the famous Poets' League.

"One good turn deserves another," says John Murphy as he pushes the hand of the clock around nearing the noon hour.

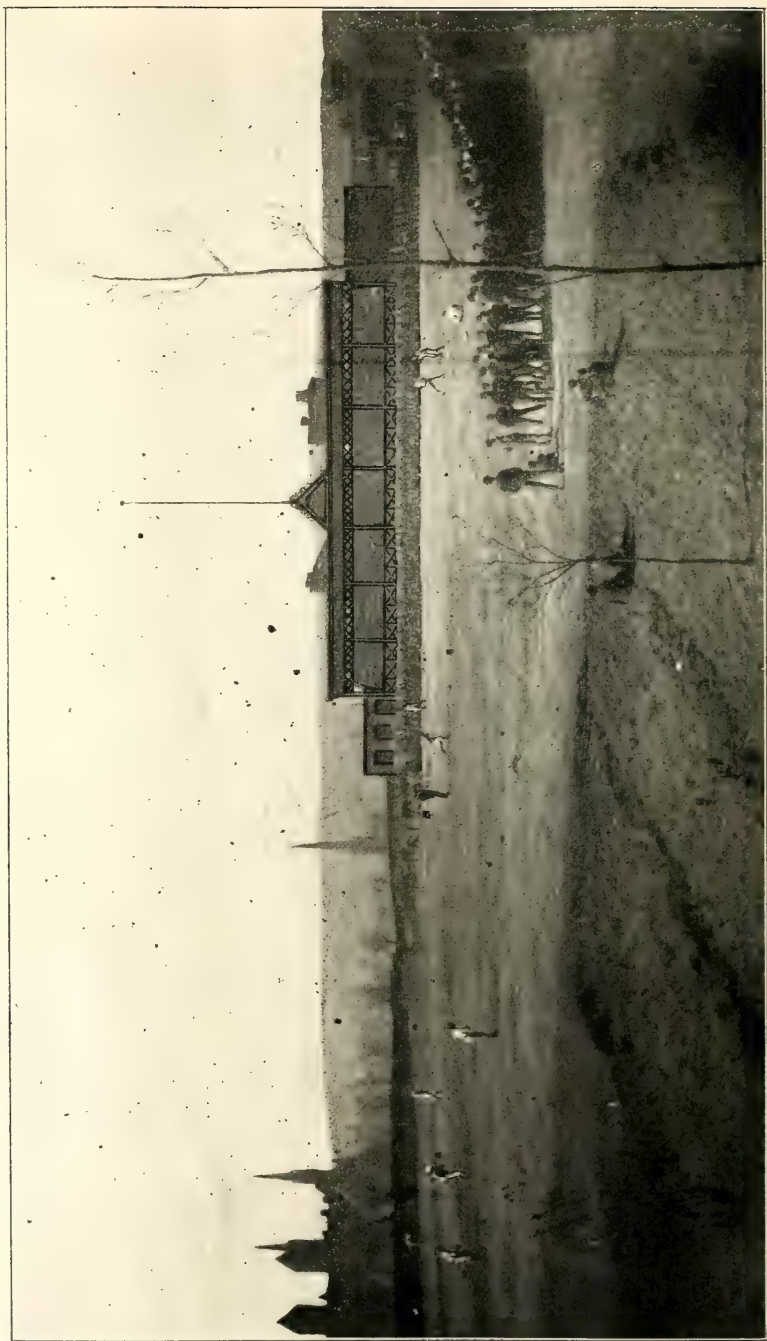
Huettel, the German Count, is one of the best customers we have for the BULLETIN. He generally takes an armful to Millvale. Whether he has a route over there, or whether he is running a book-bindery, cannot be told, yet the fact remains that the BULLETINS go out there.

McLane, in a very reminiscent mood, gives utterance to this great philosophical advice: "A man who has not the moral courage to abstain from that which he knows to be detrimental to his own welfare, should be condemned," so our sage says, "to suffer torments for two eternities."

William Walker, one of last year's class, and one of our most noted athletes on the gridiron, is studying law in Oil City. Success to Will, and may he prove as strong before the bar of justice as he did on the field!







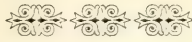
Campus,—College vs. Pittsburg National League.

When the Third Academic boys came to the sentence in the "Extracts," "*Cæsar pontem trans Rhenum jecit*," Huff whispered audibly to his neighbor, "O my! He must have been a strong man."

Very sorry to hear that Harry Smith could not enter the Christian Doctrine contest, as we are quite sure Harry's great knowledge of Scriptural works would have enabled him to capture the medal.

Jerozal, the sedate sophomore, still finds time for his daily afternoon siesta, although he is very busy composing poetry with his bosom friend, Halleran.

"Why does he stare at me with that fixed and melancholy gaze?" quoted Gillespie from Louis XI. when one of the professors asked him for an exercise.



#### A NEW WORK BY AN OLD COLLEGE GRADUATE.

We cannot allow this number of the BULLETIN to go to print without expressing the desire to make readers acquainted with a new publication which we owe to the zeal, piety and untiring energy of one of our old students of the Pittsburg College, the Rev. Chas. L. Grunenwald, '84. It is the first English Translation of the Spiritual Letters of the Venerable Francis Mary Paul Libermann, First Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

It is certainly a volume which cannot be read, even by people in the world, without pleasure and profit—and we feel safe in saying that it is destined to become most popular and widely known among the members of religious houses and the students of our Seminaries. It breathes a spirit of simple and genuine piety that will appeal to every honest and sincere Christian soul, and we cannot do better than respect the splendid testimony of encouragement and commendation rendered to the author by no less a personage than the eminent and pious Bishop of Detroit, where the book has been published.

"In translating these letters," says the Right Rev. Bishop Foley, "you have placed within the reach of our English speaking Catholics a book calculated to accomplish an immense amount of good. Its serious perusal cannot but give a most healthful stimulus to advancement in spiritual life—something certainly most desirous in this materialistic age. The spirit of true faith, of ardent love of God and perfect submission to His holy will manifest themselves on every page. To those who live in the world, as well as to those who seek the perfection of the religious life, it will prove a most valuable aid."



# List of Passes, Distinctions and Honor Certificates,

AT THE

## FOURTH TERM EXAMINATIONS,

HELD IN

JUNE, 1901.

To secure a Pass a Student must get 60 per cent.; to obtain a Distinction it is necessary to get 80 per cent.

Certificates are given to Students who have obtained 80 per cent. in two subjects, provided they pass, i. e., obtain 60 per cent., in the other subjects of their course

Both oral and written examinations have been taken into account for the Passes and Distinctions of the following lists.

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SUPLER, C. A.—P., B. His., Dr., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith.

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MORROW, L. A.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Dr., Pen. D., Rel., B. His.  
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 Pen.  
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 SHIPE, E. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger. D., Arith., Zo., Pen.  
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 D., Rel.  
 BRAUN, GEORGE—P., Eng., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Gr. Ger., Arith., Bot., Lat.  
 BUBNIS, PETER P.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Gr., Fr., Bot.  
 DRISCOLL, GEORGE—D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Gr., Ger., Fr., Arith., Alg., Bot.  
 DEKOWSKI, JOHN—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Gr., Fr., Arith.  
 D., Rel., Lat., Ger., Alg., Bot.  
 ENRIGHT, JOSEPH—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Gr., Arith., Bot. D., Rel.  
 JAWORSKI, JOSEPH—P., Hist., Bot., Geog., Eng., Lat.  
 D., Rel., Gr., Ger., Arith., Alg.,  
 KILLIAN, DENNIS—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Gr., Arith., Alg., Bot. D., Hist., Geog.  
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 D., Rel.  
 McCAMBRIDGE, CHARLES—P., Alg., Ger.  
 D., Rel., Eng., Hist., Lat., Gr., Fr., Arith., Bot.  
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 McKAVENEY, JOHN—P., Eng., Lat., Gr., Arith., Alg., Bot. D., Rel., Hist., Geog.  
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 KEANE, C. E.—D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Gr., Arith., Alg., Bot.  
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 GWYER, C. A.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Gr., Alg., Geom.  
 D., Fr., Arith., Geol.  
 HAYES, R. L.—P., Geol., Geom. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Gr., Ger., Arith.  
 Alg.  
 HENNY, M. J.—P., Rel., Lat., Alg., Geol.  
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 MALLOY, J.—P., Hist., Geom., Chem. D., Ch. His., Eng., Lat., Gr., Fr., Ger., Alg.  
 NELSON, J.—P., Geom. D., Ch. His. Hist., Eng., Lat., Gr., Fr., Ger., Alg., Chem.  
 PIETRZYCKI, F.—P., Ch. His., Hist., Eng., Lat., Gr., Fr., Pol., Geom., Chem.  
 RELIHAN, M. J.—P., Geom., Chem. Ch. His., Hist., Eng., Lat., Gr., Fr., Ger., Alg.  
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 WALTER, A.—P., Ch. His., Hist., Eng., Lat., Gr., Alg., Geom., Chem.

**SOPHOMORE CLASS.**

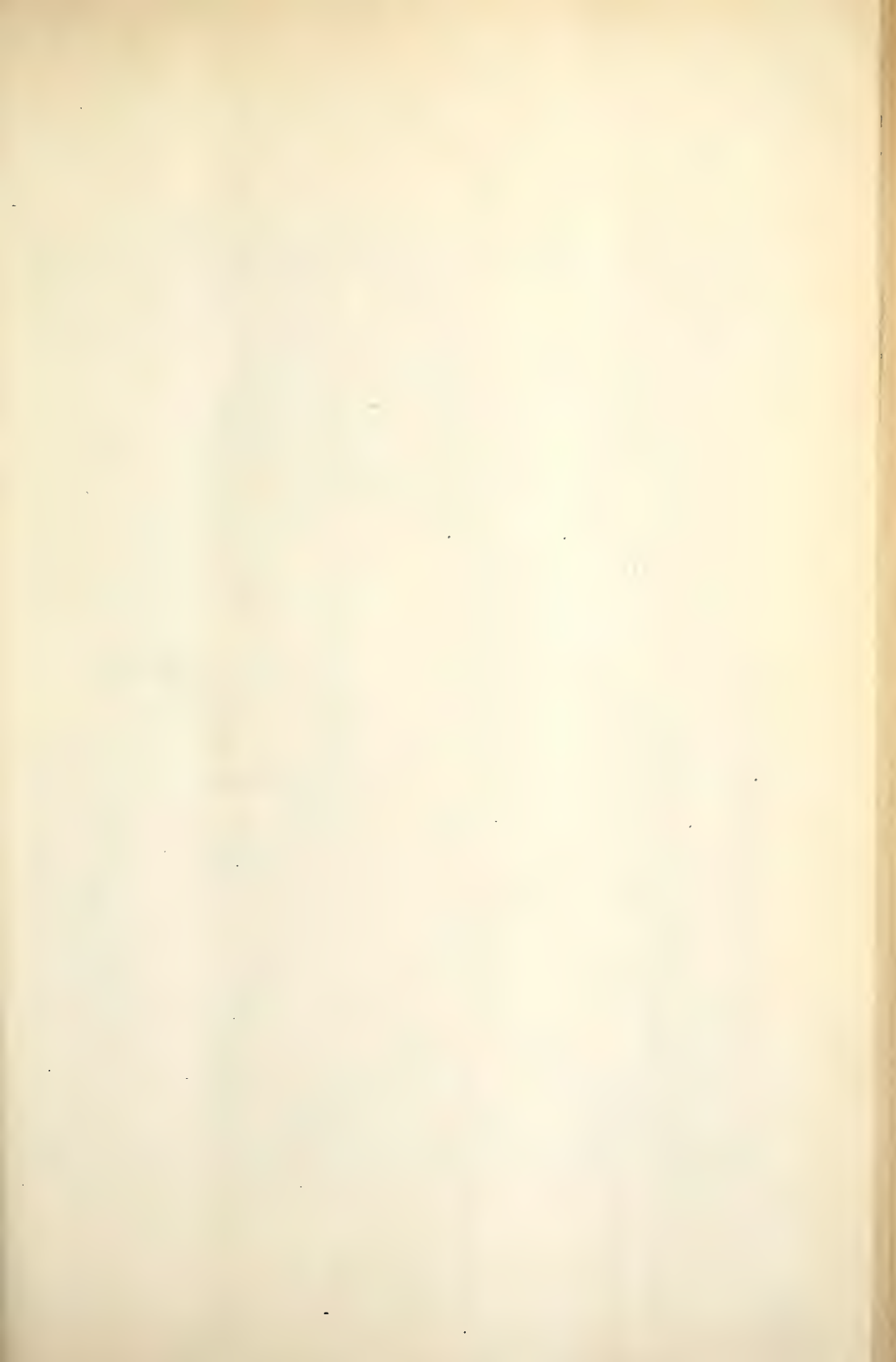
ESCHMAN, A. J.—Ch. His., Hist., Eng., Lat., Gr., Ger., Chem. D., Fr.  
 FANDRAJ, W. J.—P., Alg., Geom., Chem. D., Ch. His., Hist., Eng., Lat., Gr., Fr., Pol.  
 HALLERAN, K. E.—P., Ch. His., Hist., Eng., Lat., Alg.  
 JEROZAL, F. J.—Ch. His., Hist., Eng., Lat. D., Pol.

**JUNIOR CLASS.**

DUNN, T. A.—P., Ger., Hist., Gr., Fr., Trig. D., Script., Eng., Lat., Nat. Ph., Phil.  
 HUETTEL, J. P.—P., Lat., Gr., Fr., Nat. Ph., Phil., Trig. D., Script., Hist., Eng., Ger.  
 MURPHY, J.—P., Hist., Eng., Lat., Gr., Fr., Phil., Script., Ger.  
 MALONEY, F.—P., Hist., Lat., Gr., Nat. Ph., Phil. D., Script., Eng., Ger., Trig.  
 O'CONNOR, P.—P., Lat., Gr., Ger., Fr., Phil., Nat. Ph., Trig. D., Script., Hist., Eng.  
 RYAN, W.—P., Eng., Lat., Trig. D., Script., Hist., Phil.  
 SCHOPPEL, G.—P., Gr. D., Script., Hist., Eng., Lat., Ger., Nat. Ph., Phil., Trig.

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N. B.—The names of the students who were absent from the examinations, or who failed to pass, and of the graduates, are not given in the above list.







College Baseball Team.







# Pittsburg College Bulletin.

Vol. VIII.

Pittsburg, Pa., October, 1901.

No. 1.

## The Song of Immortal Youth.

As the flowers in the Summer  
Beneath the Sun's rays  
Exhale a sweet odor  
For the earth's hymn of praise,  
So, our hearts in their childhood,  
Which the pure angels care,  
Are hot censors whence rises  
The incense of prayer.

But the flowers in the Autumn  
Are stript of their leaves,  
And the stalk which upheld them  
In its nakedness grieves;  
And thus, when the shadows  
Of age frown anear,  
Naught is left of youth's blossom  
But the thorn and the tear.

Then, to God our Creator  
Let our hearts spring above;  
Let us keep for His beauty  
Our first throb of love;  
When the troubles and sorrows  
Of age dim our eyes—  
If the heart is unsullied,  
Our youth never dies!      *M.*

## ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

St. Thomas was born of noble parentage about the year 1227, at Aquin, Italy. Many beautiful legends are related of his childhood: of his swallowing a scrap of paper with the words "Ave Maria" on it; his miraculous preservation from death from a bolt of lightning, which, although it killed his sister, yet left him placidly sleeping in her arm; his preference for books to other playthings; how the bread he was carrying to the poor was changed into roses upon his father's detecting his charity.

At the age of five he was sent to the Benedictine Monastery of Monte Cassino, and that famous Abbey was chosen by his mother in the hope that Thomas would become its Abbot. Here he remained five or six years, and laid the foundations of his future supremacy. From his earliest youth he was singularly silent and meditative, never taking part in the boyish delights of his companions; seldom he spoke; he loved solitude, and, in the silent Abbey, built up that great force of character which enabled him in later years to sway the minds of the Catholic intellectual world.

Monte Cassino having been seized by Frederic Barbarossa, the monks were dispersed; and the mighty Abbey, once the centre of piety and learning, was looted of its vast treasures, and turned into a rendezvous of brigands. The career of the youthful Aquinas being thus unhappily terminated, after a short visit to his home he was taken to Naples to study at the University. Here he fell under the influence of the Dominicans, and without his parents' knowledge joined that Order. Great was the consternation of his mother when she learned that the ambition of her life, to see her son Abbot of Monte Cassino, was thus rudely shattered. In a storm of passion she flew to Naples, but the monks hearing of her opposition quietly set out with their charge for Rome, with Theodora, his mother, in hot pursuit. The brothers of St. Thomas came upon the monks, and having seized him threw him into prison, where he was confined for almost two years.

The outrage committed against a Dominican monk having come to the ears of the Pope, the latter ordered his release, and summoned Thomas, as well as his mother and brothers, to Rome. In spite of all protestations on the part of his family, and the entreaties of the Sovereign Pontiff, who even offered to make the youthful Dominican Abbot of Monte Cassino, Thomas was obdurate, and his family finally consented to his remaining a Dominican.

Upon his return to Naples, Thomas soon outstripped even his teachers, and, under ordinary conditions, his education would have been deemed complete; but the Dominicans, with singular foresight, knew the battle that would have to be waged in the intellectual world, and instead of considering the education of their most promising student as finished, they looked upon it as only just begun. Knowledge was considered by them to be the

instrument of their future power, and their promising candidates were singled out and sent to the most famous masters for years of study, for time is as necessary to complete a man's education as it is to ripen a plant.

Albertus Magnus, who was then lecturing at Cologne, was selected as his master, and never was choice more wisely made, for the marvelous scope of his knowledge, and his versatile and multiform genius gained for him the title of "Universal Doctor." The throng of students attending his lectures was so great that he was forced to teach in the open air, no edifice being sufficiently large to contain them.

In Albertus Magnus St. Thomas found his match, and he could be content to listen and learn. We are told that on this account he was considered stupid; even Albertus himself thought so, and the "Angelical" was called the "great dumb Sicilian ox;" but in attempting to make sport of him in defending a public thesis, he acquitted himself so splendidly that Albertus himself was unable to vanquish him. He remained four years at Cologne, studying, teaching and writing, and in 1248, he was sent to Paris to take his degree as Bachelor of Theology, he being then just 21 years of age.

Paris was fragrant with the atmosphere of genius when St. Thomas journeyed there to study and lecture. It occupied a pre-eminent position in the world of learning, and from it knowledge flowed out to enlighten the whole world. At one time it had enrolled forty thousand scholars, drawn from every corner of the earth.

Paradoxical as it may seem to the twentieth century student, the intellectual supremacy of the Universities which existed centuries not the result of books. Indeed, Athens, the intellectual centre of antiquity, in the zenith of her glory, could not boast of a single bookseller's shop. Books were not permitted to the students in the great Universities of the Middle Ages; hence, to gain knowledge it was necessary to consult a living man and listen to the sound of his voice. This, in great measure, is the secret of the immense influence wielded by those centres of learning in the so-called "Dark Ages." The influence of a master mind, the moral virtues, his manner of speaking, his accent, his look, his whole bearing, exert a potent spell, either for good or for evil, on the minds of his fellows. Thus, the difference between our modern schools and those of the Middle Ages is simply the difference between dead and living words.

After teaching the allotted time at Paris, St. Thomas was made successively Bachelor and Licentiate of Theology, and after another long period of incessant labor, he was notified to prepare for the Doctor's degree. The thesis was revealed to him in a vision the night before his public defense, and we are told that it was a subject so large as to include the entire range of Theology. But little is handed down to us of the battle of St. Thomas with the foremost scholars in the world, yet certain it is that none of them was able to vanquish him, and he received the Doctor's degree in company with St. Bonaventure.



He was now heralded as the "Prince of Theologians" and the "Angel of the Schools," and after some years of teaching at Paris, he went to Bologna, where the design of his life work, the "Summa Theologica" was gradually realized. His astonishing memory, his jealous husbanding of time, his lofty intellect, mellowed with years of study and contemplation, his marvelous discriminating power, enabling him to detect at a glance the point at which truth and error seem to meet, made it possible for him to accomplish in a brief period a work that will stand as a colossal monument for all time. The "Summa" is the "Christi religion thrown into scientific form, and the orderly exposition of what man should be."

While it does not contain all the subjects St. Thomas intended to embrace within its scope, yet each doctrine, or tenet, in the "Summa" is treated in its fulness, and the work forms one symmetrical whole.

"His appearance," says one of his biographers, "indicated a governing spirit, not of brute force, but of intellect. He was of commanding and majestic stature. His massive head, broad, tranquil brow, firm, well chiseled lips, fully defined jaw, and placid, meditative eyes, produced the impression of breadth and command. His countenance was pale with suffering, his head bald from intense mental application, while he possessed that rare class of spiritual beauty which tells of gentleness, purity and power."

He passed out of life March 7, 1274, being scarcely forty-eight years of age.

T. F. Coakley, '03.



## MILTON, AUTHOR AND STATESMAN.

The fame of John Milton must always rest mainly on his poetry, but he played a very important part in one of the most trying periods of English history, as a high-souled, far-seeing and accomplished statesman. Though naturally inclined to poetical composition, his love for his country's institutions, which seemed threatened with destruction, impelled him to wield his ever-powerful pen in their behalf during several years. He, likewise, held a position under Cromwell for a considerable length of time.

But the triumph of his genius is his great epic, *Paradise Lost*. Composed in his declining years, when his mind had been stored with a wonderful amount and variety of information, it is, without doubt, the grandest poem in our language, and, considering the theme and its treatment, the most sublime production of literature ever composed in any tongue. From his early years, Milton had designed to write something that would remain after him, and in his own words, "perhaps leave something so written to after-times as they should not willingly let die." To this end he studied long and earnestly, acquainting himself with Italian, the language of poets and musicians, as well as with Hebrew, Chaldee and Syriac, the tongues of seers and prophets. He became familiar with all the classic poets, and was well versed in their mythology. When, therefore, late in life, he

began his immortal epic, he was well fitted for the task. With more than master skill does he

"Assert eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to men."

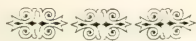
Milton himself considered *Paradise Regained* superior to *Paradise Lost*, but most critics have reversed this verdict. *Samson Agonistes*, his powerful tragedy, was also written in his old age. He modeled it on the similar works of Euripides and Sophocles. The subject is well suited to this treatment.

The stately pomp of his verse is everywhere remarkable. The classical and scholarly allusions with which it teems, give evidence of his retentive memory. With perfectly marvellous skill, he presses into his service the classic and Italian poets, who had always been his delight and his solace. Though everywhere majestic, rich and powerful, his verse is sometimes wanting in vivacity and delicacy of touch.

He displays the same genius in his prose writings, which are mostly political pamphlets dealing with the burning questions of the day. His "Areopagitica," an appeal to the Parliament of England for the liberty of unlicensed printing, is one of the most eloquent and powerful examples of English prose.

In his career as a statesman, Milton was always on the side of the people. He cast his lot with Cromwell and the Parliamentary party in the great struggle that rent the nation for so many years. In his advocacy of popular rights he was unswerving, in his private life he was blameless, and above all he was an ardent lover of his country.

J. A. Malloy, '03.



### To A Young Poet.

Upon the crest of some high distant hill  
I saw a cloud of dust scarce visible  
Grow into grayish form. Perhaps it was  
The passing of the winds along the road!  
Another time, in this same place, I watched  
It rise, and, as I gazed, it seemed to grow,  
A little at a time, yet surely fold  
On fold, until I felt some other force  
Than wind was rolling it along, when lo!  
Full out of it there burst into my view  
A horseman and his steed. How like is this  
Unto our songs! poor little gatherings  
Of vapor, perishing and short withal,  
And often cast upon the empty winds,  
Yet sometimes closing in upon the form  
Of a live message proud mounted on a dream.

Alfred McCann.

## SOME OF IRELAND'S LATER POETS.

In every age and in every land, the influence of poetry and song has been deeply felt. It has been like a powerful lever in the hands of an inspired few, for throwing off the yoke of bondage which, from time to time, the hands of despots have imposed on the human race.

Ireland is evidently a land of poetry. If we go back to the early centuries we find the druids, unable to restrain their poetic feelings, pouring out their praises to the Sun and Moon. But since our object is to say a few words about those who have expressed their Irish thoughts in the English tongue, the oral philosophy of Irish poetry, at least in its ancient form, must be passed over. However, we cannot refrain from quoting a stanza of St. Donatus, who died about the year 863, since it shows what a gem Ireland was in those days, and since, moreover, it contrasts very forcibly with Goldsmith's description in the deserted village.

He says:

"Far westward lies an Isle of ancient fame,  
By nature blessed, and Scotia is her name;  
An island rich—exhaustless in her store  
Of veiny silver and of golden ore!  
Her fruitful soil forever teems with wealth;  
With gems her waters, and her air with health.  
Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow,  
While woody fleeces vie with virgin snow."

Oh, well could Goldsmith say:

"But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train  
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;  
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen  
And desolation saddens all thy green:  
One only master grasps the whole domain,  
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain"—

when he saw Ireland, the beacon light and the fountain of knowledge for all Europe, sadly oppressed by the Penal laws which made ignorance compulsory. No wonder Ireland produced no epics in those dreary days! What surprises us is that the lamp of knowledge should have at all been burning. Ireland, however, even after the crucible of the fiercest persecutions, produced, in the year 1779, her greatest poet. This illustrious man was none other than Thomas Moore, whose songs have rendered the history of Ireland familiar to many a European who never read a page of it. How sublime are his melodies! Hall says of them: they "circle his name with a charm against death." In "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Meeting of the Waters," "The Harp That once through Tara's Hall," he draws forth a music out of English words that no writer has ever equalled. His songs reflect the brightness of his creative intellect. They are at once the most artistic and poetic of Lyrics, and are especially reliable as they translate into



words the feelings of the original music in which the poetry of the Irish nature is embodied.

Thomas Davis was the greatest of the many renowned contributors to the *Nation*, a paper which did much in diffusing a love of literature among the Irish people, during the dark days of the famine. After its songs were published for England, Europe and America, no one could for an instant ignore the fact that Ireland was still a Nation, as she undoubtedly is, in the utmost conviction of every child of Erin. It is much to be regretted that this great patriot and poet was cut off when he had given merely a foretaste of the real store of songs which lay treasured in his great heart. His most popular poems are "Fontenoy," "My Land," "The Penal Days," "A Nation Once Again". Judging from his writings it is clear that his great aim was to fan into a blaze the flame of nationality in the heart of each Irishman.

One verse written by him reads thus:

"No more we'll think or idly pine,  
But train our souls to lead the line.  
A soldier's life the life for me,  
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free."

Another poet, and the most original of all the muses of the Young Ireland Party, was Clarence Mangan. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy says of him "He was as truly born to sing deathless songs as Keats or Shelly; but he lived and died in a provincialized city, and his voice was drowned for a time in the roar of popular clamor." His translations of foreign poems are excellent, and critics say that they often surpass the original. This need not be wondered at, since he was a most accomplished linguist and translated from Irish, French, German, Italian, Spanish as well as several Asiatic tongues.

Richard Dalton Williams was an important factor in the same school of writers as Davis and Mangan. His political ballads forcibly strike the senses. He had a keen eye for the beautiful, his passion was impetuous and noble; his humor was irresistible, while his religious pieces portrayed a soul inflamed with an ardent love of faith and country.

Just as the Israelites turned to their sacred muses for consolation when they wept in bondage by the Egyptian waters, so did the Irish look to their poets for light and strength, when, during the terrible famine of '47 and '48, they were "dying, dying with a torture sure and slow"—nor did they call in vain—In the poet-priestess, Speranza, they recognized one of God's envoys urging them to tread "the thorny path of glory where the hero gains his crown." She could be heard before the famine, urging them on in the following words:

"What is life that ye should love it  
More than manlike deeds of duty?  
There's a glory far above it

Crowns your brow with nobler beauty—  
 'Tis to die with cheers heroic lifting freedom's standard high.  
 Through the darkness and the sunlight  
 Of the sorrow night of weeping,  
 Ye shall tread the radiant sunlight  
 And, like strong men armed leaping  
 Forth to wondrous deeds of glory, make humanity sublime."

The pestiferous breath of the plague which followed, spread not a shadow of defeat over the minstrel's soul. In all her poems the same love of the old land is breathed forth, and she constantly sighs for

"Some prophet leader, with command,  
 To break the strength of Egypt's band,  
 And set thee free,  
 Loved Ireland."

After the famine and plague had done their work the Fenian party evoked some lyrics that were very aggressive towards England. They were followed by some soul-stirring productions of the Land League poets. They were less vigorous and lacked the passionate intensity which was the soul of the lyrics of the more desperate "Young Irelanders." The more recent poets have justly occupied themselves with poetry for its own sake. Some followed the English tradition, while others, such as Dr. Hyde and Dr. Sigerson, have accurately translated old Irish poetry into English verse, preserving the original metre, doubtless because they were convinced of the words of Keats,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

*P. A. O'Connor, '02.*



## MODERN ANARCHY; ITS REMEDY.

A nation mourns. Shot to death by an assassin, the honored President of this United States has gone down to a martyr's grave, amidst humanity's prayers and tears. Yet from out the universal gloom there flashes forth the wrath of a sorrowing people against the assassin and the Anarchistic doctrines of which he is the wretched exponent.

This introduces us to the subject of anarchy and its remedy. The word "anarchy" is derived from two Greek words, "a" privative, and "arche" law, government; it thus signifies the absence of government, or law, or any restraining influence upon liberty of action. This negation of government forms the basis of anarchy, and its adherents are urged to carry out its doctrines by the "propaganda of force," as is evidenced by the murder of President McKinley. They deny the existence of God, assert that marriage is merely a civil contract that can be broken at will, and attribute all social evils to the individual possession of property.

We deem it unnecessary to refute at length the teachings of anarchy. They need no elaborate refutation. Man is by nature a social being, and society is a necessary condition of his existence. But society requires government, clothed with authority to command, and imposing the obligation of obedience. An attack on government is, therefore, not only a crime against society, but also an offence against God, because all legitimate power comes from God, and a regularly constituted government is one form of power.

In this connection, we cannot forbear quoting the wise and pertinent observations of William J. Bryan, who, commenting upon the sad event which we deplore, declared: "Free governments may be overthrown but they cannot be reformed by those who violate the commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill.' Under a government like ours every wrong can be remedied by laws, and the laws are in the hands of the people themselves. Anarchy can neither be excused nor tolerated here. The man, who proposes to right a public wrong, by taking the life of a human being makes himself an outlaw, and cannot consistently appeal to the government, which he repudiates. He invites a return to a state of barbarism, in which each one must, at his own risk, defend his own rights and avenge his own wrongs. . . . While this is an asylum for those who love liberty, it is an inhospitable place for those who raise their hands against all kinds of government."

Anarchy existed as far back as the thirteenth century, the "Amari-kites" and "Adamites" being the first organized attempts to revolutionize society by the destruction of government. It was not until the French Revolution, however, that modern anarchy began to terrorize the world. Especially was this the case in 1848, when, under the leadership of Proudhon, who has been styled "the father of anarchy," a definite form was given its principles. Little by little they began to be extended throughout Europe and America by Bakunin, Kropotkin and Most.

Anarchy has assumed various phases, its adherents being divided into Individualistic and Communistic groups in America and parts of Europe, and the Nihilists in Russia; yet the underlying principle of all their associations is their absolute contempt for lawful authority, civil and religious, as well as their eager desire for its extermination.

The growth of anarchy is but the natural result of the confusion of liberty with license. Nor can a distinction be definitely drawn without Religion. Without true religion men are deprived of a divinely appointed moral standard by which to measure and direct their acts. The Catholic Church, at least, by preaching restraint upon lawless passions, the vanity of earthly possessions, and Christian charity can check that excessive liberty which reaches out for inordinate worldly gain.

Moreover, she teaches that all power comes from God. "Let every soul be subject to higher powers: for there is no power but from God: and those that are are ordained of God. Therefore, he that resisteth the power,



resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist purchase to themselves damnation."—(Rom. XII., 1-2). Consequently her children are bound to obey all lawfully constituted authority when its ordinances are not incompatible with the Divine Law. The great body of our non-Catholic American youth are growing up without either respect for, or knowledge of, the "Ordinances of God;" and as all just acts of lawfully constituted authority, are, according to the teaching of the Catholic Church and the text of St. Paul just quoted, the "ordinances of God," our conclusion must be that contempt for civil authority will go on increasing; and thus defiance of the civil statutes is anarchy in its embryo state.

Nor do we see any complete, effective and permanent remedy in the punishment or suppression of its devotees. The state is but the multiplication and reflection of the individuals composing it. If the majority of the individuals are honest, upright, law-abiding, God-fearing people, then Christian virtues will be exemplified in their government, and *vice versa*. If the system of universal education now received by the non-Catholic population of this Country teaches them nothing of God, how are the people to obey the "ordinances of God," one of which is obedience to lawful authority? How then is anarchy to be avoided?

We repeat, the only answer to be found is the inculcation and practice of the principles of true religion and sound morality.

T. F. C. '03.



As WE are now studying Burke's great speech on American Taxation, in our Senior Class, it may not be amiss to recall some remarks, not usually to be found in our school manuals, which our professor developed to the Class in introducing us to the great orator and author.

As for these two characters just mentioned, no man of modern times has united them with equal success. He was the only man of his day who had pursued the only and infallible path to becoming a real orator, that of *writing* much and assiduously cultivating literary excellence. Lord Brougham, in an address made to the students of Glasgow University nearly thirty years after the death of Burke, gave the same principle, and advocated the same method in words which are as practical as they are authoritative. "I should lay it down," said he, "as a rule admitting of no exception, that a man will speak well in proportion as he has written much; and that with equal talents he will be the finest *extempore* speaker, when no time for preparing is allowed, who has prepared himself the most sedulously when he had an opportunity of delivering a premeditated speech. All the exceptions which I have ever heard cited to this principle are apparent ones only."

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VOL. VIII.

OCTOBER, 1901.

No. 1.

**...EDITORIALS...****The New Scholastic Year.**

The inauguration of the new Scholastic Year has been for us a most successful and auspicious one, and it is with great pleasure that we are able to say that our numbers of the opening week have eclipsed all previous records. This is all the more gratifying as, at the moment of reopening school, the great steel strike in this vicinity was still actively maintained without any immediate prospect of final settlement, thus allowing the impression to arise that it would be a bad year for local educational establishments. Similar accounts reach us from other quarters, indicating not only that there is a healthy and permanent prosperity in this great manufacturing centre, but that those who enjoy it are appreciating to the fullest extent the best possible way of applying that temporal prosperity, namely, the education of the rising generation.

May the success of the present year respond, in every way, to the good auguries which have heralded and accompanied its birth, as well as to the warm anticipation which the Faculty of the College and the Editorial Staff of the BULLETIN entertain for its continuation, its increase and its duration!

W. J. R.



### Theory and Practice.

Theoretically, socialism is being taught in many of our large Universities. Theory must result in practice. The total extermination of anarchy will never be ultimately effected until this system of teaching is abolished. Our principles of *right* and *wrong* must stand forth preëminent. We must be courageous to act, and to act conscientiously and determinedly, if we wish to see anarchy, both theoretically and practically, completely, effectively, and ultimately eliminated.

A. J. E.



### Our National Bereavement.

On Saturday morning, September 14, a gloomy cloud passed o'er this Country. Its darkness filled the home of every American patriot. Early at two o'clock in the morning, the church-bells of Pittsburg and Allegheny tolled slowly and mournfully, to announce the death of our cherished and respected President, William McKinley. The flags were half-masted, and the city was draped in mourning. Alas! the sad story needs no repetition. His spirit winged its flight from this earth, after he had affectionately said farewell to the American people. The assassin's bullet wounded not only our President but also the heart of every true American citizen, who recognized in our late Chief Magistrate the type of a dignified, virtuous, conservative and patriotic Executive.

Monuments will be erected to his memory, orators will expatiate upon his achievements, his name will be associated with many objects, emblems and channels of national remembrance—but the most enduring basis of his fame and popularity, will be the unquestioned character of his private life, and the strong example of his unceasing devotedness to the public welfare.

A. J. E., '03.





### THE FACULTY.

This year, as last, we have a numerous and imposing Faculty. Our Rev. President, and Fathers John Griffin and P. A. McDermott have been one with the College, as it rose from the cradle to its present maturity. Thanks to the untiring energy and experience, joined to the ability, of Father Hehir—now at the helm—the College advances to even greater successes than ever before. Nor can Presidential cares withdraw him from the work of a professor.

As to Father P. A. McDermott's work, we may be permitted a figure of speech, and declare him omnivorous. He takes an interest and a hand in everything, from athletics to philosophy: in fact, he has charge of these extremes.

Father John Griffin, for a score of years the heart and head of the musical department, has, at this writing, just arrived upon America's shore after a well-merited trip to the "Emerald Gem of the Western World." A warm welcome awaited him—and under the management of Professor Weiss, we strove to surprise him by some musical proficiency.

Rev. Father Rumbach has for a few years been a tower of strength in the field of linguistics. Latin, Greek, English, French and German are side-issues with him, but little did he dream upon leaving Lima, Peru, where for years he spoke and taught Spanish, that in the heart of the "Iron City," he would have a class that could use no other language so well. These are our eight Cubans.

Rev. Father Henry McDermott—famous before ordination as a scholar, an athlete and a gentleman—is about the finest combination possible of the genial wit with the strict disciplinarian. Why he has not published a new translation into English poetry of Horace is a question unanswered for all who heard his rendition of it in Latin class.

At this point, the Faculty begins to count former students of the College. As appears in the Alumni items there are ten such on the list.

Father Thomas Giblin taught Latin, Greek, English and French from '96-'99: then he spent two years as Professor of Sacred Scripture, Ecclesiastical History and Canon Law, at Cornwells, a suburb of Philadelphia: now he has an enthusiastic German class, in addition to English and French.

Father William F. Stadelman has the charge of Director of Scholastics—over forty young men studying for the priesthood in the Order—and a professorship. Like the other Fathers, he sometimes finds time for some exterior ministry.

Rev. Alph. D. Gavin needs not the praise which ordinary work on the Faculty may acquire, for he is lauded the Country over as a hero. A previous number of the BULLETIN quoted some of the press items on his conduct in a railway disaster.

Rev. Michael Retka has charge of the drawing: he was always very adept with pen or pencil and can communicate his talent. He takes such pride in good students that not only was he always one himself, but he constantly confronts other members of the Faculty with the Latin translations of some clever boy or other.

Father Francis Danner is the stronghold of the College in questions scientific and mathematical. Fortunately, the College had from the beginning first-class scientific apparatus, and Father Danner could forget everything—except his prayers—once free to fathom the secrets of physics and chemistry.

Father Goebel enjoys a talent rather rare among clergymen: despite a spiritual vocation he was a markedly shrewd business man—we were going to say in boyhood. Thus, immediately after ordination, he finds himself in the financial department.

We have lost Father Ward, who has been associated to Father Healy in care of the Colored Catholics of Pittsburg—also Father Galette—he of the Latin poet's reputation—appointed to parish work in Detroit, Mich.

Mr. Laux, C. S. Sp.—all aflame for Greek, and still enthusiastic for football, though no longer an active participant of the gridiron contests—is mentioned only with deep esteem on the part of the boys.

Mr. Maniecki, C. S. Sp., reaps the fruit of his assistance in the line of discipline, by developing a keener knowledge of the inventive resources of youth who prefer distraction to discipline.

Mr. Wrenn, C. S. Sp., will not pretend to notice, but he hails from Youngstown, and since the College has had for years a Youngstown contingent large enough to take care of itself, we have to confess Mr. Wrenn is "all right."

Mr. James B. Topham, Manager of the Commercial Department, brings to his work the zeal of a man who loves it, has ideals in the matter, and labors steadily and energetically to attain them. We may very safely say the standard he sets is not surpassed in Pittsburg. He taught at Rochester University, which leads in U. S. Commercial education, and has visited the Business Colleges of this City to compare "ways and means."

Mr. James R. Campbell is a much-valued acquisition for the College. As Professor of Mathematics and Book-keeping he has shown that what is

his work is going to be thoroughly accomplished. Manliness and exactness are his salient qualities.

Mr. Alfred McCann shines as the poet and wit and elocutionist: his is a case of exuberant ability. This is dangerous, and should be directed—well, say into the BULLETIN, which usually glories in one of his poetic effusions.

Mr. Thomas Egan's features bear a solemnity of expression befitting the countenance of a Roman senator of old. But, Shades of Themistocles! Do not tackle him in Mathematics!

Mr. Thomas J. Dehey, whose stalwart form exults betimes in football prowess, has a prominent interest in our Night-school.

Mr. George Rady Lambert has just been selected as Professor of Mechanical Drawing: we are unacquainted as yet.

Professor Weiss needs no introduction as a musical celebrity in the City of Pittsburg. But how a man of acute artistic refinement can so patiently and serenely unravel the discord of beginners in band or orchestra is almost a mystery.



### CLASS NOTES.

We dare not prophesy, but if coming events cast their shadows before, the judicial authority of the land prospers: all educational establishments boast of the numbers "on the bench." We have over 230 students present: the opening day was the best on record.

Unflagging devotion to classical lore—to Homer and Horace, Demosthenes and Cicero, Thucydides and Tacitus, beams upon the brow and fevers the brain of our future priests, doctors, lawyers, professors—and we know not what, though the boy be father to the man. One thing is sure, the spirit of refined education is growing in Pittsburg.

Nearly 70 are at commercial work; several new type-writers had to be procured. This Department comprises three distinct courses: the Preparatory Commercial, the Business Course Proper and the Shorthand Course.

Our Academical Department, of three large classes, is bright and ambitious. Grecian and Roman History have wondrous charm for them; but incidentally it leaked out that the Phoenicians invented figures—and lo, like the youthful Hannibal of old, swearing the downfall of Eternal Rome, a drowsy youth, whose cranium has but of late been racked by the intricacies of an algebraical problem, burns to scatter the bones and ashes of time-honored Phoenicia!



Our night-classes are just being resumed for the advantage of such as have no opportunity for day-study, yet feel the want of education in one branch or another.

As the Polish element is very strong in Pittsburg, and as all scholars know the talent of the Poles for every branch of learning, the College has put two Polish classes in the hands of Father Retka.

Our boys rejoice in the novelty of having eight Cubans as class-mates. Fr. Rumbach, a proficient Spanish scholar, has adopted them as protégés.

Our professors have a wide range in philology: Latin, Greek, English, German, French, Polish and Spanish are our linguistic list. And if Italian be in requisition, the Fathers are ready.

Still water may be deepest, and while our Scientific Department is very silent and unassuming, we have noticed that this is due to the seriousness of the class-matter as also to the reserved manner of the chief Professor, Father Danner, who imparts his qualities to the class.

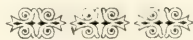
The BULLETIN rejoices to learn that one student frankly states that he entered college for the direct purpose of developing ability to undertake the work of the Press, in which he was previously engaged.



### HOLY GHOST COLLEGES IN IRELAND.

The three Colleges conducted by the Holy Ghost Fathers in Ireland have, this year, sustained their brilliant record of the last twenty years in the annual Intermediate Examinations of that country. Of the limited number of extraordinary prizes, including first-class exhibitions and medals, over one hundred were captured by the pupils of those three colleges, without counting the number of passes.

When it is remembered that there are about 7,000 candidates entered for these examinations from colleges that are over one hundred and twenty in number, including the endowed institutions of every denomination in the land, it must be confessed that such continued success for over twenty consecutive years, on the part of Blackrock College, Rockwell College, and St. Mary's Preparatory College, Rathmines, is the best practical tribute to the high standard of the studies, the efficiency of the education given, and the reliability of the methods pursued by the Holy Ghost Fathers in their collegiate institutions.



## SOCIETY OF THE HOLY GHOST IN FRANCE.

All are aware what selfish and infamous opposition the Church and especially the religious orders in France experience from the Jews and Freemasons in the government. The latest move is to steal the property of these societies by declaring them illegal: since they number about 200,000 souls, it is clear that had they but enough money to pay a week's board, the sum in their possession would go into the millions. How much would an ordinary city of 200,000 adults be worth? Yet the religious are spread over the country, and that is more costly. So their enemies fling before the public the general idea of millions of wealth, and in so doing commit four faults: they interfere with honest citizens' private business; they fabricate, by suggestion, as the Count de Mun proved before the Chamber of Deputies; they represent as enormous, a sum of money which looks so when taken alone, but which is very moderate among 200,000 adults; they represent as dangerous, possessions and property which, instead of being employed against the state, are not even employed in the comfort of the holders, but are at the disposal of the orphan, the sick, the aged, the poor and the missionary.

Many of the Congregations of the world have headquarters in Paris. It is thus with the Holy Ghost Fathers. They have many works in France. But by a decree of the Conseil d'Etat, deliberated on and adopted in the session of February 14, 1901, the Congregation was declared to be legally non-existent. However, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Leroy, Superior General of the Society, proved to the officials that the decree was based on a supposition contradictory to various official statements and Acts of Approbation already promulgated; hence, by another decree of August 1, 1901, the Congregation has been legally reëstablished.



## ALUMNI.

OUR Rev. President is in receipt of a letter from Dr. Tanqueray, of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, dated August 28, 1901, wherein that eminent divine expresses great pleasure in acknowledging that the young men from the College give excellent satisfaction to the Faculty there.

DAVID O'HARE, '00, has chosen to enter St. Mary's; we all congratulate him on the step.

REV. FRIDOLIN FROMMHERZ, C. S. SP., '96, has just returned from Rome with the title of Doctor, after a brilliant career among the students of the Eternal City. All here would rejoice in a local appointment for him, but he has been placed by the Superiors as professor at the Holy Ghost Seminary of Cornwells. Rev. Thomas Giblin, C. S. Sp., '91, who for the

last two years taught the same course over which the young Roman Doctor now presides, is again at the College, where he had previously taught for three years.

FORMER students of the College—now on the Faculty—are Fathers Giblin, Stadelman, Danner, Gavin, Retka and Goebel, and Messrs. Laux, Maniecki, Wrenn and McCann.

FATHERS William McMullen, Richard Hamilton and Albert Wigley, of this diocese, Father Charles Grunenwald, C. S. Sp., of Detroit, and Mr. McGarey, Deacon, also graduates of the College—paid us a visit lately.

REV. CÆSAR TOMASZEWSKI, C. S. Sp., '92, was tendered such a reception as the Polish people know how to give, on his return from Europe to St. Stanislaus', City.

FATHER LAWRENCE E. FARRELL, C. S. Sp., '96, has been definitely appointed to St. Joseph's Home, Philadelphia.

MR. JOSEPH CALLAHAN, '99—always a student of superior ability—has, after two years at Cornwells, been sent to Rome in pursuit of a doctorate: we may say it is a "*fait accompli*."

ALL graduates of last year's Commercial Department enjoy—and we trust, adorn—good positions. We do not of course include James McLaughlin and Charles C. O'Neal, who have not as yet accepted positions, because while the former, having completed a commercial education, chose to add thereto the laurels of a classical course, the latter has returned to his *Alma Mater* to become not merely apt but expert at Short-hand.

GEO. A. H. ROEHRIG, who, in a former number, (Vol. VII., No. 10), wrote an able article on "The Commercial Spirit and Tendencies of the 20th Century," is with the Crucible Steel Co. Frank J. Kautz—engaged in the Packing business—had a position open to him before graduating. George Gast—stern lover of grit and duty—assists the McKee's Rocks Carriage Manufacturing Co.

MR. AND MRS. BERNARD J. COLL, whose son, Edward Coll, is a general favorite with our Alumni, have distributed invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Mary Agnes Coll, to Mr. Charles Benton Cushwa, at St. Agnes' Church, October 15.

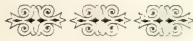
WILLIAM CHARLES LOEFFLER, '96, son of Wm. Loeffler, Vice-President of the American Window Glass Co., of Pittsburg, named the day—Oct. 14. The bride is Miss Agnes Elizabeth Collins, late of Phila., but originally of one of the oldest families of Utica, N. J.

A "Triple Alliance" in the Walsh family!—Mr. and Mrs. Moses P. Walsh, of Crafton, announce that their daughter, Miss Agnes Marie Walsh, the accomplished graduate of Mt. Aloysius Academy, of Cresson Springs,



has accepted the hand of E. Garrick O'Bryan, of Highland avenue, E. E., City. Mr. O'Brien, after a course in the College, studied music under one of the foremost violinists at Paris. The date is Nov. 5. Richard Innes Walsh, cousin of Miss Agnes, will be married on Oct. 30, to Miss Blanche Schlicker. The Walshes and Schlickers have handsome residences in Crafton and the brides-elect are leaders in Crafton society. But Dr. Arthur F. Walsh, graduate of '95, has farther heightened the expectations of the social lions among whom the Walshes move by throwing into the festive scale an announcement that he casts his lot in life with Miss Florence Alice Kenny, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Kenny, of Homestead. The day was not set, but this is the month.

NEEDLESS, we hope, to add that Faculty and Alumni extend congratulations and best wishes to all the above.



### SOCIETIES.

The regular religious societies—reorganized every year, for the fostering of a devout and fraternal spirit among their respective members—are already in operation.

#### SODALITY OF THE CHILD JESUS.

This society—as the title suggests—is specially adapted to the younger pupils and is, therefore, recruited from the Grammar Department. Some of its members are about the very age at which the divine Child taught the Doctors of the Law. To Him they look as an inspiration, a model and an aid in the trials besetting the path of a young boy at college. It meets weekly on Thursdays, 3 P. M. Officers: Director, Rev. Michael S. Retka, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, Paul Thomas; First Assistant, Louis Morrow; Second Assistant, M. Cavanaugh; Secretary, John Wielochowski; Treasurer, Henry Shaefer.

#### SODALITY OF THE HOLY ANGELS.

Our Academical Course—embracing three classes—furnishes to this sodality a very numerous membership. It meets Wed., 3 P. M. The object of this society is the development of such moral rectitude as the very thought of angels suggests, veneration for, and imitation of, these guardians of ours, who accompany us ever, yet ever behold the Face of our Father, Who is in Heaven. Officers: Director, Rev. Wm. F. Stadelman, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, Ralph Leo Hayes; First Assistant, Eugene Hally; Second Assistant, Otto Flanitzer; Treasurer, John McKaveney; Secretary, Richard Ennis; Librarian, Theodore Kvatsak; Standard-bearer, John Costello.

#### SODALITY OF THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY.

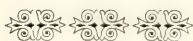
This society generally outdoes even the preceding in the number of its

membership: it consists of the Commercial Department together with the Sophomore and Freshman classes. At the usual meetings on Tues., 3 P. M., every effort is lavished to communicate to all concerned such ideas and sentiments as befit the clients of Mary's Immaculate Heart. The society to which the Fathers of the Faculty belong has years ago placed itself under this same patronage—so powerful with God and so encouraging to the faithful. Officers: Director, Rev. Henry J. McDermott, C. S. Sp.; Prefect, H. E. Gaynor; First Assistant, Edward L. Huckestein; Second Assistant, C. C. O'Neal; Treasurer, J. B. O'Connell; Librarian, M. J. Relihan; Standard-bearer, C. C. Pascual; Secretary, J. J. Hayes.

#### SODALITY OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Most of all is this society dear to the Fathers—not only in so far as the members, students of the Senior and Junior courses, are more matured and nearer to graduation than the other scholars, but likewise in this that the College since its erection, as other colleges in France, Ireland, Portugal, Rome, Martinique, Trinidad, the Azores, etc., belong to the Holy Ghost Order. The sodality aims at meriting by prayer and piety the light and love of the Eternal Spirit of Faith and Sanctity, that He may guide and guard in the all-important choice of a state of life those who touch the period when such a choice must, for weal or woe, be manfully made. Our Supreme Pontiff has richly endowed this sodality with very special indulgences. Officers: Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., Director; Prefect, Gustave H. Schoppel; First Assistant, Frank A. Moloney; Second Assistant, Wm. J. Ryan; Treasurer, John McKeever; Secretary, Charles E. McHugh; Librarian, John J. Huettel; Standard-bearer, Thomas F. Coakley.

THE *Phi Alpha* held their first meeting of the school-year on Sept. 13. The society is in a flourishing condition with a membership of about fifty. The next meeting will be held Oct. 11, when an election of officers will take place.



#### LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETIES.

The Literary and Debating Societies have been organized with the following officers:

The Literary Union—Moderator, Rev. P. A. McDermott, C. S. Sp.; President, W. J. Ryan; Vice-President, P. J. O'Connor; Secretary, August H. Schoppel; Treasurer, C. E. McHugh; Librarian, J. A. McKeever.

The Lyceum Society—Moderator, Rev. H. J. McDermott, C. S. Sp.; President, J. A. Nelson; Vice President, M. J. Relihan; Secretary, A. C. Wagner; Treasurer, H. E. Gaynor; Librarian, E. L. Huckestein.

## ENTERTAINMENTS.

The Sunday evening soirées have been nowise delayed, and, though the regular debates are on file no sooner than October 15, music, song and recitation have kept the boys enthused. On September 22, Mr. Trautmann much amused them by select renditions from a splendid graphophone.

Our Orchestra is in very satisfactory condition owing to the able and zealous direction of Prof. Weiss and a certain ability among the constituents. These are Eugene Hally and Leo Murphy, first violin; Albert Eschman and Stanislas Kolipinski, second violin; Frank Hartigan, cornet; Hyacinth Hartigan and Fred Yoost, second clarinet; Br. Bertin, first trombone; John Whelan, second trombone; Br. Tertullian, piano; Prof. Weiss, Director. John Dannhardt, who has just entered College, is a first-class violin and drum player. That a taste for music had been generally developed was made clear when the students frequented the Exposition: Sousa and Damrosch attracted them more than all else.



## A Birth-day Song!

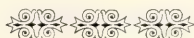
Emerging from Winter's sad, cold reverie,  
 There comes o'er the air to my soul and to me  
   (Like the tones of a bell on a traveller's ear,  
   When the Angelus rings, from a village church near,  
     In seraphic softness its low pleading prayer)  
     The song of a dear little heart—Oh so fair—  
       Exhaling such charms of purity rare  
 That the Muse nor the pen nor the heart-trobs of love,  
 Nor the soul that is white with a flame from above,  
   Can measure how welcome this vision of Spring,  
   Nor how happy the birds that its melodies sing !  
 Ah! creature of heaven, thy smile is a ray  
 Turning Mars into Eros and night into day;  
   Making wearied hearts brighter than warm Summer skies;  
   Making human hearts lighter than sweet paradise!  
     O pilot of virtue guide safely and well  
       This delicate bark (o'er the heave and the swell  
       That have buried, down deeper than words can e'er tell,  
       The dangers of one little decade of years)  
 Sailing onward unmenaced by perils or fears  
   To its haven of happy repose, and to Thee—  
   To the Home that awaits it in eternity !

*Alfred McCann.*



### RETREAT.

The annual retreat of the students took place October 1-4. It was conducted by Rev. Fr. Wernert, C. SS. R., of St. Philumena's Church, City. Afterwards, the Rev. President found fit to congratulate the boys on the spirit of piety manifested generally.



### GEMS OF ARTISTIC BEAUTY.

Two new windows have been placed in our College chapel. One representing the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin to St. Elizabeth, is a memorial to the late Father Provincial of the Order, the Very Rev. Jos. Strub, C. S. Sp. The other, representing the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, bears the inscription, "Donated by Mr. John O'Hare, Boston, Mass."

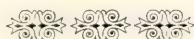
These two windows are made at the well-known establishment of Messrs. Mayer & Co., of Munich, Bavaria, and are excellent specimens of the high-class artistic work produced by this firm.

The treatment of the Visitation is very beautiful. The two highly favored kins-women are represented at the rapturous moment when Elizabeth, inspired by the Holy Ghost, cries out: "Whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should visit me?" And Mary the most exalted of womankind, bursts forth in her glorious canticle of the Magnificat.

The drawing of the figures and the arrangement of color are most effective, and the entire composition, while illustrating the most important scenes in the life of the Blessed Virgin, serves also as an inspiration to spiritual thought and meditation on the Mystery of the Incarnation and the dignity of our Blessed Mother.

The Assumption window has been treated with marvelous skill, considering the fact that the frame is divided in the center with a mullion. It would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful representation of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin than we have here. Earth and its sorrows, death and the grave, are left behind, while the pure spirit of the Mother of God ascends to its home in Heaven. The artist has not followed any of the great masterpieces of this subject, but has arranged the figures to make a very pleasing and graceful picture suitable to the space and surroundings.

The Fathers are to be complimented on this beautiful addition to the College chapel, which must appeal to anyone with a sense of the aesthetic.



"WHAT is a dead reckoning?" Said the professor of Arithmetic.  
"Calculating one's funeral expenses."

THE moralist's weapon—An old saw.

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**OBITUARY.****PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.**

On the occasion of the assassination of the Chief Executive of the United States, we must say that—like the nation at large, and even the civilized world—we forgot the political and social questions open to legal and peaceful discussion in order all the more forcibly to deplore and condemn the dastardly crime.

It is said the blow was not struck at McKinley, but at the Presidency: this is more deplorable, more damnable.

The stand of Catholicism is fixed and clear: any society abetting anarchy is excommunicated. In view of that foe, which Satan vainly strove to establish in Heaven, the Church has but the voice of ancient Rome: "*Carthago delenda.*"

**MRS. FETTERMAN.**

The Faculty and students extend heartfelt sympathy to, and offer fervent prayer for, the bereaved family of Mrs. Tetterman whose son Gilbert, at the very time that he was an esteemed pupil in the College, in '86, left this vale of tears—we devoutly trust—for endless joy.

**MRS. JOHN MURPHY.**

Acquaintance with the son and nephew—Joseph and Will—of Mr. John Murphy—even apart from acknowledgement of his prominence in business successes—prompts the students to join with the Professors in tendering him condolence on the unexpected demise of his esteemed wife.

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**EXCHANGES.**

As Exchanges cannot be looked for till classes have been for some time in progress, so neither may comment be made in an opening issue; but we always await with anticipatd pleasure our influx of Exchanges.

It is clear to all that a press of lofty principle, masterly style and wide circulation is the ideal of our day. The BULLETIN respectfully submits opinion that if this department were carefully studied and steadily developed among us all, students might acquire a closer insight into the power and requirements of the Press. Doubtless a complete management of this department would suppose time and ability scarcely at our disposal, but perchance an expression of the ideal may have some value.

We even venture to say that managers of our magazines and newspapers might profit now and then by being in touch with, and possibly associating to themselves, the authors of some of the articles we have seen in various exchanges.

## ATHLETICS.

Pittsburg's capture of the pennant recalls to us the fact that our baseball season opened on the College campus by a game between the Pittsburg National League team and the College team, so the members of the latter doubly rejoice in swelling the universal chorus of congratulation which now greets the members of the former.

Our Football elevens line up as follows :

### FIRST TEAM.

C., Young or Ryan; L. G., Russell; R. G., Corcoran; L. T., Flanagan; R. T., O'Sullivan or Geisler; L. E., Gaynor or Bennett; R. E., Grealish; Q., Huckestein; L. H., Scanlan; R. H., Roberts or Mayer; F. B., Collins.

### SECOND TEAM.

C., Lackner; L. G., Whalen; R. G., McNichol; L. T., Tanney; R. T., Jackson or O'Connell; L. E., Berner; R. E., Donovan; Q., Neylon or Relihan; L. H., Keating; R. H., Dean; F. B., Sackville.

### THIRD TEAM.

C., Killian; L. G., Brown; R. G., Joost or McCook; L. T., Kvatsak or McCaffrey; R. T., Rankin; L. E., Fitzgerald; R. E., Collins; Q., Relihan; L. H., Connors; R. H., Pascual; F. B., Hartigan.

### THE INDEPENDENTS.

C., Nechoff; L. G., Freire; R. G., Oatman or Conway; L. T., Hawks; R. T., Baum; L. E., Lutz or McDermott; R. E., McAteer; Q., Kvatsak, J.; L. H., Dickson; R. H., Sweeney; F. B., Breen.

### FOURTH TEAM.

C., Vislet; L. G., Smith; R. G., Ryan; L. T., Hinemann; R. T., Morrow; L. E., Burke; R. E., Dullard; Q., Lauinger; R. H., Misklow; L. H., Moroney; F. B., Murphy.

Two new and ample handball courts have just been raised upon the grounds close to the courts previously erected. Since the boys have learned that Peter Maher's elegant and athletic form has, by himself, been attributed to his constant practice of handball, no other line of sport is so faithfully or, perhaps, so profitably patronized by the students.

The athletes are delighted these days to observe Father H. McDermott suddenly manifesting on the campus or in the gymnasium all his old-time energy and grace. As Father P. A. McDermott is our patron of athletes, Father Henry A. McDermott is their type and model.

"CORLITOS" PASCUAL's harty dash and vim on the gridiron as Captain of the Third Team is a veritable treat: he is a born leader.



## CATHOLIC FEDERATION.

When the National Secretary of the American Federation of Catholic Societies of the United States notified the Press that Federation had become an accomplished fact, the BULLETIN was ready for the printer, and hence we unfortunately find but brief space to treat of a vital and splendid theme. Perhaps a later issue may offer further developments on the topic.

At present we desire simply to express the strongest possible commendation of the work effected and to tender heartiest congratulations to such as arduously labored therefor.

This is an age of union and federation in all departments—especially in these U. S., where combinations on a grand scale, pressing forward to still further developments, are the order of the day.

Why should laymen fail to organize in a society where ecclesiastical organization and union is the most perfect in the world? All people admire those who stand firm in the sentiments of brotherhood.

All the world is aware what federation meant under Malingkrodt and Geizel and Windthorst in the German Centrum—what Irish Union meant under Daniel O'Connell—what the lack of it often meant to Ireland—what the need of it meant to Poland—what the woeful lack of it signifies at this day to Italy and to Austria and to France.

It may be said—and truly—that there is not the same call for it in this Country as in those nations; but there had never been such dire need of it in those, had they opportunely founded such a federation as we have established. “A stitch in time saves nine”—and sometimes it may save the whole garment. Whether we need it or not, it is the realization of an ideal most beautiful and entirely harmless. It is grand from a religious and social standpoint, manifesting great spirit and broadness.

Again, our felicitations to all concerned, and God speed the Federation!



“WHY is it advisable,” said the philosopher, “to avoid arguing with the Ladies?” “Because,” said he, “in spinning *yarns* among *silks* and *satins*, a man is sure to be *worsted* and *twisted*. And when a man is *worsted* and *twisted*, he may consider himself wound up.”

“CAN any boy in the class,” said the Professor of the Third Academical Geography Class, “inform me how it is that the mouths of rivers are larger than their heads?”

“WHY is a head of salad like a young Lady's head?” asked the cynical young Bachelor. “Because,” said he, “each one needs a good deal of dressing to go well.”



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# Pittsburg College Bulletin.

Vol. VIII.

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No. 2.

## Mary.

Have I not sung one song of these, one song, O my Queen, to thee.  
One song that might carry an angel's smile, as an echo, back to me?

Have I not written a verse of love, nor fearingly framed a line?  
Not sounded a kneeling canticle to the Lady my heart calls mine?

What adds the artist to Beauty, who limns his white on the snow?  
What purity does he give to it, what more immaculate glow?

Ah, it is not that the soul which sings has been, like an ember, dead!  
No, Mystical Rose, my Morning Star! but that soul has been kissed with  
dread!

For what could its song pour into a vessel from far eternity filled?  
The Vessel of honor! O, Mary, 'twas this thought that my singing stilled!

Oh; how could I touch, my Lady, the notes of this broken reed?  
How could I plant in the Garden of God a withering, lifeless seed?

How could I pluck a spear of grass from out of an earth-grown clod,  
To steal it into a wreath of flowers breathed out of the breath of God?

No! the honor I would have brought, Mary, is the honor I could not  
bring!

My reed is broken! My voice is hushed! 'Tis the song I can not sing!

*Alfred McCann.*



## FATHER GRIFFIN'S TRAVELS.

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF HIS TRIP TO IRELAND, FRANCE, SWITZERLAND  
AND ITALY.

At the meeting of the students of Holy Ghost College held on the eve of the annual commencement exercises, last June, Rev. John Griffin, C. S. Sp., was greeted by one of their number, Mr. Alf. A. Smith, in a flattering address, followed by the presentation of a handsome donation from the pupils of 1900-01. The occasion, which called for this manifestation of the kindly feelings of the college boys towards one of their old-time professors, was the fact that he was to leave for Europe in a few days, to enjoy a much-needed vacation of three months. The boys expressed the hope that Father Griffin would taste to the full the happiness and pleasure which a good vacation trip is always expected to bring with it, and that at its close they, too, would have their share in this same pleasure and happiness by seeing him once more returning to their midst full of health and vigor.

This friendly, twofold wish of his many young friends has been realized far beyond their most sanguine hopes. Father Griffin left Pittsburg on the evening of the 27th of June, accompanied by Rev. John Otten, C. S. Sp., of St. Mary's, Sharpsburg, and after a day and a night's sojourn in Philadelphia with their confreres residing in that city, they both embarked at New York on the Cunard steamer, *Lucania*, on Saturday, June 29.

The ocean was on its good behavior and seemed a presage of the varied enjoyments which characterized the whole vacation trip both on sea and land. A concert was given on board on the eve of the Fourth of July for the benefit of the sailors' orphans and widows at Liverpool, and Father Griffin was invited to give a pianoforte selection, which was kindly received and encored.

On the immortal Fourth, the Union Jack and Old Glory were waving opposite each other in most beautiful and fraternal harmony, making one forget almost that Uncle Sam and Johnny Bull ever had a squabble in their life.

It was on Friday afternoon, July 5th, that the passengers sighted the fair, sloping hills and winding bays of Cork's beautiful shore, and at a late hour the gallant *Lucania* at last transferred her Irish contingent to the little steamer, or tender, which awaited them outside "Cork's sweet cove." The shades were falling fast, rendering it more and more difficult to appreciate the enchanting scenery of that fair spot, and when Queenstown was reached at 10 p. m., it was too dark even to view the gem of that fine city, namely, the magnificent cathedral, which is truly one of the leading architectural wonders of modern Europe. As a considerable portion of the passengers went to Cork on the same night, it was not until his return at the end

of September that Father Griffin was enabled to see all the beautiful surroundings of Queenstown. This city, as The BULLETIN's readers are aware, derives its name from the visit, in August 1849, of Queen Victoria, who here stepped ashore, as she afterwards wrote, "amidst the roar of cannon and the enthusiastic shouts of the people."

From Saturday to Wednesday, 10th of July, the time was spent in making the delightful and interesting tour of Cork and its environs, including Blarney Castle, Shandon Church and steeple, Bantry, Glengariff and Killarney, with its enchanting lakes and gorgeous mountain scenery. In making the tour of the lakes the visitors viewed the pretty spot known as Dinis Island. A picturesque little cottage stands there, containing some fine specimens of Killarney stags' heads and many other souvenirs. This cottage is associated with the Colleen Bawn, the well-known heroine of "The Collegians," who is said to have lived there. From the window in the tourist room a magnificent view may be obtained of Torc mountain and the middle lake.

What made the visit particularly interesting at that special time early in July, was the presence there of the gallant crew of the Pennsylvania University, who carried off the honors in the boat race, held on the lower lake, against Trinity College, Dublin, Saturday, July 13. From the manner in which these young athletes handled their oars in their daily practice, preparatory to the famous contest, it was easy to foresee that they would not fail to give a good account of themselves in the struggle. Every evening they carried their boat "home to bed," as they expressed it, humming or whistling, as they stepped along, the familiar strains of "Marching thro' Georgia."

After a short visit to Rockwell College, County Tipperary, directed by the Fathers of the Society of the Holy Ghost, Fathers Griffin and Otten reached Blackrock College, Dublin, where they had the pleasure of meeting once again many of their confreres, from whom they had been parted for years. Very Rev. John T. Murphy, C. S. Sp., formerly President of Holy Ghost College, Pittsburg, and at present Superior and President of Blackrock College, tendered a most cordial welcome to the visitors, and made many eager inquiries about the numerous friends he had left behind him in Pittsburg in 1899. A great source of pleasure to him was the good tidings he received of the welfare and success of his own former pupils in Pittsburg College, each one of whom is proving himself daily more and more a credit and an ornament to his *Alma Mater* and its staff of professors.

After indulging in a few days' sojourn in his own native county of Limerick, and visiting, with eager gaze and throbbing heart, the sweet and familiar scenes of his early childhood, Father Griffin followed the irresistible impulse, which bore upon him more and more as his vacation progressed, to go on a pilgrimage to Rome and Lourdes. Having embarked at New York on the 29th of June, feast of SS. Peter and Paul, he felt the unsatiable desire

growing within him of visiting the tomb of these blessed Apostles in the Eternal City.

At the motherhouse of the Society in Paris he met with a most kind and paternal reception from the Father General, Right Rev. Alexander Leroy, who graciously accorded the favor he solicited. The route chosen by Father Griffin for his pilgrimage to Rome was through Switzerland, via Bale and Luzerne, thence into Italy via the St. Gothard Pass, and thence through Milan, Venice and Florence. At each of these places he stopped for a short time. Wherever a Catholic travels in these regions, he finds himself surrounded by the time-honored monuments of the grand, old faith of his forefathers. In each city, town or hamlet he meets with several of these venerable churches wherein to-day, just the same as centuries ago, the children of the faith kneel before the altar of God, assisting at the same adorable sacrifice of the Immaculate Lamb, which has been offered up throughout Christendom from the beginning, and professing each and every article of the same divinely-given creed, which has been transmitted to them from the time of the Apostles.

One is enchanted by the sight of God's wonders in the magnificent scenery of Switzerland. A deeper and holier thrill of pleasure and joy pervades the Catholic heart as he perceives on every side tokens and vestiges of the sincere piety and solid-faith of the noble Swiss. Along the roadsides there stand numberless images of the crucified Redeemer, of His Blessed Mother and the saints. Many are the chapels which seem to invite the weary traveler to seek rest and soothing comfort for his soul, by devout prayer and holy meditation.

Father Griffin offered the Holy Sacrifice in Bale, in the beautiful Church of St. Mary (Marienkirche), which stands on an elevated portion of the city and commands a splendid view of the picturesque scenery on either side of the Rhine, which flows in a copious and rapid stream through the middle of the town. The time of his sojourn there afforded him the opportunity of seeing a good portion of the varied and interesting buildings, which exhibit both mediæval and modern styles of architecture. On the walls of many of the houses are to be seen still those peculiar paintings with which it was customary to decorate the outside of buildings in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

A two-hours' ride in the train brought the traveller to the fair and enchanting city of Lucerne. In this city the bustle of modern holiday life contrasts curiously with the mediæval aspect of the ramparts and their picturesque towers. A magnificent new railway station is the first object that strikes the attention of the tourist. Its principal platform is 310 feet in length, and that part of the building which contains the offices and waiting rooms is a most imposing structure. The noble vestibule is surmounted by a cupola rising to a height of 137 feet. The entire building rests upon a foundation of 3597 piles and has a total length of 120,000 feet.



Immediately on leaving the station we see before us a magnificent prospect; on the right, the green slopes of the Rigi; in front of us, the lake and the town with its picturesque towers. A few steps bring us to the new bridge, the Seebrücke. Then suddenly there opens out before the traveler the most entrancing prospect that fancy can picture to itself. Beyond the glittering surface of the lake of the Four Cantons rise the Alps in all their splendor. On the left, above the fertile gardens of Weggis, towers the Rigi with its gleaming hotels; on the right the rugged summit of Mount Pilatus; while between them, overtopping the lesser eminences, a long array of snowy peaks greets Luzerne as it stands in all its beauty, dipping, as it were, into the gleaming waters of the lake.

The beautiful city of Luzerne is situated in the heart of Switzerland, within easy reach of all that is grandest in the scenery of the Alps. It is the point to which all those converge who travel through the country from north to south, from east to west, or in the reverse directions. From the time when the chestnuts on the beautiful quay are opening their rosy blossoms to the spring breezes, till when the autumnal winds begin to strip the leaves from the trees, the flood of foreign visitors never ceases to flow, so that no one can claim to know Switzerland unless he has spent part of a summer at Luzerne. Its name is derived from Ludger, a synonym of Leodegar, from the fact that as early as the year 735 the convent of St. Leodegar was founded on the spot. When the peasantry of the interior cantons concluded that alliance out of which, in the course of time, grew the Swiss republic, Luzerne did not hesitate to join them, so that, from the year 1332, the history of the confederacy was also that of Luzerne, which, up to 1848, formed, like Zurich and Berne, one of the seats of the federal government. The old flags in the Rathhaus and in the Franciscan church bear witness to the fidelity with which the burghers supported their compatriots in the wars that secured to Switzerland its independence. Every one has heard of the "Lion of Luzerne," a well-known monument hewn out of the living rock, in commemoration of the heroism of the Swiss guards, who fell to the last man at Paris in 1792 while defending the unfortunate Louis XVI. At a still earlier period, that of the Reformation, they gave a striking instance of their fidelity by remaining true to the faith of their fathers; and down to the present day the town has maintained its reputation as one of the chief strongholds of the Catholic faith in Switzerland.

The situation of Luzerne is wonderfully picturesque. It claims pre-eminence over all the other cities of Switzerland for the beauty of its scenery. One could live for years in this terrestrial paradise without exhausting the charming walks and enjoyable excursions for which its environs are so famous. The resident in Luzerne must become an ardent lover of nature, and an enthusiastic mountain climber, for on one side of him stands the Rigi-Kulm, and on the other Pilatus, whilst between them lies the gleaming expanse of the lake of the Four Cantons, with the snowy range of the Alps

beyond it; and, in whatever direction we turn our steps, we are surrounded by all that is most enchanting in the beauties of earth, lake and sky. The principal Catholic church of Luzerne is the Hofkirche of St. Leodegar, a magnificent building several centuries old and containing a wonderful organ with ninety stops. A performance is given on this instrument every weekday evening from 6:30 to 7:30, and the power and volume of tone produced is something inconceivable.

Father Griffin spent only a day in this beautiful city. During that short time he went on an excursion by boat to Vitznau, and thence by mountain railway to the top of Rigi-Kulm. This line leads the tourist, one might be tempted to say, almost perpendicularly up from the edge of the blue waters of the lake through chestnut groves, through a tunnel and through the air, always higher and higher, until he begins to grow dizzy at finding himself perched aloft in the air, whence the lake seems to sink into the depths like a falling fragment of a mirror. From the top of this lofty mountain, one can get a view of some sixty miles in several directions, while, in its immediate neighborhood, it commands a view of three lakes.

As we have lingered so long in recalling the souvenirs of Luzerne, we must try to spare the patience of our readers by summarizing, as briefly as possible, the remainder of Father Griffin's vacation trip. During the visits made to Milan, Venice and Florence, he had the consolation of offering up the Holy Sacrifice in several of the most ancient churches of Christendom. He said mass in the old Cathedral of St. Ambrose, founded by the saint in 387. The altar where he officiated is in the crypt, containing the porphyry sarcophagus, in which lie the remains of saints Gervasius, Protasius and Ambrose.

At last, on August 8th, Father Griffin reached the city of the Popes, and took up his abode in the *Via Santa Chiara*, at the French seminary, which is in the hands of the Fathers of the Society of the Holy Ghost. During the two weeks spent in the Eternal City he had an opportunity of visiting nearly all the principal monuments, including the four great basilicas, St. Peter's, Sta. Maria Maggiore, St. John Lateran and St. Paul, the catacombs, the Church of the Three Fountains, where St. Paul suffered martyrdom, etc. He offered the holy Mass several times over the tomb of St. Philip Neri, once in St. Peter's and once in the catacombs, on the tomb of St. Cecilia.

On the feast of St. Joachim, patron saint of Leo XIII., he was allowed the privilege of attending the audience given by his Holiness to the Cardinals and other dignitaries of the Papal court. The venerable Pontiff was conducted into the hall of the consistory at noon. He made a most animated address to the assembled prelates, recommended especially to their zeal the propagation of the devotion towards the great St. Joachim, the father of the Blessed Virgin Mary. He alluded to the consecration of the new co-adjutor Bishop of Sydney, Australia, Dr. Kelly, which had taken place in the church of St. Joachim, and he dwelt on this circumstance as showing how earnest

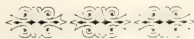
the new prelate would be in propagating in far-off Australia the practice of devotion to St. Joachim. He urged the Cardinals and Bishops present to do all in their power to bring about the completion of the magnificent church of St. Joachim, which is being built under the auspices of Leo XIII. In this edifice there are several most beautiful chapels, all vying with one another in the splendor and magnificence of their design, and each donated respectively by the Catholic population of each of the great countries. One could notice particularly the magnificence of the American chapel, dedicated to the Immaculate Virgin, the patroness of America.

Leaving Rome the 21st of August, our tourist passed successfully through Pisa, the native city of Galileo, Genoa, the birthplace of the illustrious Columbus, Marseilles, Cette and Toulouse, and finally reached Lourdes at the time when the little town was thronged with some fourteen or fifteen thousand pilgrims from various dioceses of France, Belgium and other countries.

To be allowed to visit Lourdes is truly one of the sweetest joys that can be tasted on this side of the grave. It is a foretaste of heaven.

He returned early in September to Ireland, where he spent the remainder of that month visiting many of his friends. On the 24th of September, the day of Our Lady of Mercy, he offered the holy sacrifice on the altar of "Our Lady of Limerick," in that old historic town, and visited the fine old convent of Mercy, St. Mary's, the first opened in that city by Mother McCauley nearly three quarters of a century ago.

On the 29th of September he departed on the *Umbria* at Queenstown, and finally reached Pittsburg on the 10th of October, to exchange the now past and gone joy of his three-months' vacation trip for the not unwelcome, though unremitting, toil of that busy bee hive, known as Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost.



## The Court House and St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Allegheny County Court House stands today the foremost monument of Romanesque Architecture on the American Continent. Its very lineament seems admirably adapted to the special use for which it is intended. The style is a most logical one, being that which has been gradually developed and adapted from the Architecture formerly used by the Romans, that great nation of lawyers and politicians. Its bold and rugged outline seems to indicate the fearlessness and impartiality of Justice, while the lofty and well proportioned tower, overtopping all else in the city, represents, as it were, Justice seated on an eminence. Massive, compact and formidable in appearance, it reminds us of an impregnable fortress, unassailable by the vagaries of individuals, the passions of men, or the prejudices of parties. The solidity of the material used in its construction conveys the idea of con-



stancy, while the rounded arches seem to lend a softened air to the otherwise severe outlines, as if Justice were tempered with Mercy. Would that those whose chosen profession is the science and administration of Justice might ever keep before them the lessons which this noble edifice suggests!

Throughout the whole gigantic structure there is a superb unity of design, every detail harmonizing with the manifest purpose in view in its erection. Entrances are well placed and adequate, corridors are spacious, light is abundant, the location is central, while the slight eminence which marks the site adds much to the effect. Admirable taste and pains-taking care are exhibited in its embellishment, no two capitals throughout the entire building having the same carved designs. Carelessness and haste are banished, and no detail that will increase its beauty or heighten the artistic effect, has been omitted.

We can only grieve that the onward march of material progress is steadily engulfing this beautiful edifice, and that but a partially satisfactory view can now be had of a building that will ever remain a monument to the good sense and cultured taste of the citizens of Pittsburg.

Close by this temple of Justice there stands another temple, dedicated, not merely to Justice, but to God, the Author of Justice. And as the Romanesque style seems to lend itself with peculiar aptness to the Court House, so also the Gothic style seems to be the most appropriate for Ecclesiastical Architecture, not only because of its profound and spiritual beauty, but for the further reason that it does not readily adapt itself to buildings purely secular. It is, as it were, set apart for the expression of Christianity in Architecture, and when we see the delicate and impressive outlines of a Gothic structure, we know at once that it is, not a theatre, nor an auditorium, nor a dance hall, but the dwelling place of the Most High God.

Built in the Gothic style, St. Paul's Cathedral is endowed with a commanding beauty and dignity, while it possesses lightness and grace in outline, strongly contrasted with the stern severity of the Court House. This majestic Cathedral is built in the form of a cross; the cross surmounts every spire and pinnacle, reminding us of the death of Christ on Calvary. Its two graceful spires seem to pierce the heavens, and to interpose between the wrath of God and the sins of the city. The three main entrances and the triangular form of every arch recall to our minds the Blessed Trinity. The three front entrances also signify Faith, Hope and Charity, and as, "the greatest of these is Charity," it is symbolized by the great central door.

There runs throughout the Church the mystic number five:—five aisles, five columns in each aisle, five tiers of arches, all signifying the five wounds of our Saviour. The seven sacraments are suggested to us by the seven pairs of arches stretching across the transept.

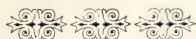
Everything about this grand old pile points heavenward:—arches, columns, pinnacles, spires, suggesting to us the resurrection, and reminding us of the practice of the first Christians, who were accustomed to pray standing.

Every worldly element is banished from this sacred edifice; not even a ray of light penetrates except it has been previously mellowed by the colored glass windows.

All things indeed about this sacred temple conspire to raise the mind and heart to God. Small wonder, then, that a devoted people clings with such tenderness to this grand old Cathedral, with its rich traditions, and the great truths of Christianity stamped upon its every line.

The Catholics of the Diocese of Pittsburg, who, in spite of the ravages of war and the privations entailed by successive panics, erected this magnificent Cathedral, have deserved our lasting gratitude. Since its days are numbered, let us hope that in this City of Pittsburg, which proudly boasts of its vast wealth and material resources, we shall find erected in our midst a new Cathedral, fit to represent the faith of a community grateful for so many temporal blessings. Let us hope that as the forthcoming Cathedral is to be erected under conditions scarcely paralleled in the history of Catholicity in America, we may soon behold dedicated to the Living God a new temple, not merely modeled upon the lines of the present edifice, for "Nothing resting in its own completeness can have worth or beauty," but a Cathedral embodying with more fulness in detail and more richness in execution all that is good and beautiful and true in the present stately structure.

T. F. Coakley, '03.



## RECENT MIRACLES AT LOURDES.

Amongst the scores of extraordinary cures which have taken place during this year and especially during the month of August, when thousands of pilgrims crowd to the feet of the Blessed Virgin's shrine, we will mention the following, of which an impartial and touching account is contained in the London *Daily Mail*, under the heading, "A Miracle of Lourdes."

This account was sent to the paper by one of its correspondents, Mr. Raphael, a Hebrew and an eye-witness of the event. He cannot, therefore, be suspected of lack either of sincerity or impartiality.

"Lourdes has become the scene of a new and striking event. Yesterday evening the Sacred Host had just been carried before us by a priest clad in gorgeous vestments, who held the Blessed Sacrament in a golden ostensorium, which glittered brightly beneath the rays of a burning sun, when suddenly there broke from the lips of a man, lying at my feet upon a stretcher,—an inarticulate cry, and a woman, who stood near the litter, uttered in accents stifled by her tears and sobs: 'Holy Mother, I thank you!'

"The man who had been lying upon the stretcher, took hold of its sides with his emaciated hands, and with a nervous and convulsive movement, raised himself aloft, until he was sitting up on his couch.

“ ‘Help me !’ he sighed, while two big scalding tears rolled down his cheeks and upon his beard; ‘I can walk; I feel I can !’ Willing hands were stretched forth to assist him to rise upon his feet, and there he stood erect in presence of us all, like one risen from the dead, without any covering upon his head and body, save his night-gown. ‘Let me walk !’ he cried aloud once more, with a strange voice that seemed to come from the depths of the tomb.

‘Hear him, O Holy Virgin, hear him !’ sobbed his mother. ‘He has not spoken aloud for the last twenty months,’ and there, in the sight of the thousands of spectators thronging both sides of the procession, that wreck of humanity, whose limbs and feet had been diseased and absolutely powerless for many months, made five tottering steps, and fell exhausted into the arms that were open and ready to receive him.

“I followed, as far as to the hospital, the crowd in the midst of whom his litter was borne in triumph, and I procured complete information on his case. His name is Gabriel Gorgam. Twenty months ago, he was a letter carrier on a mail train. He was so seriously injured in a railroad accident near Angouleme that he contracted paralysis of the spine, which rendered it almost impossible for him to take nourishment. He was able to speak only at rare intervals, and, from the hips to the feet, his body was absolutely stiff, and insensible even to the touch of red-hot iron, which the physicians occasionally applied.

“This morning, after having bathed in the pool near the Grotto, and received Holy Communion, he has succeeded in taking a regular meal, and in walking as well as a person can, who for months has been deprived of muscular exercise. The sores of his feet, which yesterday were loathsome, are today almost entirely healed. His countenance has a healthy color, and his speech is entirely distinct.”

On August 28th Father Griffin was present at the Grotto at the moment when an event took place which aroused the thousands who witnessed it to the most ardent manifestations of their devotion and love to the Mother of Mercy. It was about 4 p. m. he was making his way as best he could amidst a countless row of pilgrims, who were passing one by one towards the Grotto, in order to tread the spot where Bernadette had knelt in 1858, when she saw Our Blessed Lady.

Suddenly there broke upon his hearing the sound of several voices at a short distance in front of the Grotto, and when, by a natural impulse of curiosity, he turned around towards the place whence these sounds came, he saw a wild rush of several hundred people, who strove to outstrip one another in the effort to come forward to get a view of a little girl, moving back and forward in front of the Grotto. Who, and what was this child? A poor little invalid, who for long months had been completely paralysed, utterly unable to walk or even stand for a moment. The nuns, in whose charge she was, had her brought to the Grotto, lying on a stretcher. There, in common



with several other sick persons, the little one raised her heart and her hands to the Blessed Mother, while the faithful all about her united their fervent supplications in her behalf.

What was the astonishment and delight of Mary's children, when they beheld the little child make a brave effort to arise from her couch, and above all, when in a moment or so afterwards she stood erect, and walked forward without any assistance! The wildest enthusiasm seemed for some moments to carry the people outside of themselves. The usual calm stillness of the sacred spots was replaced by a tumult of noisy jostling on all sides,—an irresistible curiosity possessing everybody to get a view of the favored child. One of the priests in charge mounted the pulpit adjoining the Grotto, and said: "My good people, let me ask you first of all, to try and repress your curiosity. The Blessed Virgin will be far better pleased with you, if you unite in fervent thanksgiving, than if you try to gratify your curiosity in seeing the child who has been cured."

"Now let those who are standing up on the benches, please get down on the level ground."—A momentary pause ensued, as the persons referred to obeyed, perhaps unwillingly, the injunction of the speaker.

"Now" he continued, "as I find you have returned to a more reasonable frame of mind, we will recite, all together, the Rosary of Mary Immaculate, to thank her for this favor,—and no doubt, you will not have to wait very long before the good Mother will give you still more proofs of her power and mercy."

Rarely, if ever, have such heartfelt appeals mounted, like sweet incense, to the throne of mercy,—as then went up from the hearts of that countless multitude of worshipers.

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THE ordinary Pittsburger wears a broad smile of pride these days: he has good reason for this in so far as Pittsburg is at present undergoing very progressive changes in the very heart of the City. There are in course of construction at least six sky-scrapers. The Frick building is one of the highest massive buildings in the U. S., comprising twenty-two stories and room for perhaps thousands of offices. The other edifices will rise into the 'teens as regards stories. These are marks of the prosperity centered in our City.

Another development, which characterizes the onward march of Pittsburg, is that railroads have not sufficient room to accommodate the increasing traffic, and the Pennsylvania apparently contemplates purchasing property on Liberty Avenue, from Eleventh Street to Twenty-second Street, at a cost of some ten millions, in order to build a large freight yard.

Where corporations undertake expenses involving such steep sums, in order to cope with increasing business, it becomes manifest that the City is fast forging to the front; it becomes more and more evident that in a short time dear old Pittsburg will lead in the industrial world.

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## ...EDITORIALS..

### Li Hung Chang and the Chinese.

Li Hung Chang, the eminent Chinese nobleman and diplomat, viceroy of Chi-Li, died in China recently. It will be remembered that, while in this country some years ago, he had his first experience of what electricity could do in the way of a shock.

When visiting the Westinghouse works at East Pittsburg, he touched an apparently harmless piece of mechanism, and was surprised to sustain a shock that knocked the cane from his hand.

Though the actions and manner-of-living of the few Chinese we see in this country might tend to make us believe that the Chinese race is not up-to-date in intellectual pursuits, the acts, power and diplomacy of such statesmen as Li Hung Chang and Wu Ting Fang would compel us to believe that the Chinese mind, if educated, cultivated and enlightened by the truths of the

Christian Religion, would rank high in the arts and sciences, and the ordinary occupations of men.

C. M. K.



### Our Standing Army.

It is a remarkable fact, and one of which most people are totally ignorant, that the most numerous army in the world is—not the one composed of the “Tommy Atkinses” of King Edward VII., nor the bearded Russians of the peace-loving Czar, nor the stolid Germans of Kaiser Wilhelm’s forces, but the United States army of pensioners. These number about one million having claims on the Federal Government, and though the most of them receive but a small pittance, the aggregate in one year is enormous.

C. M. K.



### Truthfulness.

It is well-nigh impossible to exaggerate the importance of truthfulness. The whole fabric of society may be said to rest upon it. When we stop to consider, the knowledge that we glean from our own personal experience is surprisingly small. For nine-tenths of our information we depend on newspapers, books and the conversation of our associates. If these could not generally be relied on, what chaos would result! The lives of passengers on our railroads are hourly at the mercy of those who report the movements of the various trains. The fortunes of individuals and of companies rest upon the fidelity of a clerk or an office-boy. The fate of a nation is in the hands of one or two men. Many are the lives that have been blasted by the poisonous breath of one slanderous word, many the souls that are lost for one sin hidden through shame from God’s representative in the sacred tribunal!

The inculcation of habits of truth is an item of primary importance in the education of youth. A child that is not formed to candor and uprightness lacks the essential and fundamental quality of a good character. As no vice, perhaps, is so easy to acquire as untruthfulness, so none is so hard to eradicate in after life.

Whatever misleads in any way is a lie. Half truths are worst of all. Evil speaking and mischievous gossip are trebly hurtful, when—as usually happens—there is an admixture of truth. Hence, we must beware of youth’s great fault, exaggeration, of coloring what we say—whether in praise, blame or extenuation—of “white lies,” in short, of any tampering with absolute truth.

Lying is a bad trade. “Whatever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under everlasting suspicion, so that he is



not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when, perhaps, he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood." The story of the shepherd-boy and the wolf is a well-known illustration of this sad fact. On a drowsy afternoon in early Autumn, to amuse himself at the expense of others, he several times startled the reapers in a neighboring field by shouting "the wolf! the wolf!" When they came in haste to drive away the marauder, the boy thought it great fun. He deceived them in this way three days in succession; but, on the fourth, the wolf did come, and the mischievous boy called in vain for help. The reapers did not so much as look over the wall, but said to one another, "He is trying to deceive us again, we will waste no more time with him." The flock was scattered, many sheep were killed, and the boy lost his position and reputation.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; one trick needs a great many more to make it good. "Oh, what a tangled web we weave, when first we practise to deceive!" And worst of all, whatever momentary satisfaction or excuse it may afford, a lie always leads to punishment and disgrace in the end.

Hypocrisy is one of the worst forms of deception, and it is especially detrimental to the persons themselves who practice it. For "it is hard to personate and act a part long; where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or another. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to everybody's satisfaction: so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom."

J. A. M.



### First Place.

Examination week at the College presents to us the exhilarating spectacle of close upon three hundred young men, in the full vigor of a joyous youth, striving to achieve the distinction of having won first place in their respective classes. Nor can their strenuous efforts to surpass each other be condemned upon the ground of fostering pride, for honors always rest most fitly upon him who wears his laurels modestly.

Moreover, these intellectual contests stimulate us to do our very best. The first place in an examination is usually won by the student who, day by day, has exerted to the utmost all his faculties to master thoroughly the tasks assigned him, and who neither shirks responsibility, nor attempts to evade the labors which a sound education imposes. A habit is thus unconsciously formed in the student, of doing his very best at all times and under all circumstances, whether he be engaged in a delicate disquisition upon the

nature of the human soul, or in a "guards-back" formation in the 'Varsity eleven.

And so we commend these active endeavors to honorably secure the first place. We say honorably, not that it is obtained dishonorably in our classes; certainly not;—but, merely to emphasize the fact that the first place should not be sought in a dishonorable manner, or for a dishonorable purpose.

The world needs men who will win the first place, men who will stand out from the crowd, who will rise above their fellows and give an example of an ideal, courageous, Christian manhood; men who will allow none to surpass them in whatever stands for an honest, intelligent, law-abiding Catholic gentleman.

Yet, while we give so much serious attention to achieving distinction in the intellectual, social and political worlds, let us not forget that the Saints have surpassed us in holiness, and our victory is, therefore, not complete until we have made an effort to equal, or to excel, their virtues.

T. F. C.



### ATHLETICS.

In the BULLETIN following the football season, a detailed account will be rendered of the doings of the College Football Club during the season. It may be stated here that the team played six scheduled games, winning three and losing three, as follows:

October 5, Pittsburg College versus Geneva College, on P. C. grounds: score 0-27; October 12, P. C. versus East Liverpool, at East Liverpool: score 3-25; October 19, P. C. versus Allegheny Athletic Club, on P. C. grounds: score 16-0; October 26, P. C. versus Western University, at Schenley Park: score 0-18; Nov. 5, P. C. versus Geneva College, on Geneva College grounds: score 0-12; Nov. 9, P. C. versus California State Normal, on California State's grounds: score 5-0.

Thus it appears we were defeated by two teams—W. U. P. and Geneva—twice by the latter. We have had an absolutely *bona fide* college or amateur team, and even when handicapped by the fact that on one or two occasions a couple of our best players went home or were somewhat disabled we would not take the assistance of outside athletes friendly to the College.

Our hand-ball courts are so persistently visited that it becomes clear the Faculty were not in advance of the demand in erecting four spacious courts. Prof. John Laux is the transcendant star in the game. But among the students his satellites are Ralph Hayes and John Huettel who hold equal scores and losses. After them, Edward Sweeney is considered very accurate and speedy, and a fairly good general. The most constant and promising player among the younger boys is Bernard Briggs.

### To A Picture.

With happy men'ries oft recalled  
Of days forever gone,  
I prize thee, picture, more and more,  
As months to years roll on.

When sorrows cast their clouds o'er me,  
When joys those clouds dispel,  
When illness comes, as come it will,  
To rack with pain, when well,

I turn to thee, nor turn in vain;  
Thy presence soothe each grief,  
Enhances joys—though few I know—  
To pain gives quick relief.

Thou bringest back a youthful form  
With many graces blessed,  
With noble gifts of mind and soul  
In its fair face expressed,

With tender heart, with love-lit eye,  
With cheering voice, and grasp  
Of hand that spoke of friendship true  
In its returning clasp.

Thou bringest back a happy time  
That fled all too fast;  
Once more thou mak'st me live that time  
Too happy far to last.

Full often friends will prove untrue,  
And love will turn to hate;  
But thou no change wilt undergo,  
Nor kindly look abate.

Thee, then, I'll cherish all my days,  
Thou treasure of my heart,  
In joy, in sorrow, sickness, health,  
Till death us twain shall part.



## ALUMNI NOTES.

Mr. Joseph Monohan, of "The Sophomore Class" '97, holds a responsible position in the employ of the Pennsylvania R. R. Co., located at 43rd street, this city.

Mr. Patrick Edward Maher, graduate of '00, is continuing his studies at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Charles Rihn, of the First Academic Class of '97, has taken a partner in life, Miss Annie Green of Lawrenceville. "May the sun always shine on him, and may no clouds mar his wedded life!"

Charles Finney, graduate of '99, has not returned to St. Mary's Seminary, owing to the illness of his father. He expects to be able to return after Christmas.

James Feeley, of the Commercial Department '98, is at present engaged in the construction of the Union Station, this city.

Theodore Rihn, of Commercial Department '98, is engaged as machinist at the H. K. Porter Locomotive Works.

Mr. Paul Wingerter, '95, came up from Wheeling to see us, and spend the day at the College, on Nov. 4. He was on his way to Philadelphia for consultation with a distinguished oculist of that city. Paul was astonished at all the improvements effected in the College and the grounds, since his school-days.

Mr. John Carney, '89, of 26th and Carson Sts., is not only the leading undertaker of the Southside, but bids fair to become one of the most prominent in that profession, in the whole city.

Mr. John Ryan, of Youngstown, of residence in '92, is dispatcher on the Erie R. R.

Mr. Thomas Ryan, of '94, is time-keeper in the Valley Mills of Youngstown.

Mr. John H. Sackville, who graduated last year, '01, from the Business Department, has had no trouble in securing a position as Book-keeper in the People's Savings Bank of Youngstown, his native city. He and Mr. Patrick A. Gillespie, also of '01, visited the College recently, and remained three days at St. John's Hall.

Mr. John McTiernan, '88, who left a reputation for elocution and song, rendered his favorite "O Salutaris" at the evening services in the College chapel on Sunday, Nov. 3. Then did art and devotion struggle for the mastery, and each came off victorious.

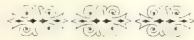
There are several of our old boys holding responsible positions in the Allegheny dispatcher's office of the United Traction Co., namely, Murt Flanagan, '99, Ed. Harrison, '98, and Jas. O'Hanlon, '81-'83. Prominent in the same city are the O'Neil brothers—Patrick and John—of '94. The former is in charge of the Clothing Department of the Hartzell Co. The latter is in the jewelry business, and is a distinguished member of the Knights of Columbus.

William O. Walker, '00, is stenographer for the Standard Oil Co., at Oil City.

Albert S. Brent, of '93-'98, has a position, which utilizes his ability at mechanical drawing, at Armstrong's Cork Co., City, for a salary of \$1200 per annum. Since he left the College, he spent a year in Mexico, as mechanical engineer for Julian Kennedy of the Smith Building.

Wm. McElligott, graduate of '01, is an aspiring architect under the supervision of Smith Bros., Fourth Avenue.

Our old chum, Mr. Hayes, is mechanical draftsman of Carnegie Steel Company.



### THE ORCHESTRA.

Now that Rev. Fr. Griffin has returned from his trip to Europe, our Orchestra membership is complete; and it will be only proper to give a more authentic list of our talented group of musicians. Mr. C. B. Weiss and Rev. Father Griffin combine very harmoniously the directorship thereof; and, indeed, no happier combination could be made. No one can surpass the latter in his familiarity with the great masters and their compositions, while the former is most interesting and pains-taking in the individual and general practice which he gives the boys.

The violins are wielded by Br. Tertullian, G. Dannhardt, E. Halley, L. Murphy, S. Kolopinski, J. Gwyer and A. Eschman. The Viola is in the hands of Mr. J. Malloy; while J. Aretz plays the Bass Violin. Rev. P. A. McDermott and Mr. F. Kautz play the Piccolo and Flute; Messrs. H. Hartigan and F. Joost, the Clarionette; Mr. T. Wrenn, the Saxophone; Mr. F. Hartigan, the Cornet; Br. Bertin and Mr. F. Neilan, the Trombones; Mr. Dekowski, the drums; and the Piano is handled in turn, as the occasion demands, by either Rev. Father Griffin, Mr. H. Smith, or Mr. Ch. Gwyer.

The following Orchestra pieces have been played at the Sunday Night Concerts since September: Overture, "Standard," *Lewis*; March, "Fine and Dandy," *Carlton*; Waltz, "Springtown on the Pike," *Russel*; Cornet Solo, "Solitude," Frank Hartigan; Schottische, "My Drowsy Babe," *Nicholas*; Two Step, "Creole Belles," *Lampc*; Waltz, "Janice Meredith,"

*Gustin*; Quintet for five Violins—Messrs. Halley, Murphy, Eschman, Gwyer, Kolopinski—by *Marcan*; Clarionette Solo, "Greeting," F. Joost; March, "The Invincible Eagle," *Sousa*; Mazurka de Concert, "La Carina," *Young*; March, "The Flag of Freedom," *Gustian*; Medley, "Harvest Days," *Tilzer*; Waltz, "Sorrow," *Horwitz and Bowers*; March, "When the Band Begins to Play," *Tilzer*.

The College Orchestra plays, in addition to other compositions, the music edited by the following publishing companies: Von Tilzer, Whitney and Warner, Balmer, Weber, Richards and Co., and Robert Becker Co.



### OUR SUNDAY EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

Because of the lack of space in our last issue, we were obliged to partly overlook our weekly entertainments. These are ever an object of special delight to the students, in as much as they disengage the attention, and gives a certain variety to the routine of college life. They are always looked forward to with pleasing anticipations by all who have ever had the pleasure of participating in them.

The members of the Lyceum Society prepare their speeches long in advance. Now a great benefit lies in this, that through the collection of the proposed material much useful information is acquired. But this is prepared principally for the audience, which is benefitted not solely by the comparatively complete solving of intricate questions which are proposed for the debates, but very often, also, by exemplary and promising models of eloquence.

Thus the student and the audience are equally benefitted. Cicero tells us that some trepidation and nervousness in the preamble of a speech, marks the noteworthy orator; and that he cared little for those who were lacking in this, as it gained, for the orator, the sympathy of the audience. Doubtless, it is objectionable if one be in a state of excitement throughout his entire discourse. But it is only practice and repeated speaking in public, that will remedy this defect. Consequently, the younger pupils recite declamations and dialogues, and to those of the advanced classes, the advantages of debating are given. That the students learn to speak correctly and to think consecutively, a trustworthy criterion must be had for the decision of debates. Accordingly, the members of the Faculty and the Fathers, who always preside at these entertainments, are called upon to give the verdict.

In this manner, as also with song and musical selections, and amid the strains of our Orchestra, the evening is spent in perfect enjoyment. But in addition to all this, we are occasionally favored with a few words from the Fathers themselves. Recently, through the special request of Rev. P. A. McDermott, speaking in behalf of all who were present at the Entertainment



of October 20th, the students succeeded in obtaining a few words from Rev. Fr. Griffin, respecting his stay in Rome, where he obtained the Holy Father's blessing for all those who are in any way connected with the College. Needless to express the hearty satisfaction of all present.

*A. J. Eschman, '03.*



### Temperance Lecture by Rev. Father Giblin, C. S. Sp.

At the invitation of Father Keane, pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, E. E., City, Rev. Thos. Giblin, C. S. Sp., delivered a lecture before a Temperance League, on Tuesday evening, October 22d. The occasion was one of the greatest interest and enjoyment to all present. The hall of the parish school accommodated a choice gathering of people, who devote their lives and talents to stamp out the detestable crime of intemperance, which is working such great havoc amongst the present generation. After the meeting had heard some energetic words of encouragement from the Rev. pastor, the audience was first charmed by the rendition of a favorite song by Miss Neumont, the well-known Cathedral Soprano. Then, after some business matter had been transacted, Mr. Ricketts, for years the famous basso of St. Paul's, contributed an artistic selection. Lawyer A. B. Reid made some very striking reflections on the drink habit, dwelling on cases which fell under his own observation.

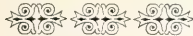
Father Giblin, who for about two years attended the House of Correction for Philadelphia Co., situated at Homesburg Junction, had for this reason made a study of the drink question, as some 6000 are confined there each year for chronic intemperance. He dwelt upon the effects of drink on health, mind and character—upon reputation, fortune and society, upon the excuses given for intemperance, and the slavery of its victims. He gave examples and statistics of these matters. The opinions of prominent clergymen, statesmen and doctors were quoted at length. He argued that by Total Abstinence Unions many a one was saved even from knowing that in the ordinary course of events he would have been a drunkard—that, had he lacked the examples and principles which these unions make it an aim to put before the public, he might have gradually and imperceptibly fallen. He insisted that most of the men in these unions are the least in need of them, but that their influence is more strengthened—as is all influence—by organization, and that such as are weak need the powerful influence of those who have courage enough to be total abstainers.

A strong argument was that total abstinence unions tend to establish a standard of character and culture. He maintained that the pace is too rapid, and competition too ardent, in the United States, especially, to allow any carelessness whatever in the matter of drink and intemperance.

"Temperance," said he, "seems to be the great national virtue of the land, and it is a remarkable fact of history that great virtues in the natural order have done much to establish nations in prosperity. Thus, in the Fathers of the Church, we read that the ancient Romans rose to universal empire by the virtues of wisdom and patience."

Owing especially to rapid illustrations by cases given from personal observation at the House of Correction, it was agreed on all sides that the lecture was remarkably eloquent and convincing.

P. A. Costelloe.



### EXCHANGES.

We desire to extend our congratulations to the *Aloysian* on the neatness and refinement of their design. "Waked by the Power of Music" is no less pleasing to our boys, and our time was very profitably and agreeably occupied while reading the essay on "Music."

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* is to be commended in its determination to favor the teaching of the Irish language, which was spoken by St. Patrick and the bards of the early ages. It should be the ambition of everyone to speak his native tongue.

Both "Lukewarmness" and "Repentance" in the *Ave Maria* are strong in the spiritual sense. We are pleased to learn of non-Catholic devotion to the Rosary through the columns of the *Ave Maria*. The article on the French Seminarian, and that concerning the letter sent to the Pope are deserving of special mention. The Catholic, as a scientist, is well defended in this popular magazine, and it is not out of place for me to say that Jesuit missionaries first detailed astronomical accounts from the Philippines to the United States.

The *Victorian*, famous for its wit, is always welcome and it is eagerly sought for by our boys. The "Lives of the Saints" is a lengthy and well chosen subject, and it brings before our minds a striking contrast between our martyrs and real heroes and the heroes of pagan antiquity.

Charles E. McHugh, '03.



### LOCALS.

The boys from the "Sunny Isle" seem to take kindly to the atmosphere of Pittsburg. Father Rumbach, their tutor, reports that each one of them is progressing finely in his studies.

Now that the "melancholy days are here," the senior boarders have practically abandoned out-door sports and are turning to indoor amusements.

Charlie Rankin is anxiously awaiting Thanksgiving Day, so that he may

show some of the boys "what a swell town Sharon is."

Mrs. Brown and daughter, Miss Rose, called on Joseph Brown, Oct. 30.

Mr. Frank Lowe, of E. Liverpool, was a College visitor, Nov. 1.

Mrs. Joost, of Woodsfield, O., visited her son, Fred, during the last week in October.

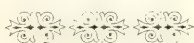
John Hartigan, of Mt. Pleasant, Pa., one of the famous "Hartigan Trio," has returned to College. Though somewhat late in starting, he has "jumped in" already, and is working hard.

Of course you have heard that "good 'un" about McNicol, the Liverpool boy? Well, Dan has been "hankering" lately for some of his mother's inimitable cake, and requested his sister to ship a small consignment. Only the other day a package arrived by express for him. Dan, you know, is good-hearted, and immediately dividing the contents, called all the boys to have a share. He broke open the package and found—a small loaf of bread. He asked for cake and they gave him bread.

Thomas Bishop has been promoted to the senior study hall. Hyacinth Hartigan has also been received as "one of the elect."

Mr. J. S. Sackville, J. Sackville, Jr., and "Pat" Gillespie, all of Youngstown, O., visited the Youngstown "delegation" last week. They all said that "things" are booming in the good "old town."

Mrs. Wagner and Leo Wagner, of Sidney, O., were the guests of Albert Wagner, during the early part of last week. "Al." expected to dodge his "exams." on account of giving a reception to his mother and brother, but, alas, he was disappointed and took them with a relish when he returned.



### CLASS NOTES.

Punctuation and Analysis were thoroughly studied in the Second Academic during the first term. So much time was devoted to these subjects because they are of paramount importance in the writing of our mother tongue. For the students of Modern or Ancient languages, the necessity of a familiar acquaintance with Analysis cannot, of course, be exaggerated.

The hour for History was spent chiefly in the study of the Constitutions—their history, division, amendments, &c.

Two of the most delightful of English authors—our own Irving and his contemporary, Coleridge—are studied in the literature class. Coleridge's strange, weird story of the *Ancient Mariner*, which teaches such grand lessons of gentleness to all of God's creatures, is read and committed to memory with great avidity, and many of the terse rhymes are familiarly quoted in the compositions.



The wit, humor and pathos of the Sketch-Book are thoroughly relished, and not a few make bold attempts to write their weekly essays in Irving's style.

In the First Academic Greek, the first term was mainly occupied in giving a thorough review to Greek Accidence. By far the greatest interest was displayed in the study of the various ingenious means adopted by the Athenians to make their language euphonious.

The politician of the class thought that Cyrus would have made a great statesman of the present age, because he was an adept at "*bluffing*."

The musician remarked that he wondered no more why music made such little progress in the olden times, as a person was liable to be flayed alive if he pretended to any extraordinary skill on the lyre.

The first term is always the most trying in the Greek classes. Some time is required for the student to become familiar with the new authors, and a great deal of collateral knowledge must be acquired before any successful attempt can be made to read them. Several hours were accordingly spent by the Professor in outlining the state of Greece in the fourth century, as a preparation for the study of *Demosthenes'* great *Philippics*, and in discussing the origin and progress of the Greek Drama, before launching into the *Alcestis* of Euripides.

The chorus, and choral poetry and metre had to be considered also, and scanning some of the wailings of the old Phereans was no easy task.

A member of the class recently laid down this universal proposition: "Man's life is indeed a stage, but no actor, no matter how well he plays his part, ever receives an *encore*." When he read how Hercules *encored* Alcestis, he retracted.

A certain member of the class is making a profound study of the chorus in Greek tragedy, and intends soon to publish the results of his researches in the BULLETIN.

Louisa Mülbach's famous historical romance, *Andreas Hofer*, abridged by Otto Hoffmann, is the text-book of the Second German class, and all follow the beautiful, simple narrative with the greatest interest.

German prefixes are important factors in words, as a certain student discovered during the examinations. The question was asked, What services did Hermann render to Germany? and he briefly answered: "Er hat die Roemer beschlagen und sein vaterland *gefreit*." O hammer of Thor!

Conciseness seems to be the chief merit of the answers in the History examination. Q. Relate in your own words the story of St. Boniface and the oak. A. Er legte die Axt on den Baum und hieb ihn um.

Our Professor of Division B of the Third Academic tells us the examinations have been quite satisfactory. As order, application and perseverance are the dominant characteristics of the students in this class, the result could scarcely be otherwise. It is the constant aim of the Professor, as he says, to

lay a solid foundation in this class, and—how is this in the line of advertisement?—to judge from the natural aptitude, the classical bent, the unfolding of heretofore latent and embryonic talents, and the expansion of intellect which is the natural sequence of these, as seen in the class, it requires not the eye of a prophet to see that the superstructures which are about to be erected will be, without doubt, venerable sky-scrappers of intellectuality.

The boys have taken a serious view of the work before them in Latin, Mathematics and Science. Difficulties are often sought, rather than avoided, as perseverance is the bridge by which they are overcome.

A few students, owing to lack of acquaintance with our vernacular, appeared at the outset to be greatly handicapped for a thorough comprehension of the work; but—paradoxical as it may seem—they have summoned up all their forces and are storming the heights of Parnassus. It is a pleasure to note that they are right in the van, on the march to the summit.

In view of the reports given by Prof. Campbell, it is pleasingly evident that earnest and faithful work has been done during the last Quarter by the Freshmen and Sophomores in Geometry, Algebra and Chemistry. Very successful efforts have been made by the professor to pursue a logical system in the first named subject, and he encourages us by stating that we are grasping the idea readily. Much is expected of us this Quarter along that line. Each student is mastering the principles of Algebra in a highly gratifying manner, especially the Freshmen who have just completed cube root.

When the bell rings for Chemistry on Monday mornings, each one of us is in his place, eager "to read Nature in the language of the experiment," and to investigate the laws of that interesting and useful review. Much interest is taken in Qualitative Analysis, also, and rapid progress was made last Quarter. The professor has a kind word for each member of the class, but space will not permit us to quote his commendation of each one.

Michael Relihan is secretly engaged in a method of equations of the fifth degree, while Frank Lowe, as editor-in-chief, with a host of assistants, is writing on Chemistry. The fact that aid is offered him is no indication that he needs help, but for the fact that he wants to pacify Messrs. Nelson, Malloy, Wagner and others and keep them from writing another text in opposition to his own. Joseph Nelson would like to meet with substances he could not analyze.

John Whalen and Ralph Hayes threaten to become Euclids by the logical manner in which they elucidate his theorems, while Frank Szumierski, in his quiet way, manages always to bring things out about right.

The Seniors are becoming deeply interested in the study of Demosthenes and of Cicero, admiring their style and mastering the intricacies of the ancient Latin and Greek languages, entering into the spirit of their speeches, following each turn of argument and making those most chaste and severe compositions familiar to their minds. They are beginning to understand the

skillful arrangement, and to master the reasoning, of "the greatest speech of the greatest orator that the world ever saw."

Demosthenes, this familiar name and the name representing the Greek tongue, that faultless and matchless language, leads us back to the fourth century B. C. In him the eloquence of the ancient world seems to be summed up. We link Cicero with Demosthenes, because in the former the Latin tongue is perfected, as is Greek in the latter. Both attached themselves to a falling and hopeless cause; both were forced into exile; both were recalled from banishment; both, finally, when all was lost, were willing to die rather than survive the disgrace and downfall of their country. In the lives and fortunes of the two there is indeed a striking resemblance. The best and noblest eloquence was in both the product of earnest political conviction. Cicero clung to the old Republic, and Demosthenes could not imagine a worse calamity than the downfall of the free, self-governing island.

On the whole, perhaps, the Greek was a man more to be admired and imitated than the Roman. He was more single-minded and more courageous. His career in political life was more dignified and more consistent. Cicero, it is true, was amiable and a most accomplished man, but he was vain and ambitious. Demosthenes, however, indicates that Athens and Greece were always foremost in his thought. As an orator, he was a master of a more fervid, impressive and convincing eloquence; his moral virtues and his courage were greater, and it is the wish of his admirers "to be Demosthenes standing before the assembly delivering the oration and exhorting the Athenians to emulate the bravery and glory of their ancestors."

*Aug. H. Schoppol.*

There is an air of quiet, earnest work in the Commercial Department and it is said that the general results are very good. The Shorthand Course is a success, and the different classes are doing very satisfactorily: the advance dictation class writes at a fine rate of speed. Some very able work is being done on the type-writers.

The students of the Business Law class have been working at the subjects of Contracts and Negotiable Paper. Such terms as "Failure of Consideration," "Statute of Frauds," "Holder for Value," etc., are in constant requisition. During the second term, the class will take up Sales, Agency and Partnership. Some of the members are beginning to assume a judicial air, and preface their answers with: "It depends, if, etc."

The report given of Third Academic A, is favorable, indeed; and certain students who might have been first or second were not so, simply because notes for the optional studies—French and German—were not in their total. However, it is but fair to include these notes in the total of such as win them, because they are as hard to win as other notes, and they who do not work for them have more time to win high notes in other branches. Some do not take optional studies precisely because they aim at promotion in the regular studies. The spirit of the boys is high: we have among us examples of some who find it to their taste to work not only at home, but on the street cars. The competition is so keen that it is difficult for the professor in the examination of some subjects to say who wins first place. Several professors say they consulted on this head: we delight in promoting consultation thus. We have reason—from the size of the classes and the spirit and success of the majority—to expect great graduating classes in a few years.



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No. 3.

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## Christmas.

O Bethlehem! O Cradle of our God!  
O sacred spot, wherein my Saviour sleeps  
Beneath the wondrous, new-created star  
That o'er the Lord of all creation vigil keeps!

Oh would that I were there to see and hear—  
To witness the Angelic choir's delight—  
To contemplate the spectacle sublime  
That makes such happy, hallowed, Christmas night!

O shepherds! ye who heard the gladsome word,  
Oh would I, too, had been there to embrace  
The Word made Flesh—our Infant King—our God—  
To see Him, as He lay there, face to face!

But stay at home, my heart, and be not sad;  
Though happy they, indeed, the chosen few,  
Still happier thou, for, each succeeding year,  
Within thy heart that God is born anew.

Then be restrained, my heart, and be not sad,  
Prepare thyself a manger for His birth,  
And hearken to the Angels' joyous hymn,  
Sweet "Peace to all men of good will on earth."

In transports, with these joyful Christmas hymns,  
May all our voices in sweet echoes ring,  
And welcome in our hearts, with pious thoughts,  
Our God, Emmanuel, our new-born King!

*A. J. Eschman, '03.*

## THE CHORUS IN THE GREEK TRAGEDY.

When the worship of Dionysos, the jovial god of wine, was incorporated with the liturgy of Greece, four great festivals—called *Dionysia*—were yearly celebrated in his honor, and even the Eleusinians joined his cult to that of Demeter and Persephone. Music and song and dance formed, of course, an integral part of the Dionysiac rites. The music and song were, doubtless, rude and uncultured at first, and the dance anything but graceful; still here we must look for the birth of the drama. Out of the rude, improvised songs, grew, in time, the grandest of all poetry—the Greek *Choral Ode*, and the untutored dance gave birth to its rhythmical form—its division, namely, into *Strophes*, or stanzas sung by the Chorus in moving to the left, and *Antistrophes*, or stanzas sung in returning to the right, preceded by a *Parodos*, or entrance-song, and followed by an *Epodos*, or after-song.

The old chorus was called *cyclic*, because it moved in a *circle* around the altar of Dionysos, and consisted of fifty members. The legends afloat in Ionia and Greece, respecting the marvelous birth, education and wanderings of Semele's son, formed, at first, the sole burden of the choric dithyrambs. After a while the people got tired of hearing the same tales told so often. A speaker was accordingly introduced between the various songs, to break the monotony by entertaining the people with a spirited recital of the deeds of the national heroes, and the adventures of the gods amongst men. Some member of the Chorus would throw in a casual pointed remark, or ask a question of the narrator, thus contributing not a little to the interest of the story.

The *digression* from the choral routine was termed *Episodion*, and out of this custom the *dialogue* and the drama proper evolved. The serious and light elements were gradually severed, resulting in the separate births of *Tragedy* and *Comedy*, reappearing, however, now and then, in company, in what was known as the *Satyrical Drama*.

In process of time the Drama became independent of the Chorus, still it cannot be denied that poetically, and in spirit, the Chorus was the source of its existence, and that without these persevering supporters and witnesses of the incident a totally different order of poetry would have grown out of the drama. If we consider the Chorus, not as presented in this or that tragedy, but in its *ensemble*, as treated by Aeschylus and brought to perfection by Sophocles, we cannot but be struck by the singularity of its role. It appears as a constituent element of the Tragedy, and yet, at times, it does not seem to be connected in the least with its action. Now we see it entering into the dialogue, sympathising with the misfortunes of the hero or heroine, inspiring hope or fear, counselling, consoling, upbraiding, warning, even mounting up to dithyrambic enthusiasm under the influence of sudden emotion.—And now we see it holding aloof from the plot, hovering over it; breaking out into gushes of sentiment and reflection, called forth, it is true, by the action



of the play, yet entirely independent of it. "The Chorus," says Schiller, who tried to revive it in *The Bride of Messina*, "is, in itself, not an individual but a general conception; yet it is represented by a palpable body which appeals to the senses with an imposing grandeur. It forsakes the contracted sphere of the incidents to dilate itself over the past and the future, over distant times and nations, and general humanity, to deduce the grand results of life, and pronounce the lessons of wisdom. But all this it does with the full power of fancy—with a bold lyrical freedom which ascends, as with God-like step, to the topmost height of worldly things; and it effects it with the whole sensible influence of melody and rhythm"—(Introduction to *The Bride of Messina*). The Chorus being thus elevated in its tone, the ancient tragic poet found himself obliged to give proportionate elevation to his diction. The modern dramatist does not experience this wholesome check and stimulant, and it is very noticeable that ever since the Chorus dropped out of the drama, its general tone has lowered, and, without doubt, our grandest specimens of the tragic art—Shakespeare's historical plays—would be enhanced, set off, seen in their true significance, if the old Chorus accompanied them.

But to return to the Chorus in the time of Kimon and Perikles. In Athens, the members of the Chorus—*Choreutes*—old men and women, or even youths and maidens, were citizens who, under the direction of a leader—*Coryphaeos*—were drilled in their parts by a teacher—*Chorodidaskalos*—and maintained and provided with the necessary costumes by some wealthy citizen as a service of honor to the state—*leiturgia*—and who was styled *Choragos*. On the day appointed for the play, the members of the Chorus, headed by a company of flute-players—*Choraules*—marched in solemn procession to the theatre and took their places in the *Orchestra*. After the *Monologue*, or *Dialogue*, with which the performance usually opened, had been recited, they advanced nearer to the stage chanting the *Parodos*. The Chorus seldom left its place between the orchestra and stage, before the end of the play; only now and then it retired for a short time, as in the *Ajax* of Sophocles and the *Alcestis* of Euripides. The members of the Chorus—the tragic chorus never consisting of more than twelve or fifteen—were usually drawn up three or five deep. Strict silence was observed when a dialogue was in progress on the stage, and if any remark was to be made, the *Coryphaeos* spoke for all.

Very often the Chorus separated into two Semichoruses, which would recite or chant alternately, and then unite again for the final strophe. Sometimes it would execute various artistic rhythmical evolutions, or dances—as they may be called in default of a better name, for they differed entirely from our dances—under the leadership of the *Coryphaeos*, and accompanied by the flute-players.

The first, or entrance song, as we have seen, was called *Parodos*; every

other ode was known as a *Stasimon*, i. e. stationery song. These were invariably antistrophic. In other words, every stanza was followed by a second, identical with it in the number of lines and in the rhythmical measure. In the longer odes, however, we find several successive strophes followed by an equal number of antistrophes, and the whole finished off with an *Epode* without any antistrophe.

The tragic poets bestowed such care on the symmetrical shaping of the Choral odes that there is often a similarity in the very sound of the syllables—a kind of alliteration—in the strophes and antistrophes. The Choral texts were partly sung and partly recited, the author himself usually training the Chorus to the proper musical utterance. As to the musical element in a Choral Ode, we are but ill-informed. The ancient Greeks seem to have been ignorant of what we call harmony, and we are surprised at the influence attributed to their simple melodies. But we must remember that they had a far keener insight into the mysteries of rhythm and stress than we now possess. "Some of their scales," says Prof. F. D. Morice, "involving quarter notes would baffle the most accurate of modern singers. And the rhythms of a Pindaric Ode would be incomprehensible to a modern audience, accustomed only to two-time, three-time and their multiples. It is unquestionable that the Greeks appreciated and sang melodies which no modern and keyed instrument could reproduce, with the most nice distinction of the minutest intervals."

In modern times repeated attempts were made to revive the Chorus of the ancients. Racine, in his famous tragedy *Athalie*, and Voltaire, in *Oedipe*, introduced the Chorus with some success. In Germany, Stolberg, Schiller and Raupach were not so fortunate. In "*The Bride of Messina*," Schiller produced, indeed, a masterpiece of dramatic and lyric composition, but, at the same time, a tragedy as unfit to be acted on a modern stage as an Athenian trilogy or tetralogy.

J. Laux, '04.



## IRVING IN HIS "ROOST."

When Washington Irving returned to New York in 1832, after his seventeen years' absence, he felt somewhat as did Rip Van Winkle, after his long sleep in the Kaatskill mountains. His very native town was altered; It was larger and more populous—from fifty thousand it had increased to two hundred thousand inhabitants. There were rows and rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors, strange faces at the windows: everything was strange, strangest of all to Washington Irving the honor and respect shown to him not alone by his native City, but by the Country at large. His reception was anything but what had been

poor Rip's. His people longed to see him home once more, and he was not less delighted to be among those whom he loved so much.

The first thought, on his return, was to make himself acquainted with the entire Country. For this purpose he made a tour of the South and West. The result of this trip to the banks of Arkansas was "A Tour on the Prairies," a romance of reality, which is as good a description as we have of hunting adventures on the savannahs.

He was never idle. He had to support his two brothers, Peter and Ebenezer, as well as several nieces. Besides, he wished to have a home where he could follow his vocation without being molested. The spot he chose for his "Roost," as he called it, was on the banks of the Hudson, "in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well, formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows." The house was originally a small Dutch Cottage, built by one of the Van Tesse family, about a hundred years before.

In the course of time, it acquired a tower and a whimsical weather cock, which used to decorate a wind mill hard by the gate of Rotterdam, in Holland. When the slip of ivy, brought from Melrose Abbey, had completely covered the walls, Sunnyside, as it was christened by the neighboring inhabitants, became one of the most beautiful residences on the banks of the Hudson, as beautiful as any poet could desire. At any rate, it became the dearest spot on earth to Irving, and here, surrounded by relatives whom he loved, he passed nearly all the remainder of his years, in as happy conditions as a bachelor ever enjoyed. For our author was never married. When still a young man, he was engaged to Miss Mathilda Hoffman, daughter of his great friend, Judge Hoffman, but she died in 1809, in her eighteenth year, and he, I suppose, never after found another one to cleave to.

In a letter to one of his friends, he writes, in October, 1838, "My little cottage is well stocked. I have Ebenezer's five girls, and himself also, whenever he can be spared from town; sister Catherine and her daughter; Mr. Davis occasionally, with casual visits from all the rest of our family connection. The cottage, therefore, is never lonely." There were other visitors besides. One day, a young Frenchman, a "somewhat quiet guest," called at Sunnyside. He had been imprisoned on board a French man-of-war, and set on shore at Norfolk. The young man was Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor of the French. He had previously become acquainted with Napoleon's future wife. He speaks of both incidents in a letter to his sister in Paris, in 1853. "Louis Napoleon and Eugénie Montijo, Emperor and Empress of France! one of whom I have had a guest at my cottage on the Hudson; the other whom, when a child, I have had on my knee at



Granada. The last time I saw Eugénie, she was one of the reigning belles of Madrid; now she is upon a throne, launched upon a returnless shore, on a dangerous sea, infamous for its tremendous shipwrecks."

His chief works, in the first ten years spent at Sunnyside, were *A Tour on the Prairies*, *Recollections of Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey*, *The Legends of the Conquest of Spain*, *Astoria*, *Captain Bonneville*, *Biography of Goldsmith*, *Mahomet and His Successors*, and a number of occasional papers, collected afterwards under the title of *Wolfert's Roost*.

In 1842, Irving was tendered the honor of the mission to Madrid. It was an entire surprise to himself and his friends. He looked upon it as the "crowning honor of his life," but felt a deep regret on parting from his native land so late in life. We are not surprised, therefore, when we read in his letters from Spain how anxious he was to return to his home. "I long to be once more back at dear little Sunnyside," he writes in 1845, "the evening of life is fast drawing over me, but still I hope to get back among my friends while there is a little sunshine left."

"It was the 19th of September, 1846," says his biographer, "when the impatient longing of his heart was gratified, and he found himself restored to his home for the thirteen years of happy life still remaining to him." Very few events deserving record marked the closing years of our author's life. Nothing marred the even tenor of their silent flow. One who knew him describes his appearance at this time.

"Thirty years ago," writes Mr. Curtis, "Washington Irving might have been seen on an Autumnal afternoon tripping with an elastic step along Broadway, with 'low quartered' shoes neatly tied, and a Talma cloak—a short garment that hung from the shoulders like the cape of a coat. There was a chirping, cheery, old-school air in his appearance which was undeniably Dutch, and most harmonious with the associations of his writings. He was then our most famous man of letters, but he was simply free from all self-consciousness and assumption and dogmatism."

He was called away as soon as his task was done, very soon after the last volume of "Washington" issued from the press. Yet he lived long enough to receive the praise he justly deserved.

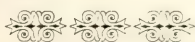
To give even an imperfect sketch of Irving's character, as a man and as an author, is beyond my power. Let one speak for me who, having been personally acquainted with him, and being a great writer himself, is well fitted to pass an impartial judgment—William Makepeace Thackeray. "In his family, gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying; in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great; eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit. He was, at the same time, one of the most charming masters of our language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity and a pure life."

Irving died on the 28th of November, 1859,—the same year with Prescott,—at the close of a lovely day of the Indian Summer.

“Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light, and the landscape,  
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.  
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean  
Was for a moment consoled.”

The day of life, “with its burden and heat had departed,” and “the reign of rest and stillness” began, we hope, in the next world, “and of affection,” continued and increased in the hearts of his readers. He was buried on a little knoll, above Sleepy Hollow and the Hudson, “amidst the scenes which his magic pen has made classic and his sepulchre hallows.”

*M. J. McHale, '06.*



## EVERY DAY CHARACTERS.

A noticeable peculiarity, often commented upon by observant persons, is that, throughout the entire range of humanity, no two individuals can be found who have exactly the same appearance. Giving due reflection to this astounding fact we can scarcely allow it to be credible. For we cannot conceive how it is possible that within the small compass of the human countenance sufficient variety can exist to render every single individual of the 1,400,000,000 who inhabit the globe, distinct from his neighbor in appearance.

As the exterior appearance of a man is diversified to an endless degree, so is, also, his interior. Just as we shall not find two men with exactly the same features, so we do not find them with exactly the same character. A person who has travelled, or who has had extensive intercourse with his fellow men, will testify to the deep impression made upon him by the variety of characters. Those who make a specialty of character-studying are adequately recompensed by the pleasure and knowledge derived therefrom.

By “Every Day Characters” we mean such persons as are most in evidence everywhere, such as are to be encountered wherever we direct our steps. There are also those who leave no good impression or benefit behind. Virtuous and noble characters are rare and few, and worthy of a higher appellation.

A character that is very commonly met with is, strange to say, that of the liar. Some people seem to be so constituted, that they are incapable of speaking the truth. Whether they deliberately lie in serious matter or in jest, or lie with force of habit without having any end in view, they are none the less detrimental and objectionable to society. According to a familiar saying, some persons lie for fun. Examples of these are met with everywhere, and it is unnecessary to add that they find no favor with their

fellow men, since no one desires to be in the company of one whom he never knows whether to believe or to distrust. Allied to the liar, and claiming equal notoriety, is the hypocrite. He is the one who always feigns to be what he is not. He would have the world esteem and honor him, having in reality performed nothing deserving of honor.

A typical illustration of an every day character is the dude or sport. Every city on earth is inflicted with this worthless specimen of humanity. He is the ornament of our street corners; the frequenter of parks, saloons, billiard halls and all places of amusement. He conducts himself with an effeminacy that is disgusting, covers himself with apparel that is nowhere within the comprehension of civilized decency, and makes himself obnoxious to every common-sense individual. The following lines are quite appropriate to him:

"Full of conceit, void of sense;

Nobody in reality, everybody in pretense."

Another familiar character, found especially in our larger cities, is the tough among boys and children, or bully. He is, among men, what the bull-dog is in the canine family. Ill-bred and uncouth in manners, he follows the promptings of his lower nature and passes through the low walks of life without ever tasting refinement, or rising above the level of semi-barbarism. By his pugnacious appearance he seeks to domineer over his intellectual superiors, and thus counterbalance, by brute force, his mental inbecility. He is unwilling to refer anything to reason, and knows no law but that of "fist and force." When put to the test, the bully is generally found to be a coward at heart. He usually takes good care to impose only on such as he thinks will not retaliate. To this class belong the profane talkers; persons who delight in cursing and swearing; those who are easily provoked and give vent to their feelings in strong and unauthorized language. Low, vulgar and unclean expressions seem to constitute the figures and ornaments of their language.

The parasite is another character that has always abounded and always will abound. He seeks the company of those from whom he expects to derive profit. Under the false guise of a friend he ingratiates himself with others in the view of sharing their fortunes and their savings. Every man that has money in his pocket, has his parasites and false friends who flock about him as flies about the honeycomb.

The flatterers are also encountered daily: they are continuously waiting to increase the pride of others, and to reduce them to the serious state of "swell-headedness," or bombast. The flatterer is a mean, degenerate and unprincipled character who extols the actions of others only to gain their favor and partake of their liberality.

The encyclopedical, or "know it all" character, is also very frequently met with. In every society or assembly of men, there will always be one



who thinks that he knows it all, and nobody else knows anything. Nothing can be introduced for discussion in which he does not desire to assume the dictatorship. Everyone else must take a back seat and accept his declarations as *ex cathedra*. To try to reason with him is folly, as he is omniscient.

The faultfinder, found everyday and everywhere, never agrees with you or looks smilingly on anything, and represents nothing to himself, except as having some bad feature about it. He never looks at the bright side of things or gives a liberal judgment. Wherever he goes, he throws a shadow of gloom upon the sunny paths of life.

The abused or imbecile character we have all observed in different meetings. Men seem to delight in singling out some one whom they constantly ridicule and make sport of. Those who are made the objects of such treatment are men that are unpossessed of the ordinary measure of mental soundness and, therefore, stand forth as fit subjects to be made fools of by mean, uncharitable people, or men that are of such a mild, generous and unsuspecting disposition that they allow themselves to be bullied and imposed upon by others. Such people lack the force, pluck and general temperament of character which is necessary to keep oneself from being trampled by the rest of the world.

Among other characters, with which we come in contact everyday, might be mentioned, the envious character, the loquacious character, the back-biter, the imposer, the fraud or quack, the crank, the miser, the spend-thrift, the selfish man, the drunkard, and, finally, the man with no character at all.

Aug. H. Schoppol, '02.



## Pruefung Fuehrt zur Himmelsklarheit.

Was an Lust die Welt dir beut  
Ist dem Staube gleich zu achten,  
Was die Sinne jetzt erfreut,  
Wird in Thraenen bald bereut;  
Unstet bleibt des Herzens Trachten.

Soll dein Dasein gluecklich sein,  
Lenke hoeher die Gedanken;  
Trachte ganz dich Gott zu weihen;  
Bei dem Ewigen allein  
Wohnet Freude sonder Schranken.

Aufwaerts richte Herz und Blick,  
Aufwaerts zu dem Quell der wahrheit;  
Triffst dich auch ein Missgeschick,  
Nimm es an als Pfad zum Glueck;  
Pruefung fuehrt zur Himmelsklarheit. C. M. M. '05.

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## ...EDITORIALS..

### Anticipation of Christmas.

The longed-for December has at last arrived, and with it the happy thought of approaching Christmas.

The strain, under which each one of us labored during the recent examinations, is now overcome and quite forgotten, when the thought of this happy season enters our mind. Whether the examinations passed off well or not, it matters little now. Those who were successful are working with more diligence and care, and those, who, by some accident, or, perhaps, negligence, did fail, are taking firm resolutions to work with more determination and perseverance in the future.

Many of the boys, and those especially who for the first time found out what it is to suffer the pangs of separation from a loving mother or father, are already walking about in great glee showing either their railroad tickets,

which will bring them home again, or an express check—which means a mighty chest, with——, well, with presents from the loved ones at home.

The boys, however, of the higher classes, who are busily engaged with their studies, do not, as yet, think seriously of their boxes and presents, since they know that a proper time will be allotted for this.

In due time, as we hope, we shall all be made happy by the advent and realization of the fast approaching feast. We will hasten, willingly, in spirit on that great day to the stable of Bethlehem, and there at the feet of our infant Lord we will give vent to our feelings of repentance for our past sinful lives, and of gratitude for His great mercy towards us. We will ask for the graces which will enable us to work for His greater honor and glory in the future.

W. J. F., '03.



### Mary Immaculate.

The approach of the great Feast of the Immaculate Conception, which has been established as the Patronal Feast of the Catholic Church in this Country, suggests not only a renewal of our fealty and devotion to the Spotless Virgin proposed to our veneration, but also a brief expression of our *obsequium rationabile* in regard to our worship of the Blessed Virgin.

It would be natural for us, Catholics, to suppose that after the numberless and lucid explanations of this doctrine and practice given to the world—not only in the centuries past within the Church itself, but especially during the last century to those outside of the fold—it would be impossible to find any further misunderstanding of our position in this regard. But alas, it seems almost too much to hope that either our word or our explanation will ever be accepted in the sense intended, or even in the obvious sense which they convey. How surprising, therefore, and disappointing to read such utterances as the following, taken from a non-Catholic review, destined to reach intelligent readers and supposed to be written by educated men. The Editor of this review, speaking of what he calls the “Romanish worship of the Virgin Mary” as explained (and we must say admirably and convincingly to any ordinary mind) in a beautiful little “Month of Mary,” asserts: “that her very pictures are declared to possess that power of renovating the soul which the Sacred Scriptures represent as a work too great for anything less than the agency of the Holy Ghost.” There is nothing whatsoever in the little “Monthly” to support this absurd assertion. It is true the sight of an image of the meek Virgin may have cheered the desponding sinner, weighed down by the multitude of his crimes, and he may have ventured to hope that he would obtain pardon, whilst a creature, so pure and so dear to Jesus Christ, pleads in his behalf. But this ray of hope did not spring—was not shot forth—from the material image, no more than did the ray that



inspired the Israelites with hope, spring from the brazen serpent in the desert.

It is equally absurd to say that "throughout the book our Saviour Christ is represented as an object of terror, and Mary as that mild and merciful being in whom alone the sinner can venture to confide." In this and every other work of Catholic devotion the boundless mercies of our Saviour God are sure to be dwelt upon and proclaimed; but is He never presented in the Scriptures themselves as a Judge whose sentence hurls the reprobate into never-ending flames? When the sinner has spurned every grace, trampled on every law, and sunk into the lowest depths of crime, has he no reason to shrink before the Holy, the Undeiled One, whose throne is in the highest heavens? or is it inconsistent with a proper sense of His mercy to come trembling into His presence, and asking His Immaculate Mother to plead with Him in our behalf?

But even non-Catholics themselves have felt and, in the honest conviction of their hearts, expressed the same thing as we believe. A Protestant Bishop, in his learned exposition of the Creed, acknowledges that no honor, inferior to that which is due to God alone, can be too great for Mary. "If Elizabeth, he says, cried out with so loud a voice: 'Blessed art thou among women,' when Christ was but newly conceived in her womb, what expressions of honor and admiration can we think sufficient now that Christ is in heaven, and that Mother with Him? Far be it from any Christian to derogate from that special privilege granted her, which is uncommunicable to any other. We cannot bear too reverent a regard unto the Mother of our Lord so long as we give her not that worship which is due unto God Himself."

We may be permitted to conclude, by quoting the beautiful lines of John Keble, the author of "The Christian Year," and the favorite poet of the Anglican Protestant Church.

"Ave Maria, Mother blest,  
To whom caressing and caressed,  
Clings the Eternal Child;  
Favored beyond Archangel's dream,  
When first on thee, with tenderest gleam,  
Thy new-born Saviour smiled—  
Ave Maria! Thou whose name  
*All but adoring* love may claim.  
Bless'd is the womb that bore Him—bless'd  
The bosom where His lips were press'd."

P. O' C.



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**OBITUARY.**

JAMES A. HAYES died of typhoid fever at the home of his aunt, in Allegheny, on the morning of Tuesday, the 26th of November, after an absence of only six days from class.

The deceased student was a member of Class '02 of the Commercial Department, was seventeen years of age, having been born October 11th, 1884, and entered College in September, 1900, from the parochial school of the Immaculate Conception, Wellsville, Ohio, where he had graduated with high honors.

His classmates and the members of the Phi Alpha Society of the College went to Allegheny to escort the remains to the railway station, whence they were taken to the family home in Wellsville.

A large number went in a body to Wellsville on the morning of the 28th to attend the funeral.

Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Jas. H. Halligan, the Pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church, with Rev. Father Smyth of East Liverpool as deacon, and Rev. Father A. D. Gavin, C. S. Sp., of the College, as sub-deacon.

Father Halligan preached a very touching sermon, taking for his text those beautiful, and, in deaths like that of our deceased comrade, truly expressive, words of the book of Wisdom: "Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time."

The Rev. Father spoke of the beautiful character of the deceased; of the docility and success which marked his course in the parochial school; of his faithfulness as an altar boy for seven years; of his piety and frequentation of the sacraments; and of the readiness and energy with which he always assisted whenever they were to have any event for raising money for the church.

"James was always to be relied upon, no matter what time Mass was, early or late, no matter how cold, how stormy; in winter or in summer, he was always there." He spoke of the dead boy as a worthy model for the young people of the parish, and held out to the sorrowing family the consolation to be derived from the remembrance of the beautiful life and well-prepared death of their boy, as well as from the fact that they had given him every opportunity for improvement during life, and during sickness the benefit of all that science could do. They could, therefore, but bow to the will of a merciful Providence, believing that "though there was one less on earth, there was one more among those countless glorified spirits gathered about the Throne and singing the eternal praises of the Lamb."

Today, there stands in the Business Hall of the Commercial Department, a desk and chair dressed in the sombre draperies of mourning. James A. Hayes, who was wont to busy himself there, having laid down his pen and put away his work for the last time, has entered on that better life

for which our earthly career is only the preparation,—and those associated with him in the College mourn.

A model student, and a model young man, his memory will stand for all that is to be admired and imitated in a Catholic youth; purity of life, loyalty to all of life's best interests: wishes of parents, studies and religious duties; and that memory will be cherished by his classmates and professors to whom his quiet courage and earnest, cheerful work have been, and will continue, an inspiration.

Charity usually causes the friends and acquaintances of one called by the Angel of Death to speak in tones of respect. Failings are minimized or ignored, and the virtues of the deceased one praised and magnified. If James Hayes were an ordinary boy, one might be disposed to think that we were charitably following the usual custom, and that much of what we are inclined to say is considerably exaggerated: but, James was not an ordinary boy, and even after we have exhausted our ability to praise, we shall scarce have done him justice.

Genial, without being forward; gentle and refined, without being effeminate; manly, without being boisterous, James A. Hayes was a Christian boy who carried the atmosphere of goodness and virtue with him—a beautiful and lovable character—the legitimate product of co-operation with the graces of good Catholic home influence and training, supplemented by wise pastoral direction and by Catholic education.

The sunshine of his genial smile, and the frank, friendly spirit that looked out from the windows of his noble soul will long be missed from the College.

The following preambles and resolutions were unanimously adopted at a meeting of the Phi Alpha Society, held Nov. 26, 1901:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to call to His heavenly home our comrade and brother, James A. Hayes, and

Whereas, In his death, this society has lost a faithful member and an able and efficient officer; the members of the society, a loyal friend and companion; and his family, a devoted son and brother, therefore be it

Resolved, That this Society extends its sympathy to his sorrowing family in their hour of bereavement, and be it further

Resolved, That the Society send to the late home of our brother such suitable floral emblem, as may, in some slight degree, evidence our affection for him, and that the Society observe the usual period of mourning, and attend the funeral in a body as a further mark of respect and affection for our departed brother.

J. B. TOPHAM, President,

CHAS. M. MAYER, Recording Secretary.



**A Tribute of Love on the Death of our Classmate and Comrade, James A. Hayes, by the Students of the Commercial Department of the Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost.**

A strange new joy comes into the heart when a human being is born, and the departure of a soul leaves after it a lingering of grief. Yet death is but another birth—a birth into a happier sphere where tears are unknown. Do we mourn when one not knowing the heart-aches and miseries of life, one still in the purity and innocence of youth, one gentle, honest, manly beyond his years, passes through the birth of death into the eternal life and God's reward? We cannot help it, for it is our human nature thus to mourn, and though his elevation to a better place consoles our hearts, still we shall miss him as a dear one gone, and the lonely place he leaves behind will ever remain unfilled.

There remains to us, however, the memory of his bright example and of his worth. We realize to the full what has been taken from us, and, hard though it is, in comparison with what his family have felt, our own loss is small. We extend to them our sympathy, and we offer them this little token of our love for their boy. Our prayer is that we shall witness in heaven the meeting still to be between our genial and loving companion and those who were bound to him here by ties of affection.

CHARLES C. O'NEAL,	EDWARD H. KEMPF,
JOSEPH N. A. WHALEN,	ANTHONY LACKNER,
CARLOS PASCUAL,	Committee.

**BURSES.**

The accompanying letter will recall to the readers of the BULLETIN the generosity of some of our devoted friends and benefactors who have, following the example of our esteemed and Right Rev. Bishop, established scholarships or burses in the College, for the education of deserving boys.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1901.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER CARROLL:

I desire to acknowledge, with sincere gratitude, your favor of the 3rd inst., containing a check for one thousand (\$1000) dollars, in which you say—"As an encouragement to the boys of St. Andrew's School, I wish to establish at the Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost, a Scholarship for the most deserving boy, the same to be chosen by the Pastor of St. Andrew's Congregation. For this Scholarship I enclose a check of \$1000, the interest of which sum shall be used for the tuition of the boy selected."

The above sum shall be duly invested and the interest thereof applied according to your wish.

The Scholarship shall be known as—"The Father Carroll Scholarship."

I remain

Yours fraternally in Sp. So.,

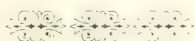
M. A. HEHIR, C. S. Sp.

## EXCHANGES.

Owing to the space taken by Examination notes we have little left for Exchange Comments, but we must observe that a host of bright and welcome Exchanges come in regularly. Some of these, even though, perhaps, less valuable than others in literary excellence, are more than ordinarily attractive on account of their adhesion to some particularly interesting aims.

The "Agnetian Monthly," "Niagara Rainbow," "Aloysian" and "Viatorian" are in superb form. The "Loretto Magazine," "St. Joseph's Collegian" and the "Carmelite Review" are also admirable. We think the manner in which St. Joseph's nails the A. P. A. anti-Catholic Federation Movement merits very special commendation. Such a style of article is always very valuable as it shows strong love of the Church, of justice and of truth.

We regret to learn that our esteemed contemporary—"The Tamarack"—withdraws from the field. It ever maintained a highly respectable standard of literary and critical excellence. We hope to see it resume its place.



## ATHLETICS.

### THE FIRST TEAM.

This year has witnessed a successful football organization in the College.

The players, intent upon emulating their predecessors in every manner, have not failed to achieve success.

It must be admitted, however, that some of our former teams were much stronger than the last one; nevertheless, the greater agility of the latter sufficiently supplied the drawback in weight.

On October 5, the students opened their first game with the eleven of Geneva, a team, it must be said, well equipped for football. The day was very favorable. A splendid game was awaited with patient expectation, and an immense concourse of spectators were preparing themselves to view the great, though unequal, contest. At length, the ball was kicked off by Geneva. Unfortunately, however, an unexpected gale of wind whirled the ball from its course, and the issue was a fumble very close to the goal. A short time elapsed till Geneva got possession of the ball and took it over the goal line, not, however, without difficulty. The shot at goal was successful.

The ball was now kicked off by Collins, Captain of our team, to the opposing side who received it with much alacrity, but was captured at the twenty-five yard line. A series of gains followed, until, at length, the ball was brought over the line by Geneva. At the next kick off, Geneva scored another touchdown, but failed to kick goal. Great training, but more especially strength, enabled the outside team to run up the large score of 28 to 0, in

the first half; on the other hand, the little training of our men was the only justifiable reason of their being defeated.

In the second half fortune was reversed. Although our men were fatigued and almost exhausted by the well-nigh irresistible attacks of their antagonists, they, nevertheless, prevented the latter from making a single touchdown in the second half.

The following Saturday, October 12, our Collegians went to East Liverpool and redeemed themselves from their previous defeat, by running up the respectable score of 23 to 5. Both teams were fairly matched, but our men exhibited their activity and daring in such a decided manner that they inspired their opponents with the certain anticipation of defeat.

P. C. kicked off and, after a short interval, received the ball on downs. An excellent gain by Collins brought the ball to the 10 yard line. A fumble ensued, but the ball was quickly recovered by P. C., and taken over the line with the greatest facility by Gaynor. Collins succeeded in kicking goal. The pigskin was again kicked off and received by Collins, who gained 10 yards. Now a quick play went into execution, wherein P. C. gained 10 more yards. In the next pass, the ball was given to Scanlon, who made a grand dash of 60 yards, which was ended with a touchdown. Goal was again kicked. The ball was now kicked off to P. C., who renewed the attacks with invigorated zeal. Time was called for the first half, the score being 12 to 0, in favor of P. C.

Great as was the pluck of the N. A. C. team, they did not succeed in getting a single touchdown in the first half, but in the second half they were determined. The ball was kicked off to P. C., who were downed quickly, and instantaneously lost the ball, but soon regained it on a fumble of N. A. C's. Collins' punt was blocked, the ball went over the line and Brown fell on it for a touchdown in favor of N. A. C. Armor missed goal. The ball was again kicked off to P. C., who lost it. After much fumbling on both sides, Huckestein got the ball and made his way most cleverly through the entire eleven for a touchdown. The limiting time was coming to a termination. The ball was kicked off and lodged in the safe hands of Collins who returned it by a punt to the five yard line of the opponents. Here a violent struggle arose. N. A. C. could not gain an inch and was forced to kick off. Huckestein got the ball and advanced it 7 yards; Grealish advanced it 8 yards more, and Roberts took it over the line for the final touchdown. The aim at goal was a failure. Thus ended the game in favor of P. C., with a score of 23 to 5.

On October 17, the students put up a splendid game with the Three A's. The day was rather windy, and gave indications of a storm, but in the afternoon it became quite calm. A great crowd of people convened in the College campus, and both teams had no small number of admirers. P. C. kicked off and downed their opponents very close to the goal. A short



space having intervened, the College players got the ball and crossed the line for a touchdown. During the second half the students performed some remarkable feats. Several tricks of their opponents were put to naught by Gaynor. Collins, Scanlon and Roberts broke the line for long gains, and, notwithstanding serious difficulties, the College effected two more touchdowns. The punts off at goal failed. Final score: P. C. 16, Three A's 0.

The two following contests were with W. U. P. and Geneva, respectively, in which the P. C. put up a splendid game before losing—to the former by a score of 18-0, and to the latter by a score of 12-0.

In the last game of the season, P. C. was successful and defeated California Normal in a close game which came off on November 9. A great crowd of visitors assembled at the California Normal Athletic grounds to view one of the finest exhibitions of football yet seen on the California gridiron. The Normals and Collegians contested most vigorously for supremacy during both halves, and the Collegians finally proved themselves superior in all departments of the game. Both teams seemed equally matched in point of weight and speed, but the College rushes were better timed and substantially aided by every man getting into the push. In regards to fumbling, they had none of that kind which proved so destructive in former games. The Normals endeavored to kick goal from the field several times but were ingeniously prevented by the almost dramatic interposition of Roberts. In the second half P. C. scored 5 points. Time was soon called and our boys abandoned the football formation of 1901, with a respectable score of 5 to 0, in favor of P. C.

Their line-up is as follows: Gaynor, Left End; Flanagan, Left Tackle; Russell, Left Guard; Young, Center; Manley, Right Guard; O'Sullivan, Right Tackle; Geislar, Right End; Huckestein, Quarterback; Scanlon, Left Half; Collins, Fullback; Roberts, Right Half.

#### THE COLLEGE RESERVES.

The College Reserves played seven games, of which they won three, lost two and tied two. J. A. Tanney was manager. At first the boys, having been too suddenly called upon, were not fully organized or practiced and this was noticeable in the first three games. Still, the men felt they could do some fine work and that the Bedford game especially was lost only on account of fumbling.

After that game, they settled down to business and were as good as any of their weight and class in this locality. Following is the schedule played, whereof it should be noted that in Iron City a team of far superior weight was encountered: P. C. Reserves vs. Iron City A. C., on College grounds, 0-22; P. C. R. vs. Aspinwall A. C., at Aspinwall, 0-0; P. C. R. vs. Bedford A. C., on College grounds, 0-11; P. C. R. vs. Franklin A. C., on College

grounds, 10-0; P. C. R. vs. Tarentum Tigers, at Tarentum, 6-0; P. C. R. vs. W. U. P. Freshmen, on College grounds, 6-0; P. C. R. vs. New Kensington Tigers, at New Kensington, 0-0.

This last was the finest game of all. The New Kensington eleven was so strong, it had beaten not only the Tarentum Tigers, but the First Team of Tarentum. For the gradual perfecting of the Reserves great credit is due to Capt. Dean. The line up follows:

C., Lackner; R. G., Sackville or Cassidy; L. G., Whalen; R. T., O'Connell; L. T., McKeever; R. E., Berner; L. E., Dean, Captain; Q., Neylon; R. H., Gaynor; L. H., Hartigan or Keating; F. B., Fitzpatrick.

#### THE THIRD TEAM.

Mr. J. B. Topham and Mr. T. A. Wrenn had the management of the Third Team, which was the best small team that ever represented the Red and Blue. This team was composed of young, strong and heady players, and it reflected great credit on Mr. H. E. Gaynor, the able end of the 'Varsity eleven, who coached it during the season.

At center, D. J. Killian was a regular "Stonewall" and played like an "old timer." Brown and Joost acted as guards, and played superb ball. At the tackles' positions, Conway, Bishop and Rankin officiated. Charlie "put them all in the shade," and his "walks" through the opponents' line at Sewickley proved that he is a great comer. Fitzgerald, Kvatsak and Collins did a few "stunts" on the ends and made some pretty tackles during the season. Captain Pascual and "Jack" O'Connor played right and left halfback, respectively. Both are fearless tacklers and bracing players and made fine runs and gains in the various games. Frank Hartigan occupied the fullback position and did excellent punting and line-bucking. Relihan played quarter-back, handling the ball with great sureness and showing very good judgment in calling signals.

Since the last issue of the BULLETIN, the Third Team played two fast games with the Sewickley Juniors. The first was played on the College campus, and resulted in a victory for the Third Team, the final score being 6 to 0. The second game was played at Sewickley and resulted in a tie—5 to 5. Pascual made both touchdowns for the Third Team, and in the second game our old friend, John Willis, carried the ball over for Sewickley.

We regret that space does not allow us to give a detailed account of the Junior Independents and their first season of hard work on the gridiron. For beginners their record was a very good one.

Their record was: Oct. 19, Junior Independents vs. East Pittsburg Reserves, 10-0; Oct. 26, J. I. vs. Winebiddle Third, 33-0; Oct. 31, J. I. vs. Iroquois II., 0-18; Nov. 2, J. I. vs. Polka Dots (Greensburg), 5-6; Nov. 9, J. I. vs. Miffin Jrs., 12-0; Nov. 15, J. I. vs. McDonald H. School, 0-12.

Two rival fourth teams played hard on and off College grounds during the entire season. They played more games than any other team in the College and only lost one game and tied another. It is wonderful to see how these young boys trained faithfully and played fiercely. Most prominent were Ed. Murphy as a manager, Walter Dullard and Louis Zaronski as Captains and Victor Vislet as a fearless center.

*M. J. R.*

# List of Passes, Distinctions and Honor Certificates,

AT THE

## FIRST TERM EXAMINATIONS,

HELD IN

NOVEMBER, 1901.

To secure a Pass a Student must get 60 per cent.; to obtain a Distinction it is necessary to get 80 per cent.

Certificates are given to Students who have obtained 80 per cent. in two subjects, provided they pass, i. e., obtain 60 per cent., in the other subjects of their course.

Both oral and written examinations have been taken into account for the Passes and Distinctions of the following lists.

### GRAMMAR CLASS.

#### DIVISION C.

DALEY, M. J.—P., Arith., Draw., Pen. D., Rel., Bible Hist., Hist. Geog., Eng.  
 DEGEZ, H.—P., D., Rel., Bible Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen.  
 GODLAUCKAS, S.—P., D. Rel., Bible Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen.  
 MCCOOK, J. A.—P., Rel., Draw., Pen. D., Bible Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith.  
 MCCOOK, W. J.—P., Rel., Draw., Pen. D., Bible Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith.  
 MILLER, H. C.—P., D., Rel., Bible Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen.  
 PETGEN, L. E.—P., Rel., Draw., Pen. Eng. D., Bible Hist., Hist., Geog., Arith.  
 ROGERS, W. G.—P., Rel., Draw., Pen. D., Bible Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith.  
 TOMASZEWSKI, J.—P., Eng., Polish.  
 D., Rel., Bible Hist., Hist., Geog., Arith., Draw., Pen.

#### DIVISION B.

LAUINGER, E. R.—P., Rel., Bible Hist., Draw., Pen.  
 LALLY, M. J.—P., Bible Hist., Eng., Arith., Draw. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Pen.  
 LHOTA, J. A.—P., Rel., Arith., Draw., Pen.  
 SCHMITZ, P. H.—P., Bible Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Pen. D., Rel., Draw.  
 SCHAEFER, A. J.—P., Rel., Bible Hist., Eng., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Draw.  
 STEVENSON, J. F.—P., Rel., Bible Hist., Arith., Draw., Pen.  
 ROMANOWSKI, J.—P., Rel., Arith. D., Draw., Pen.  
 WAMSER, L. A.—P., Rel., Bible Hist., Draw., Pen.

#### DIVISION A.

CAVANAUGH, M. J.—P., Bible Hist., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen. D., Rel.  
 HEILMAN, C. A.—P., Bible Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng. D., Rel., Arith., Draw., Pen.  
 HAYS, H. G.—P., Rel., Bible Hist., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen.  
 HUCKESTEIN, F. J.—P., Rel., Bible Hist., Hist., Geog., Draw., Pen. D., Arith.  
 MADDEN, F. A.—P., Bible Hist. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen.  
 MASLEY, J. J.—P., Bible Hist., Eng. D., Rel., Arith., Draw., Pen.  
 MCCORMICK, C. M.—P., Bible Hist., Eng. D., Rel., Arith., Draw., Pen.  
 MORROW, L. P.—P., Bible Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Draw., Pen. D., Rel., Arith.  
 MURPHY, J. A.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen. D., Rel., Bible Hist.  
 SPAN, F.—P., Bible Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith. D., Rel., Draw., Pen.



- THOMAS, P. P.—P., Bible Hist. D., Rel., Arith., Draw., Pen.  
 WIELECHOWSKI, J.—P., Bible Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Polish.  
 D., Rel., Arith., Draw., Pen.

## THIRD ACADEMIC.

## DIVISION B.

- BLOBNER, J.—P., Eng., Lat., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Zo., Pen.  
 BULLION, G. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith. D., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 BURLAGA, F. R.—P., Fr., Arith. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 FUERST, J. E.—P., Rel., Fr., Zo.  
 D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Arith., Alg., Pen.  
 GOSIEWSKI, A. A.—P., Rel., Lat., Zo. D., Pen.  
 HALEY, C. E.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng. D., Rel., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 KELLY, H. S.—P., Rel., Eng. D., Hist., Geog., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 MORONEY, R. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Zo. D., Pen.  
 McDERMOTT, C. R.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat. D., Rel., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 McCANN, E. A.—P., Lat., Arith. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 NIEHOFF, L. G.—P., D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 QUEBEDO, A. C.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Alg., Zo. D., Lat., Pen.  
 ROSSENBACH, J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Ger., Arith., Zo.  
 D., Lat., Fr., Alg., Pen.  
 STRAVINSKAS, W. S.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith. D., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 VISLET, V. P.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Zo., Fr. D., Rel., Pen.  
 WINGENDORF, A.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Fr., Arith.  
 D., Lat., Ger., Alg., Zo., Pen.

## DIVISION A.

- ALBITIUS, A. G.—P., Hist., Geog., Zo., Pen. D., Lat.  
 ARETZ, A. A.—P., Fr., Arith., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Zo., Pen.  
 BAUM, K. J.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Alg., Pen. D., Zo.  
 BREEN, M. J.—P., Pen., Eng. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo.  
 COLLINS, H.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng. D., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 CARLOS, J. A.—P., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Zo., Pen.  
 CARRAHER, S. F.—P., D. Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 DULLARD, W. C.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 ENNIS, R. T.—P., Eng., Lat., Alg., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Arith., Zo.  
 FEHRENBACH, C. F.—P., D. Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 FITZPATRICK, P. F.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat. D. Rel., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 GASPARD, H. N.—P., Arith.  
 D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Fr., Ger., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 GERLITZ, S. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Alg., Pen. D., Rel., Arith., Zo.  
 HAYES, A. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Fr., Pen. D., Rel., Lat., Alg., Zo.  
 HAWKS, J. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Zo., Pen. D., Rel.  
 HOFFMAN, A. N.—P., Eng., Arith., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Zo., Pen.  
 HONAN, P. W.—P., Alg., Zo., Pen. D., Lat.  
 KVATZAK, J.—P., Rel., Ger., Pen. D., Alg.  
 LANAHAN, J. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Zo., Pen. D., Rel., Lat.  
 LUTZ, J. J.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 MCAFEE, F. L.—P., D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 McDONOUGH, J. F.—P., Alg. D., Lat., Pen.  
 MISCHLER, C. F.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Zo., Pen.  
 O'HARA, W. B.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Alg., Zo., Pen. D., Lat.

- POPP, T. J.—P., Eng., Lat., Alg., Pen. D., Rel., Zo.  
 POLUKAJTIS, J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Zo., Pen.  
 RYAN, T. F.—P., D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 WAGNER, A. C.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Ger. D., Fr.  
 WISSEL, E. V.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Zo., Pen. D., Lat.  
 WOODARD, J. M.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Pen. D., Zo.  
 ZAREMBA, J.—P., Hist., Geog., Polish, Pen. D., Rel., Lat., Zo.  
 ZINDLER, L. J.—P., D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Fr., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.

### SECOND ACADEMIC.

- BRIGGS, B. C.—P., Lat. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Gr., Arith., Bot.  
 CONNOR, J. F.—P., Gr. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Bot.  
 DONOVAN, J. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Gr., Ger., Alg. D., Rel., Eng., Lat., Arith., Bot.  
 FLANAGAN, J. C.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Fr., Arith., Bot.  
 GORECKI, B.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Gr., Ger. D., Hist., Geog., Bot.  
 GRIFFIN, F. L.—P., Hist., Geog., Arith., Alg., Bot. D., Rel., Eng., Lat., Gr., Ger.  
 HUCKESTEIN, ED. P.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Gr., Alg.  
 HALLY, EUG. A.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Ger., Arith., Alg. D., Lat., Gr., Bot.  
 HALEY, M. J.—P., Bot. D., Rel.  
 HELFRICH, A.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Fr.  
 D., Rel., Lat., Gr., Ger., Arith., Alg., Bot.  
 KEATING, J. B.—P., Rel., Lat., Ger., Arith. D., Eng., Hist., Geog., Alg., Bot.  
 KEENEY, C. G.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Gr., Ger., Fr., Alg.  
 D., Rel., Lat., Arith., Bot.  
 KOLIPINSKI, S.—P., Alg.  
 D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Gr., Ger., Fr., Arith., Bot.  
 LEJKOWSKI, F.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger. D., Bot.  
 LOWE, F. H.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Geom. D., Lat., Gr., Ger., Fr., Alg., Bot.  
 MARRON, F. P.—P., Hist., Geog., Lat., Ger., Arith. D., Rel., Eng., Gr., Fr., Bot.  
 MISKLOW, P. L.—P., Rel., Lat., Ger. D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Bot.  
 MUHA, A. J.—P., Eng., Lat., Gr., Bot.  
 MCHALE, M. J.—P., Bot.  
 D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Gr., Ger., Fr., Arith., Alg.  
 MCKERNAN, J. A.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Gr., Ger., Fr., Arith. D., Rel., Bot.  
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# Pittsburg College Bulletin.

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Vol. VIII.

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No. 4.

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## The Angels.

Over the unseen air there are winging  
    Numberless Angels of peace and of truth,  
But none of the songs they ever are singing,  
    Are sung like the songs of innocent youth!

Oh, sweet are the thrills of the spirit's emotion,  
    Beholding these kneeling ones, youthful and fair,  
'Rapt in the faith of their childhood devotion  
    Along with the Angels hovering there!

What would we not do with our hearts' best endeavor  
    In the Angels' Sodality again to be rolled—  
We, who have lost our sweet childhood forever  
    And live in a tumult of passions untold!

Oh, unsullied youth and innocent maiden,  
    Live on in the joy of the peace that is yours!  
Live on in the joy of which you are laden,  
    For this, of all happiness, only endures!

*Alfred McCann.*

## The Sixth Annual Art Exhibition at the Carnegie Galleries, Pittsburg.

The Art exhibit at the Carnegie Galleries just closed has left upon us impressions both pleasant and disappointing. It is, on the whole, a color exhibition, canvasses of a high key largely predominating. Yet, however gorgeous their colors, we do not think that any great addition has been made to the world of Art, nor has the popular artistic taste been much benefited by the exhibition. Some permanent and constantly increasing advantage might be gained by the citizens who are taxed to support the Carnegie Galleries if the Jury of Award would publish the reasons for their findings, admitting the public to their confidence, pointing out the striking points of the exhibited canvasses, and enumerating the merits of those paintings awarded prizes. But as they have failed to do this, we, ordinary individuals, who know more about Pig Iron and the Coke situation, than about Art, find it difficult to agree with the Jury that "An Arrangement" to which they have awarded first prize is deserving of that honor.

The most disappointing feature about the exhibition is the evidence it furnishes of the trend of the modern Art world, which seems to be tending toward Paganism. Suppose that the entire collection of paintings in the Carnegie Galleries were to be lost sight of for three hundred years, and at the end of that time resurrected. What would the people of that future age think of us to-day? Would they not have reason to call us Pagans? Does this not suggest the trend of the age toward infidelity? If we go back to the Middle Ages, when the splendid masterpieces of the Art world were produced, we find that the great masters gave much of their attention to religious subjects. We can go on through the ages, back to the Catacombs, and the art of those ancient Christians speaks volumes to us, to-day, of the faith which they professed.

Artists nowadays seem to be adrift on a vast unknown sea, without chart or compass. They have no settled purpose in view to which their art may give noble expression; they seize upon one thing now, and another again, on which they expend much time and labor, and in the end produce but few canvasses worthy to be handed down to posterity.

The first prize, "An Arrangement," is commonplace. It shows a woman bending over a Japanese rug. The best thing about it is the white waist, which the lady wears, and which is stretched almost to tearing. The faintest flesh tint is seen through the sleeve. The technique of the waist is superb, and it is probably this feature which carried off the honor.

The second prize, "Sewing," depicts an aged lady plying her needle. The colors are quiet and excellently blended. The white embroidery at which she is working falls over her black dress and casts a white glow over

her face. There is much homely sentiment in the canvas, which is one of the best in the Galleries.

The third prize, "A Venetian Blind," is conspicuous for its high colors. It shows a dash of sunlight through a blind, falling upon a woman who shields her eyes from its glare. The effect is pleasing for its gorgeous coloring. It is worthy of note that in a pronounced color exhibition this is the only color picture that has been accorded any honor. Both the first and second prizes, as well as the both pictures awarded "Honorable Mention," are in neutral or subdued tones.

The "Hour Glass," awarded Honorable Mention, seems to us the second best picture in the Gallery. The color scheme is quiet, and shows an aged lady gazing upon an hour glass, whose sands are all but run out. It is really the only canvas in the gallery that seems to say anything. Thoughts of a life almost spent, of youth that will never return, of time wasted, death, judgment, and kindred ideas, flash through our minds as we gaze upon the pensive profile of the aged watcher. This splendid picture is passed over, no doubt, because it has not a deluge of gaudy colors to attract notice.

Another splendid little picture, "Light," has been awarded Honorable Mention also. It is the only one of the prize winners not a figure study. It is conspicuous for its quiet, subdued tones, and the air of gentleness, solitude and mystery which pervades it. It shows the corner of a street at dusk, the buildings being lit up within, and casting a faint reflection out into the misty street. The effect is most pleasing and soothing, and quite refreshing in its contrast with the number of harsh and conventional canvases on exhibition.

Of the portraits, we liked best the one of "Robin," the eminent French sculptor. It is, perhaps, the most natural portrayal in the Galleries, being free from that stiffness, or "pose," so often evident in figure studies. The colors are excellently blended, the treatment is strong and bold, and we see at once that a creature of flesh and blood, and not a wooden man, is portrayed. Compare this splendid canvas with "A Parisian Girl," by a French artist of reputation, and then ask yourself: By what strange circumstance of fate was this latter admitted to exhibition by an International Jury, supposed to value their artistic reputation? Instead of that vivaciousness so characteristic of the Parisians, that picture shows a stiff and lifeless figure. The lines are harsh, the arms are of unequal length, and the whole effect is decidedly bad, and would bring discredit upon an amateur.

Of the three or four religious or semi-religious pictures, the best is the Madonna in the Main Gallery. It savors somewhat of Raphael's "Madonna della Sedia"; yet the countenances of the Mother and Child lack that indescribable spiritual beauty which seems inherent in the Madonnas of the great masters.

The bust of "Beethoven" in the West Gallery is strong and virile. We need no other index to Beethoven's vigorous character than this striking por-



trait. It shows him to be headstrong, unyielding, imperious, and capable of being swayed by passion, rather than by reason.

Of the sea-scapes, we were much impressed by the semblance of power manifested in "Just a Funnel and a Mast" in the Main Gallery. It is by all odds the best water scene on exhibition. We can almost smell the brine, and hear the splash and roar of the waves. Impetus seems to be given to them by the tiny birds flying in the opposite direction, while the immensity of the swell is evident from a comparison with the ship.

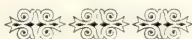
There is another good canvas "A High Cliff," in the East Gallery. It shows the sea rolling in and splashing and foaming as it breaks on the cliff. It requires only a glance to convince us that real water is depicted, so well is the subject handled; you can almost put your finger in it, while the appearance of might and power and the immensity of the cliff is evident from the tiny forms of the men on top of it gazing below.

While the two marine subjects we speak of are exceptionally good, yet the Galleries contain a number of others which are not so good, and some that are bad. Many of them look like landscapes, and the water seems rather tough and leathery.

The best canvas on exhibition in every respect, is the "Penance of Eleanor." Eleanor, it will be remembered, is one of the characters of Shakespeare's Henry VI., and this historical painting shows the penance imposed upon her for treason toward the king. The slender figure of Eleanor walks with bared feet on rough stones between two rows of people, who speak volumes with their looks. She carries in her hand a lighted candle, and has her head turned backward addressing her husband. Attention is drawn to the central figure by the two red robed figures in the background, thus throwing the white raiment of Eleanor in high relief. The general treatment and technique of this picture are superb, and the colors harmonize excellently. Real living beings seem to be represented, instead of wax figures.

Space forbids mention of any of the other canvases, although we should like to commend some, and reprobate others.

*T. F. Coakley, '03.*



## **Some of the Old Demonstrations in the Time of Father Mathew.**

Father Theobald Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance, was born in Thomastown, County of Tipperary, on the tenth of October, 1790. He was educated in Kilkenny, and afterwards entered Maynooth College. After a few years, however, he left the latter college, and attached himself to the Capuchin Order. He was ordained priest on Easter Saturday, 1814, by the Right Rev. Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, and after forty-two years

spent in the sacred ministry, he died in Queenstown, on December 8th, 1856.

During his whole life all the energies of Father Mathew's body and soul were absorbed in the diffusion of the hallowed principles of Temperance, both in his native land and abroad. He firmly believed that God, in His inscrutable wisdom, had selected him as His instrument, for the propagation of the great and glorious cause of total abstinence, and he always considered it his greatest privilege to be called to this great mission. No sacrifice, not even that of his life, did he consider too great in his endeavor to perfect the work thus intrusted to him by Divine Providence.

Father Mathew preached temperance in the United States, in Scotland, in England and many other countries, and everywhere the demonstrations were remarkably large. For want of space, however, I propose to confine myself to a description of some of those vast temperance meetings held in Ireland, under the auspices of the great moral reformer. The temperance movement spread so rapidly in Erin, that, in 1842, the total membership of the society was 5,200,000.

On St. Patrick's Day, 1842, Father Mathew addressed a temperance gathering at Navan. At nine o'clock in the morning, the procession started. The town presented a rich sylvan scene. Every house was covered with a profusion of laurel, the emblem of a nation's triumph. Countless thousands of teetotalers wearing splendid silk tabinet scarfs, spangled with gold and silver shamrocks and tassels, and headed by a number of bands, went out and paid their homage to Father Mathew. In the evening the houses were all illuminated, and it was estimated that twelve thousand individuals took the pledge on that occasion.

In May of the same year, a grand temperance manifestation was held in Mullingar, and was one of the most extraordinary ever witnessed in this part of Ireland. There were not less than 100,000 people present on that occasion. Father Mathew preached a very impressive sermon on the importance of temperance. During the day he administered the pledge to 20,000 people.

In the following June, the Moral Liberator of Erin arrived in County Waterford, where he was received with demonstrations of reverence, affection, and triumphal joy, by the sea of humanity which awaited his arrival. After a very animated and eloquent address on the subject of Temperance, the Rev. Apostle continued his labors, administering the pledge up to nine o'clock.

To enumerate in detail the stages of his triumphal march throughout the length and breadth of the land, from month to month, and from year to year, would but result in the wearying of the reader with figures which must appear to him almost exaggerated. It would even be tedious to relate the numberless acts of sweet charity and Christian benevolence with which Father Mathew accompanied his visits and his exhortations. At one time it

was his kindness to some poor evicted woman and her little family; at another, it was his condescending and merciful indulgence to some repentant pledge-breaker; at another, it was his wonderful generosity and thoughtfulness for the members of the many Brass Bands that always enlivened those great demonstrations. On one occasion, in Durrou, where he was preaching in aid of a new Church, then in course of construction, the *Journal of Kilkenny* says, "As a *finale* to his day's performance, 'The Apostle,' from his own pocket, handed 15 pounds subscription to the Chapel; 10 pounds to the Durrou band; 3 pounds to the Clish band; 1 pound to the St. Canice's band, and 1 pound to the Durronee-tees for refreshment."

#### FATHER MATHEW AND O'CONNELL.

The apostle of Temperance and the great Liberator were always on terms of the most sincere friendship and intimacy. It may safely be said that the latter owed not a little of his influence over the multitudes that gathered around him to his well-known sympathy with, and advocacy of, the principles of Father Mathew. He not only gloried in being, himself, a tee-totaler, but he took every opportunity to declare publicly and solemnly that the good order which prevailed at his meetings, as well as the peace and comparative prosperity which the people then enjoyed, were owing in great part to the moral and "miraculous" regeneration which his friend and compatriot had succeeded in working among the masses of the Irish people, by the diffusion of Temperance.

O'Connell was alluding on one occasion, in Drogheda, towards the close of 1840, to the vast numbers of persons who attended the Repeal Meetings, which he had addressed, and had we not the explicit assurance of his own words, we should hesitate to believe that so many hundred thousand persons congregated to hear him not merely within the bounds of any one city or neighborhood, but, as it actually happened, within the limits of the one great trysting-place. Speaking, therefore, of the great Repeal meeting that had recently been held in Kilkenny, the great Liberator said: "My friends, conduct yourselves as the people did in Kilkenny. I met the stipendiary magistrate there the day after the great meeting, and I asked him how many persons he believed had been at the meeting. 'About 250,000 or 300,000,' said he. 'I think,' I replied, 'that you are right; now I suppose you have your bride-well and your gaol full after such a concourse; you have had police, I understand, from all parts of the country.' 'Yes,' said he, 'some of our poor fellows came 25 and even 30 miles, and were under arms all day yesterday in our barracks.' 'Well, I suppose,' said I, 'you must have a great number of prisoners indeed.' 'Yes,' said he, 'can you count well?' 'I think,' I replied, 'I am pretty good at arithmetic—naught is nothing' says I (a laugh). So it is with you here. I am told that your Mayor has sent for more police to keep the peace among you. Why, now, if the poor man, for the short time he is to be in office, wanted to keep the peace, I



could lend him two or three thousand of you to help him. Now I prophesy that he will, of the assemblage around me, not have one in prison to-morrow."

Now, the point I wish particularly to establish is that O'Connell attributed this wonderful and extraordinary good order to the influence of Father Mathew—for he continued his discourse in the following impressive strain: "Did you ever hear of Father Mathew (repeated cheering)? Yes, my good friend Father Mathew, a little friar from Cork, and proud I am to tell it to the great ones of the land, succeeded in working this great moral miracle (loud cheers). Father Mathew has come and worked a moral regeneration through the land (more cheers). He has not come, like Mahomet, to preach pleasure and gratification. He says to the men of Ireland, 'I come to preach penance.' The people flock around him, not in tens, or twenties, or forties, but in millions! They pledge themselves to sobriety, good order and peace. I think I really see in the course which Father Mathew has taken, the protecting hand of the Deity. Ireland must become free and regenerated under the holy and happy banner of Temperance."

"Protestant, Catholic, and Presbyterian, are all united without distinction, in the same great cause; and peace, benevolence, virtue, and prosperity to their common country will be their great reward. If for nothing else I am thankful to him for this, that he has achieved a mighty moral miracle: he has caused an extent of moral prosperity so obvious, that I myself, following the example of my fellow-countrymen, took a lesson, not from the mighty and great and powerful, but from the humble and the lowly, and I have become a teetotaler myself."

#### FATHER MATHEW'S INFLUENCE.

To show to what an extent Father Mathew's influence worked practical results, it may be interesting to quote the following sentence found in a corner of the *Kerry Examiner* of December, 1840, under the heading of "*Father Mathew and the Publicans*,"—"A Killarney correspondent informs us that the receipts of Saturday last, in that town, of sixteen publicans, was seven shillings and four pence!"

It was not solely in the Catholic South that Father Mathew succeeded in winning thousands of enthusiastic and faithful candidates to his cause—he also invaded the North with equal success. In describing his advent, one of the local papers says graphically: "He arrived on the hill shortly after twelve o'clock, and, a way being made for him through the immense masses of the multitude, he ascended the large platform erected in the centre of the field, and it was a curious circumstance to see it supported on several empty whiskey puncheons, the first time probably they had been applied to the laudable purpose of promoting the cause of temperance.

"His first day's labor terminated at six o'clock, having administered the pledge to thirty thousand, and he would have continued, but, night coming

on, he was obliged to adjourn the proceedings until the next day. On the second day he closed his labors about five p. m., at which time he had received, as on the former day, thirty thousand, making in all sixty thousand teetotalers in the two days!"

During all these proceedings, he always remained bare-headed, even in the most inclement weather, and during his labors, though he frequently met with much unavoidable annoyance, he always preserved the most tranquil serenity of temper, with a frequent smile on his benevolent countenance.

It may be well, here, to remark that Father Mathew's great Temperance movement was responsible for the origin of that much abused term of "Tea-party" to which we are so accustomed, though in a different sense, in modern times. "A Temperance celebration, in the form of a 'Tea-party,'" says an old newspaper of the period, "was held at Tulla, County Clare, on the 6th of January, at which, although accommodation had been prepared for eight hundred persons, numbers were obliged to stand, and many more were unable to obtain admittance." There was, according to the papers, a profusion of tea and coffee, buttered bread and Christmas cake. On Sunday, January 24, Father Mathew visited the town of Kells, where he preached, and gave the pledge during three days. The Apostle of Temperance declared that he had never before witnessed so gratifying a sight. Before his labors were terminated, in Kells, he had given the pledge to 100,000 persons.

No wonder that Father Mathew's fame spread far and wide beyond the narrow confines of his own native land. Even Louis Philippe, King of the French, expressed a wish that Father Mathew should visit France, and establish teetotalism in that country; while the Duke of Devonshire and the Protestant Bishop of Norwich, invited him over to England, where, by all accounts, he was most sadly wanted. From all this we are prepared for the astonishing figures at which the most reliable authorities of that day put the number of those who had taken the pledge from Father Mathew. In its issue of February 11, 1841, the *Herald*, of Philadelphia, says, "The number of Teetotalers in Ireland, at present, is 3,000,000." Before the year was over the number enrolled in Cork alone, which was the headquarters for the registration of teetotallers, amounted to 4,286,750.

It will, however, naturally be asked: "Did many or most of these persons keep the pledge?" We shall content ourselves, for answer, with quoting a sentence from one of the great speeches delivered by Daniel O'Connell, at the close of this same year. O'Connell was entertained at a public banquet in London, by the friends of repeal resident in the metropolis, in testimony of their admiration of his great and unrivaled talents, and as a grateful acknowledgment of his exertions to obtain justice for their country.

In the course of his magnificent speech he said: "You all have heard of Father Mathew. I hope there are some of my brother teetotalers here. Yes, a great moral miracle has been performed; more than five millions or

teetotalers have received the pledge, and, more than that, *not twenty have broken their faith*. I ask, in what part of the world can such a moral miracle be shown?"

But it would hardly be in keeping with the proverbial weakness of our poor human nature, if some, a very few, however, of this vast army of teetotalers failed to keep their solemn promises. But those that relapsed were avoided, or, as we would say in more modern language, boycotted by the more faithful members of the league. A single incident may serve to illustrate not only the determined stand taken by the latter, but also the purity and excellence of the motive that prompted them, in this peculiar ostracism. At the Dungarvan petty sessions, on July 22, as we find from a Philadelphia weekly, into which the incident was copied from the Irish papers, James Roche and Patrick Flaherty were charged by John Din with combining to intimidate two other persons from sailing with him in a fishing-boat of which he was master. The charge of intimidation was wholly unsupported; but it appeared on the hearing that "the Dungarvan fishermen had entered into a resolution not to sail with a broken-out teetotaler." On his acquittal, Roche addressed the bench as follows: "I never threatened or interfered with any man in his business, nor ever will; but I made a vow to the Almighty to be temperate myself and to promote temperance in others; that vow I am determined to keep; I consider, and so do the rest of the fishermen, that we would break it by assisting John Din to earn money for the purpose of spending it on whiskey, and, therefore, we would not sail with him, and never will, if we were to beg our bread for it!"

With such men and such noble sentiments as the fruits of his preaching, it was no wonder that Father Mathew was effecting "a moral miracle," "a most noble and Christian work."

P. A. Costelloe, '03.



### Consecration of Right Rev. Thos. J. Conaty, D. D.

Within the historic walls of St. Mary's Cathedral, Baltimore, has lately been witnessed another of those beautiful and impressive ceremonies peculiar to the rich and soulful liturgy of the Catholic Church. Indeed, but for circumstances which scarcely left time or space for a fit article on the subject in our last BULLETIN, we had long before this intimated our deep appreciation of the import of that ceremony—the consecration of Mgr. Thomas J. Conaty, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, as titular Bishop of Samos.

As for the honor conferred upon Monsignor Conaty, words almost fail to express our interest and satisfaction as a Catholic College, and as grateful recipients, on more than one occasion, of his gifted word and special favor. Not only did he deliver two addresses in the College—one to over a hundred



of our diocesan clergy, another to the students, in the Spring of 1899—but on two public occasions, the Commencement Exercises of '99 and '01, he spoke most eloquently and at considerable length, on behalf of the College. We cull some excerpts from his discourse on the last of these occasions.

“Graduation from a College,” said Monsignor Conaty, “is a matter of more than ordinary interest. A college with right standards, with true instincts, is a tower of strength in a community. It means a home of learning, a training of character, a nursery of scholarship, whence issue men fitted for the duties of life. This is an age of college men, and there are those who strongly believe that the leadership of the future in all walks of life will largely fall upon men who have been trained in college. As Catholics we should enter these ranks, and Catholic parents should not be slow to make sacrifices by which their children may fit themselves to take their place among active men and women, who, having passed through the grades of collegiate instruction, are honored by the degrees which the college grants. College men should be leaders in thought, in action, in the development of the resources of the country, and in the betterment of the conditions of society.”

“Men sometimes question the general utility of collegiate instruction and assert that for the business man it is time wasted. We hold the contrary, for we believe that the college man ought to be the better fitted to intelligently undertake any enterprise. College education broadens a man’s views, makes him familiar with the world of thought, brings him in contact with the minds of generations past, lays the foundations for scholarship, and allows him to acquire that knowledge which will enable him to solve the problems which confront society.

“The College is a place where mind and body are disciplined by thorough method, that thus habits of serious thought and of correct life may influence character and benefit the individual and society. Not every man who passes through college and graduates is the college man to whom the world looks for leadership or benefit, but he who having been selected because of his aptitude for higher study, has thoroughly realized what the college is, and has improved his opportunities, always earnest and ambitious to know what the college has to tell him, that he may be fitted for the place which his education marks out for him among his fellow-men.”

“Education aims to develop character, to lead to give men the best in them to life and its duties. College trains the mind, the heart, the body, that all may combine in the building up of character and may stand the test of life. The college man should give the best expression to character, what after all, is the possession of the best of which our nature is capable. An educated man should be an example of strong, sturdy manliness, which is a soul in all his acts, and a faith in God, which spiritualizes his earthly life. Herein is to be found the Christian gentleman, whose life is a blessing

to his fellow men, because his character exemplifies his faith in God and his hope in immortality. College adds culture to his knowledge, and aims to make him a model man, a good citizen and a true soldier. The college man with a faith in God and his fellow man, as well as with a knowledge of classic and scientific learning."

"The scholar is an apostle of truth, strengthening in men's minds and hearts the knowledge and love of God, Who in word and act has manifested himself in revelation and in nature. The college man shares in no small degree in this apostolate, and he should fit himself to fulfil his mission in the spirit of the education he has received. The Catholic College man has a special responsibility to the age and country. Trained in the Christian life he should be a leaven for good in the world of thought and action."

"We need men who know life and its duties, and are prepared to meet them. We need Christians who understand religion and are ready to comply with its obligations. We need good citizens who realize that public and private morality are based upon the same ten commandments, and that what is morally wrong can never be politically right. We need honesty in public as well as in private life. The state demands our best service, and if educated men are always true to their ideals, the day of corruption and misrule must soon end, and the people would have their own again."

On the morning of Nov. 4, his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, conferred the consecration to the Episcopacy upon Monsignor Conaty in the presence of nine other archbishops, and of a considerable number of bishops and distinguished clergymen from all parts of the United States.

The solemnity opened with an elegant and imposing procession, not along the ordinary route from the Cardinal's palace to the Cathedral, but in the Cathedral proper. Attired in attractive and distinctive robes, altar-boys, students of two seminaries—St. Mary's and St. Joseph's—priests, monsigner, bishops and archbishops filed in stately march along the aisle. Each archbishop was attended by two chaplains. Following these walked Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore.

Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Shahan, dean of the theological faculty of the Washington University, delivered an apologia for episcopal authority and Catholic education. His vast audience included prominent laymen of various cities, especially, of course, from the University City and that wherein the ceremony was conducted.

The Papal Brief of Leo XIII., appointing Monsignor Conaty to the titular See of Samos, was read in Latin, just before the Pontifical High Mass, by Very Rev. Dr. P. J. Garrigan, Vice-Rector of the Catholic University. The Brief is a very precise and dignified document, vindicating to the Holy See all right in such appointments, declaring merit and the good of souls its guiding star in the selection of subjects, and requiring from these a due proportion of Catholic truth.

The elaborate ceremonies of consecration are identical on all such

occasions, and take place at intervals during the sacrifice of the Mass. All know the chief insignia to be the ring, which signifies pastoral fidelity, the crozier, denoting pastoral power and grace, and the mitre, emblem of authentic authority and a mission from God.

Monsignor Conaty's elevation is one more proof to all the world of the esteem in which Holy Church holds and maintains higher education, in its twofold aim of cultivating the mind and building up the character. While the superficial and callous dare to lay at the threshold of the Vatican a charge of fostering ignorance, Rome, by the hand of Peter's successor, lays the foundation of one university after another, as she did of old, and, by his voice, now as of yore, she summons such a one as Dr. Conaty to superior rank in the ecclesiastical hierarchy, as she did his predecessor, Dr. Keane, to the dignity of Archbishop of Dubuque.

But this alliance, or rather relationship, of the Church and education was precisely the trend of Dr. Shahan's discourse. A few quotations therefrom cannot but be instructive. "The Catholic Church," said the learned divine, "has this day more than one special cause for rejoicing. This day seals the consecration of a mature and virtuous life to the highest spiritual ideal that man can grasp—the total devotion of self to the public good. In the three epistles that St. Paul wrote on the nature and qualities of the office of Bishop, there recur unceasingly two ideas—blamelessness of life and total surrender of self to the utility of the community."

"Then, again, to-day witnesses another link in the chain of apostolic office and tradition. It confronts the world across nineteen centuries with those poor fishermen of Galilee whom their Master sent forth clothed with His power and charged with the continuance of His work. The Church's actual Bishops are the last links in the chain of individual succession that goes back to Jesus Christ. Each one of those selected men, apart from his personal worth, is truly a epitome of the history of the Church."

"But there is more in the consecration of a Bishop. Here the Holy Spirit descends upon the Church not only as consoler and guide, but as its administrator and head, as provident for its life and great organic functions. In the Catholic Church, the office of a Bishop is preëminently the office of a teacher. It is as the first and most eminent teachers of the New Law of Jesus Christ that the Apostles have always been remembered and honored. After all, does not Jesus Christ Himself come before us as a teacher?"

"In general, when we speak of education, we may remember that its natural friend has always been the Catholic Bishop, and that he alone saved it as a theory and a system through the long thousand years of the Middle Ages, when the prevailing warlike and ignorant secularism despised all learning, and fixed on every scholar in derision the epithet of clerk or clergyman."

"We are engaged in no new work when we gather about God's altar to-day to share, each in his own way, in an act of very great importance—



the clothing with the episcopal character and office of the priest whom five years ago the Bishops of our native land requested the Holy Father at Rome to place at the head of the Catholic University at Washington."

To the eminent and worthy recipient of these high honors we, therefore—students and Faculty of the Pittsburg College, extend our warmest congratulations, and we look forward, with earnest anticipation, to the happy day when we shall have, again in our midst, with his genial and encouraging presence, the patron and encourager of Catholic Collegiate work, the Right Rev. Rector of the University, Bishop of Samos.



### The Hour of Peace.

Joy! Joy! The holy night is come when He  
 Of nations long expected doth appear!  
 The stars look down on frosty hills and drear;  
 The winds sigh mournfully. Across the lea  
 No wayfarer doth pass. From care now free  
 The tired shepherds sleep their lambkins near.  
 One wakes, the flock to guard; with brown eyes clear,  
 Raised heavenward, he prays on bended knee.

"Awake! Arise! Glad tidings now I bring!"  
 A voice angelic smote, as ne'er before,  
 His listening ear: "To-day the Savior-king  
 Is born in Bethlehem, haste, your love outpour!"  
 They reach the cave; 'midst angels, hovering  
 The crib around, their Jesus they adore.

*J. Maloy, '04.*

### NIGHT SCHOOL AT THE COLLEGE.

In our college night school, the youth of the city and suburbs desirous of instruction in Mechanical and Architectural Drawing may meet full satisfaction under the able directions of Prof. Everitt J. Bowen.

Other subjects taught include Ancient and Modern languages, English in all its branches, Mathematics, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Shorthand and Type-writing.

Our classes in Mechanical Drawing are advancing speedily under the best system known, which is practical work, such as working from rough castings and sketches.

The object of the night school is to afford young men, whose education has been interrupted, an opportunity of acquiring such branches of knowledge as they may deem most suited to their present position or future prospects.

Our evenings are Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 7:30 to 9.

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## ...EDITORIALS..

### Reading for Amusement.

There are a great many persons who read merely for pastime. They would not think of reading a solid book from cover to cover, but spend their leisure in light reading, such as is found in newspapers, pamphlets, and story-books. This kind of reading may not always be positively harmful, but its effects are seldom beneficial, and it generally leaves bad impressions.

When pursued habitually, such a course of reading vitiates the taste. It destroys the appetite for more substantial diet. It accustoms youth to the habit of viewing life superficially. Imagination is cultivated at the expense of memory and judgment. The ideal heroes of fiction take the place that should be occupied by the practical great men of history, who should be our models. False principles of action are deduced from the deeds of apparently noble men.

How much more profitably would not our time be employed in reading history, poetry and essays? History makes us better understand our present conditions by teaching us their origin and development. It opens up to us a broader view of life, and incites us to nobler endeavors. Poetry cultivates all the sentiments of the heart; it raises us in sublime conceptions, stirs us with patriotism, and fills us with admiration for the beauties of nature. Essays introduce us into the company of the profoundest thinkers and the most practical men in all stations of life.

J. M.



### The Study of Foreign Languages.

Foreign languages are not studied and spoken by Americans in the same degree that characterizes the inhabitants of European countries. A variety of causes contribute to bring about this condition. The inhabitants of the United States speaking one tongue are not under the necessity of learning a number of languages in order to communicate with the citizens of neighboring states. In Europe, however, nations different in language and customs surround one another pretty much the same as the separate states of the Union are bounded by each other. Thus the various nations of Europe mingle on terms of more or less familiarity, and hence they become acquainted with each other's language. Especially is this the case in the border towns.

The arduous labor and years of toil required for the mastery of even one language are the barriers which have deterred many from the attempt. Furthermore, the discoveries of Science, and the growth of our commerce seem to have turned aside the taste for languages.

We are far from denying that the mastery of a foreign tongue requires years of effort; but is anything worth having that has not cost us some effort? Nay, its very difficulty affords an opportunity for the development of such rare virtues as perseverance and application.

This Country has practically reached the end of its formative period. We are now a great nation, at peace with the world, and establishing day by day our industrial supremacy. Does it not seem fitting for us to become a nation as great intellectually, as we are superior commercially? We are handicapped in our trade relations by our ignorance of the languages of European countries, and our citizens travelling abroad are subjected to much annoyance. These difficulties seem to render imperative a knowledge of at least one or two of the foremost European tongues.

Laying aside the self-evident social and commercial advantages which linguistic knowledge affords, the study of a foreign tongue enlarges and ennobles the mind, liberalizes the understanding, and refines the taste. To translate a foreign language into English requires a keen penetration to seek



below the surface for the real meaning, and the selection of such idiomatic English words as will precisely and fully express the thoughts conveyed. A knowledge of roots and derivations is thus required, thereby throwing further light on our native tongue. Moreover, such translation leads to habits of close attention, reflection, observation, judgment, and nice discrimination in the choice of words.

The records of human thought are contained in many languages, and he who does not care to trust to second or third hand sources for his literary education must have recourse to the originals. The published translations of the classics are shorn of most of their original beauty. A further advantage lies in the fact that an acquaintance with the literature of many nations frees the mind from that intellectual bias so fatal to a liberal education. In short, a knowledge of some of the ancient and modern languages is part of the education of any person who lays claim to finished scholarship.

Nor can the study of foreign languages be objected to because the time required for their mastery will have an unfavorable influence on the other departments of knowledge. Cardinal Wiseman, who was the first Oriental linguist of his day, and who spoke half a dozen European languages so perfectly as not to be easily mistaken for other than a native in any one of them, was also the foremost scholar in Europe in every field of intellectual endeavor. It is almost an axiom that he who confines his efforts to his native tongue will never master even that.

In spite of the manifold advantages to be derived from the thorough mastery of a foreign language, our first duty is, however, to our native tongue. Rich in literature as are the ancient Greek and Roman languages, English surpasses both of them in copiousness, and variety of thought, and majesty of diction. Who of all the ancients can compare with Shakespeare in creative power, or in the splendor of his imagery? His wealth of words may be appreciated when we compare his vocabulary of 15,000 words with that of the average individual, who has command of but a few hundred. If Greece and Rome have produced Homer and Virgil, we have Milton, of whose transcendent genius Dryden says:

"Three poets in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy and England did adorn:  
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;  
The next in majesty: in both the last.  
The force of nature could no further go:  
To make a third, she joined the other two."

We should by all means know something of the writings of Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Tennyson, Newman, Scott, and the array of men who have made English literature so rich and fertile, before we acquire a smattering—it rarely amounts to more—of European languages.

## On Writing and Speaking Latin.

By far the greater number of students at the present day end their classical education when they have acquired just enough Latin and Greek to enable them to read the old masters with the aid of their lexicons. Fifty years ago it was not thus. Perfection in Latin composition was especially aimed at; for the pedagogues of those days rightly reasoned that he alone knows a language well, who is able to think in that language and give expression to his thoughts in that language.

Whatever is worth studying at all, is worth studying well. Now, who would be so foolish as to say that he who has attained proficiency in Latin composition is not a better master of the language than he who knows by rote the many hundred pages of the grammar, and can just spell out the Commentaries of Caesar, but cannot tell a story, or carry on a conversation in it? Which of the two is better able to appreciate and enjoy the works of the Romans? Who can relish a painting more, an artist, or a critic—one who knows all the rules of art, or one who has become a master of the brush?

The composition of Latin has been of late years neglected for the sake of giving more time to writing our mother-tongue. That is losing time by trying to save it. The best stylists—the few exceptions only prove the rule—in every language, acquired their clearness and exactness of expression, their logic, and even their correctness, not so much by incessant practice in writing their own languages, as by a careful study of the ancients. Who are our greatest stylists? Newman, Ruskin, Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson, Macaulay, Lamb—read the histories of their lives and you will find that they were all accomplished Latin and Greek scholars, able, most of them, to write Latin as readily as their mother-tongue. Language is an art, and to write it well, great attention must be bestowed on words and forms and arrangement. What better drill than to write in a language whose words are forever set, whose forms are immutable, whose laws are iron-bound?

I need not dwell on the advantages of being able to carry on a correspondence in Latin; they are obvious. You have some business to transact with an Italian, Hungarian, Spanish, Polish, or for that matter, with any foreign clergyman, doctor or lawyer; unless you are a linguist of the first magnitude, Latin will be your only means of communication. When party feeling waxes strong in the Austrian Universities, and the Czechs refuse to speak German, the common language of all, Latin, is resorted to as the only available means of intercourse. This was the case but recently in the University of Prague, when all the business had to be temporarily transacted in Latin.

If Latin composition has been neglected, we may say that Latin conversation has become obsolete, and is looked upon as an anachronism. Formerly, every well educated lawyer or doctor was supposed to be able to

talk Latin—something they are not even supposed to be capable of nowadays.

People bring forward the difficulty of the task as an excuse for not being able to converse in Latin. We learn the classics scientifically, they say, and the step from theory to practice is a big one. The objection is futile. If it were the *fashion* to speak Latin, as it is to speak French, every one would very soon manage to "fall in line." Let a few progressive scholars in any College band together and practise Latin conversation for some hours a week, and they will soon be able to express themselves in the language, though perhaps not in the style, of Caesar and Horace. And then they will find out how plain and simple are Cicero's periods and Virgil's Hexameters, for they will have become familiar with Latin constructions and idioms. It is mainly because Latin and Greek are dead languages, that is, no longer spoken, that they are so hard for the student to construe. Bring them back to life, and all their mysteriousness will instantly vanish.

The abrogation of Latin as the universal learned language of the world has proved a real misfortune to science. Through the medium of Latin a writer could in former times appeal to the whole reading public of Europe. But now every learned work has a very limited circulation, because, being written in a modern tongue, it cannot easily pass the national frontiers.

The greatest misfortune by far liable to follow on the discontinuance of Latin composition is, that the study of the grand old language itself will be neglected—the language of the greatest race of antiquity, the language which civilized and Christianized the world, the language in which the greatest thinkers have left their legacies to posterity, the language whose sweet accents are as music to the ear and rapture to the soul.

J. J. L.



### CLASS NOTES.

Huckestein, captain of last year's baseball team, and of last season's football team, is working faithfully for the coming exams.

Coakley, who is a great admirer of Horace, and who delights in Philosophy, recently delivered an eloquent discourse, on "Anarchism," at the Cathedral Lyceum.

Eschman has developed into quite a philosopher. Psychology has almost entirely changed him. If it were not for Conic Sections, which take up much of his time, he would soon publish his epitomized Cosmology.

McHugh has discovered, by diligent study, that Greek is a much easier and more interesting study than at first appeared.

Ryan and his associates, McHugh, McKeever and Huettel, have resolved to organize a classical society. Huettel, however, is so slow to attend the meetings, that nothing has as yet been done for that end.



Costelloe is certainly a deep thinker. Lately, he disturbed everyone by the statement he made, that the souls of brutes can be proven immortal.

Alcestis, now read by the Freshmen and Sophomores, seems to agree with them, since all have taken it up, and are doing well. Schwab was so completely charmed with the chorus that he was desirous of rendering a part of it on the stage, at the concerts.

Thornton, our friend from Freedom, has, of late, studied very seriously, in the hope of making First Academic after the coming exams.

Five tyros of the College Lyceum Society made their maiden speeches on the Cuban question, Nov. 17.

Mr. J. Malloy and Mr. H. Gaynor seem likely to carry off the honors of the Lyceum Debating Society. Their speeches on the relative merits of Shakespeare and Milton were cordially and deservedly applauded. Wagner is quite an acquisition to the Society, as proven by his speech in the debate in which he participated. Davin, of the Sophomores, has also proven himself a capable speaker. He has a persuasive voice and great energy. At the last debate he made such an impression that after all the speakers had been heard, the judges unanimously decided he had won the laurels.

Relihan is as prominent in the Sophomore class as he was on the grid-iron, where he was quarterback and one of the guiding spirits of the Third Team.

There are only five points' difference in the examination marks of John Whelan and Ralph Hayes. Ralph is fast coming to the front.

There was great rejoicing in Youngstown. Relihan, Killian, Sackville, Connor, McCambridge and McHale, the valley town contingent, were awarded certificates, with numerous and well-merited distinctions. There was no break in the ranks this time.

John Costello, modest John, James Ryan, alias Socrates, and the irrepressible Frank Madden, all from Indianapolis, were similarly honored.

Recently, when the professor of an English class called for an instance where a preposition is used without an object, one of the students demurely suggested: "Go to!" The class was, for a moment, shocked, but it soon became clear that Malloy was quoting Shakespeare.

W. J. F.



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**OBITUARY.****FATHER SCHMITZ.**

On Monday morning, Dec. 16, Rev. Edward F. Schmitz, C. S. Sp., passed away to his reward. He died at the pastoral residence of Sacred Heart Church, Tarentum, where he was pastor since 1895.

Father Schmitz was born January 5, 1853, at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the Archdiocese of Cologne, Germany. He studied with the Holy Ghost Fathers at Marienstadt; but, in 1872, had to leave his native soil for Ireland on account of the opposition to religious orders, just after the Franco-Prussian war. He thus graduated at Rockwell College, Ireland, in 1873. For two years he taught at the College, and was employed also as a disciplinarian. Then he went to France, and, after pursuing his theological studies in Brittany and in Paris, was ordained at the capital, November 21, 1880. Later he was professor during nine years at the College directed by the Holy Ghost Society at Port-au-Prince, Trinidad. In 1890, he came to the United States; but before taking charge of the Tarentum parish he taught for a brief period in the Pittsburg College, from which he was called to labor for a few years in Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, and subsequently at St. Mary's, Sharpsburg.

The deceased priest was much beloved by his confrères and all his friends. He was noted for great energy and ardent zeal joined to an affable and kindly spirit which gave him easy access to all characters, at the same time prompting him to seek laborious occupation.

Not only was he a very successful missionary, but he had marked educational ability, especially as a linguist. His main delight, however, was in art. He could have given all his days and nights to music and painting. Several of his paintings have merited eminent recognition: many of them were still awaiting the finishing touches when death intervened.

Having received a very severe stroke of apoplexy some months previous, his sudden demise was less surprising than it might otherwise have been.

Over thirty priests were at Tarentum for his obsequies. There they sang a Solemn Requiem Mass; Rev. Father Willms delivering an eloquent panegyric. The mortal remains were then transported to St. Mary's cemetery, Sharpsburg.

**DR. JOYCE.**

Dr. Thomas A. Joyce, formerly a student of the College, and a graduate from West Penn Medical College only last June, breathed his last on Wednesday morning, Jan. 1, at 5 A. M. The doctor passed away at his residence, corner Sixth and American avenues, Sheridan, Pa., after a lingering but persistent illness. Pneumonia had set in after a severe cold, and a host of friends were dismayed to hear it was fatal. However, he was well fortified

JAMES HAYES.

## LOCALS.

Patterson was surprised, at his home, in Cleveland, during vacation days, by a visit from Hon. Harry Smith, who enhanced the occasion and attracted no small attention by his eloquence.



Morales has developed into quite a singer: his rendition of "Holy Night," at the midnight Mass of Christmas, is certainly to be commended.

The Patriarchs' table received an addition in McKeever, on whom "degrees" were conferred at the last meeting of the Patriarchs' Club, over which Gaynor presides.

*M. J. Relihan, '04.*



### REVERENDI ALUMNI.

Since the foundation of the College over fifty of its students have been ordained priests. A more elaborate account of these may be given before long, when the College will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary. During the holidays, though it was foreseen that all could scarcely respond, an invitation to dinner was extended to all those who might find it possible to attend. As a result, a numerous body of junior clergy were seated at the hospitable board of their *Alma Mater*, Monday, Dec. 30. Almost every one delivered a brief address, and the occasion was found so felicitous, it was unanimously resolved to have it soon repeated.

Rev. Michael A. McGarey, '98, one of the above, celebrated his first holy Mass in St. John the Evangelist's, S. S., at 10:30, Christmas morning. Rev. Thomas L. Barry, also of the above, but now of the Catholic University of Washington, was arch-priest; Father Fallon, of St. Peter's, McKeesport, was deacon; Rev. Jas. F. O'Neil, of the same class as Father McGarey, was sub-deacon; Rev. J. J. O'Brien, of St. John the Evangelist's, was master of ceremonies. The sermon, a beautiful discourse on Christmas and the Priesthood, was delivered by Rev. Robt. McDonald, Charleroi, Pa.

Our Very Rev. President, M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., represented the College and Faculty at the consecration of Right Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, Rector of the Washington University, at Baltimore.

Rev. John Otten, C. S. Sp., pastor of St. Mary's of Sharpsburg, celebrated his silver jubilee of ordination, December 26. The ceremony was one of impressive solemnity and great edification. About fifty priests attended. Father Herman J. Goebel, of St. Joseph's, Mt. Oliver, preached an oration of inspiring eloquence. In the evening, the societies of the parish gave a reception and musicale, with numerous speeches and presents, in favor of the honored pastor.

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At Christmastide, the Reverend members of the Faculty were generally engaged in sacred ministry. The Rev. President sang the midnight Mass at the College.

Fathers Griffin and Danner assisted at St. Paul's Cathedral; Father Patrick McDermott was first at St. Patrick's, and later at St. John's for the

first Mass of Father McGarey; Father Henry McDermott was at Sacred Heart Church, E. E.; Father Giblin was at St. James', West End; Father Gavin was at Washington, Pa.; Father Goebel was at Tarentum; Father Stadelman was at East Liverpool; Father Retka was at Immaculate Heart Church, and Father Rumbach was at Charleroi.



### EXCHANGES.

The December number of *Holy Cross Purple* opens with an able article on "Reading." The writer aptly remarks that as easy access to reading-matter is, perhaps, our greatest educational privilege, and as this is a reading age, when the public mind is chiefly formed by the Press, reading merits very special consideration. He quotes Coleridge's quadruple division relative to the fruit reaped in reading by different minds. As he says: "It is astonishing how little care is devoted to the selection of what we read," even a nice binding affecting our choice. In fact, book-sellers are known to profit of this weakness by special care of bindings. Yet, "every book we take up without a purpose is an opportunity lost of taking up a book with a purpose," and "the most learned men, who are resolved to read the better books, are embarrassed by a field of choice practically boundless." As Seneca says, however, it matters not how many but how good your books are. Unfortunately, "an insatiable appetite for new novels makes it hard to read a masterpiece, and nothing has such a tendency to weaken the intellectual powers as a habit of extensive and various reading without reflection." We should be careful of moral as well as of literary value, and sedulously note what we consider of preëminent worth.

The above is about the essence, simply put, of a first-class article. "From Amiens to Trinity" and "Dante's and Milton's Hell" also manifest ability; and the poem, "A Mother's Love," is a real gem. The *Purple's* list of debates shows very vigilant interest in public affairs: we hold it noteworthy that in two debates, at Holy Cross, it was decided that the overthrow of Tammany Hall was detrimental to the best interests of New York City at large.

"Balbris" and "M. E. J.," in the *Loretto Magazine*, are no rag-time poets by any means. They excel in ideal sentiment—we might say, piety—and good form. Balbris asks, as prompted by Autumnal reveries to think on death:

"Is it so dread a thought that we must pass  
Under the arches of yon crystal dome,  
Before we can behold without a glass  
The untold glory of our Father's home?"

With delicate art, the next poem in the same number introduces a plaintive voice from Purgatory, by M. E. J. "In Pensive Mood" is an able

article: it is quite refreshing to remark how peacefully the writer lays the great Napoleon down to rest after his turbulent career, with an "All's well that ends well."

The *Spectator's* holiday number has several essays of standard ability. That on photography is a clever study. The *Spectator* has no poetry in its make-up, but there is no lack of wise sayings in "Here and There," as, "Everytime a wise man encounters an obstacle, he uses it as a stepping-stone."

We would not wish to omit commendation of the *Xavier's* article of December, on Justice Smyth. The writer draws a parallel between him and Lord Chief Justice Russell, both noble-souled, Catholic gentlemen, both wise and model judges. The *Xavier's* attack on the New Morality indicates a writer who would be a most valuable acquisition to the list of Catholic controversial writers. His ideas are broad, simple, strong, clear, elevated and true.

We hope that the *St. Ignatius Collegian* will put us down on its Exchange list.



### ATHLETICS.

The football season over, indoor sports have received a new impetus. Our gymnasium is well furnished, not only with horizontal and parallel bars, with rings and chains and jumping horse, with indian clubs, dumb-bells and punching-bag, but with billiard and pool, with shuffle-board and bowling appliances. These, after short usage, grow extremely interesting: they will be specially so from now on, as the Faculty has engaged the services of a well known instructor, Professor Marthens, to direct the boys in Athletics.

For the present, our skating pond strongly attracts attention during the skating hours. Improvised hockey contests occur constantly among the boys, thus stirring up a liking for the sport, which has lately become so popular in this vicinity.

### AN ECHO OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

As to football, those interested rightly insist that a few details excluded from our last issue (for lack of space) be duly entered here. It is plain that football enthusiasm dies hard, if at all; but no wonder, considering the energy it entails.

One of the most able-bodied jokes in the football line lies in the question of weight. It is as hard to estimate the avoirdupois of a football player as to get a blushing maid of thirty summers to admit she has passed her



'teens. After reading of an eighty-pound team, you expect to see some nice, rosy cheeked boys of fourteen years come frolicking over the gridiron, and to your horror a band of Rip Van Winkles are at hand.

When one such eleven sauntered into the College grounds, the manager of our juveniles politely inquired if they represented an "eighty-pound average" sent in with a challenge some days previous. The Captain answered: "Well, we wrote eighty in our challenge, but we should have put eighty-five!" Our boys smiled serenely at such ignorance of Arithmetic, for the proper rule would have been, not to add five, but to multiply by two. Eighty was about half: the "better half" was not mentioned, but she was on the side lines: it's a wonder the whole family did not join in.

Many seem to imagine that low weight merely indicates that a team is not in the same class as Homestead or Harvard, and wishes not to challenge first-class teams. But, that low weight may mean this, has no authentic or reasonable approbation.

This was the handicap that told so heavily against the "Junior Independents" during the past football season. Their average weight was from 90 to 100 pounds; but, with one or two exceptions, they had to encounter teams that should, regularly speaking, be put among the 140 pound class. In spite of this, they never lost heart in any of their unequal contests, and only once, when they went to Greensburg and met a team of their own size, were they beaten—6-5—even then, only because three of their best men missed the train.

McAteer captained and drilled the team very cleverly and successfully, acting sometimes at quarter and sometimes at half-back. He has the material to make a future star. He was well seconded by Julius Kvatzak who took his place in handling the ball when he went to half. Julius is a fearless, active little player. Breen was always excellent at full-back, and seldom failed, either in nailing the runner or in making a gain through the opposing line. The star half-back of the season was John Dixon, whose dashing, almost reckless, style of play is the kind that wins on the gridiron. Freire, our young Cuban, who started in as guard, was changed over to centre, as he was not yet familiar with the English language to follow, quickly enough, the signals for the ever-changing guards-back and tackles-back formations. He is perfectly built for a football player, and though he had never seen a game before last October, he "caught on" at once, as if by instinct. He was well supported by McDermott and Ch. Conway, the latter excelling especially in quick rushing and daring tackling. As tackles, Baum and Hawks did very good, fast work, considering that it was their first experience in the game. The ends were especially strong, with Sweeney and Lutz to take care of them. In all round play, in desperate, fearless tackling, Lutz had no peer on any team of his size, either in the College or outside.

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# Pittsburg College Bulletin.

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## JESUS DOCENS IN TEMPLO.

Jerusalem, thy portals raise !  
Thou glorious temple built in days  
Of Solomon the wise,  
Behold the Sun of glory stand  
Obedient to divine command—  
A boy to human eyes !

'Tis grand, and Juda's heart is glad !  
Ah ! soon shall Mary's heart be sad—  
For Jesus goes not home !  
As Father's business keeps Him there,  
He sits in doctrine's sacred chair :  
His parents anxious roam !

Jesus, a Babe, wise Kings adore—  
Desired of Prophets gone before ;  
Grave doctors wonder now.  
The Virgin's Son tells truth supern :  
List, Sion, from thy Master learn !  
To Truth Eternal bow !

Jesus—whose wisdom potent, kind,  
Created heaven, the earth, mankind,  
With one divine "Fiat !" —  
Make us, unlike those doctors, love  
To follow Thee to joys above :  
Reign Thou ! "Adveniat !"

*T. G.*



## Some Greek Views about the Last Judgment and the End of the World.

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"The mills of the gods grind late, but they grind fine."—*Euripides*.

"The harvest is the end (*suntelia*) of the world."—*Math. 13, 40*.

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Many and various were the speculations of the old Greek philosophers on the value of life, the nature of death, the immortality of the soul, its place after death, and its fate in the unseen world. But the Greek mind did not stop here. Its analysis of the drama of life would have been incomplete if it had failed to inquire into, and at least essay to decide, the question of the final consummation, the winding up of the ages, the last reckoning, or *Suntelia*, and the fate of the universe. Indeed, that there will be, that there must be, a final judgment, is a conviction deeply rooted in the human conscience. Ages of sin and corruption have not been able to sponge it away entirely, and when the prophets of Israel threatened the day of wrath—the *great day*—to the nations, it was not so much that they were revealing a new truth as that they were opening the folds of the hearts and holding up to view and explaining what had ever been written thereon by the creating finger of the Almighty.

The only one of the Greeks who appears to have broached the question of the *suntelia*, and given it a partial solution, is Plato. Long afterwards, Plato's scattered hints were gathered and systematized by Plutarch in the famous essay, *Concerning Such Whom God Is Slow to Punish*—a work which has elicited the admiration of all thinkers from Origen to Joseph de Maistre. But let us examine by what steps the great Athenian ascended to the conception of the necessity and nature of the final judgment.

Even our natural knowledge of God tells us that His sanctity and justice peremptorily demand that whatever is sinful and contrary to Him be punished and destroyed; and in this ultimate punishment and destruction of sin and the triumph of good, will consist the general judgment that will wind up the great struggle between the powers of good and evil, and usher in the *Great Day of Eternity*.

Now, Plato's teaching on the absolute rigidity of the divine justice, on the sinfulness of man, and the unceasing strife between the powers of good and evil, is so clear and unhesitating, that it would surprise us indeed if he had not at least hinted at the necessity of a final decisive day of reckoning. Speaking of the Divine Justice, Plato says, "You shall never be neglected by it. You cannot, being small, so descend into the depths of the earth nor, being raised on high, so fly up into heaven, but that you shall pay the fitting penalty, whether remaining in this world, or having passed through

life into Hades, or having been borne to a region more wild than these.”  
(*On Laws*—X.)

*Plutarch* (*de Superst.*) echoes the same sentiment. “Whither will the sinner flee? Where will he find a land or a sea without God? O wretched man! In what abyss will you hide yourself?” Sophocles describes this ever watchful, never nodding Divine retributive justice, if possible, even more vividly still:

“Bethink you then;  
Heaven hath its eye upon the pious man, its eye upon the sinner,  
Flight there’s none, no hiding-place to which the unholy wretch  
Can e’er escape.”—*Oed. Col. L. 278.*

In the fourth book *On Laws*, Plato spurns, as impious and foolish, the idea that God might be bribed to withdraw his avenging arm. It reminds one of King Claudius’s words.

“In the corrupted currents of this world,  
Offence’s gilded hand may shove by justice;  
And oft ’tis seen the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law. But ’tis not so above;  
There is no shuffling; there the action lies  
In its true nature.”—*Hamlet, Act III.*

The Divine justice being thus omnipresent and beyond the reach of bribe, how comes it that the punishment of the wicked is so often delayed, so often apparently omitted in this world? We all know the Scriptural answer, written as it is “at the very head of the Book,” *the wicked shall not stand in the judgment*. Plato gives substantially the same answer, but clothed in a more obscure garb. “In the events of their (*i. e.* the wicked) lives,” he says, “as in mirrors, you think you have seen reflected the neglect of all things by the gods; not knowing in what way the present suspension of punishment, and their final doom—*suntelia*—sustain the universal government.” In other words, it is a portion of God’s providence to permit the wicked to live on, to let the cockle grow up with the wheat, until the harvest comes, which is the consummation—*suntelia*—of the world.” (*Math. 13, 39*).

Ruminating upon the evils of the world around him, Plato was tempted to say that there is more evil than good in this world, and he represents the present time as a time of conflict between the powers of Good and Evil—an immortal conflict he calls it—*machê athanatos*. “But the gods are our allies, and the daemones, our guardians in the strife; they fight for us as men do for a treasure, they ward us as shepherds do their flocks. (Cf. *Plato, On Laws, Bk. X.*). And well it is that we have such mighty protectors, for the power of evil is great—our ‘wrestling is not with flesh and blood only,’ but also, as the Apostle says, ‘*Adversus mundi rectores tenebrarum harum.*’” Now this conflict between the just, on the one hand, and iniquity, on the other, cannot go on forever. A decision must come at last. God’s judgment is, indeed, ever being exercised on the good and the wicked, for the wicked

must be crushed as soon as the measure of their sin is filled, and the saying of Schiller, and of St. Augustine before him, is a true one:

“Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht,”

“The history of the world is the world’s tribunal.”

—*Ode to Resignation.*

These manifestations, however, of the works of iniquity and of the Divine Retribution are only the preludes to the great final, decisive contest, which will wind up the ages, and in which the principle of evil will be forever laid low, and the present state of strife converted into an eternal day of triumph. Such will be the end of the rational terrestrial, creation.

But the souls of men are not the only field on which the great battle of the universe is fought out. Death lords it not over man alone. “Beneath the huge tombstone of outward nature there sleeps a soul, not wholly alien, but half akin, to ourselves—which is distracted between the troubled and painful reminiscence of eternal death out of which it issued, and the flowers of light which are scattered here and there on this dark earth, as so many lovely suggesters of a heavenly hope. The victory over death is only to be gained together with the perfection of man. And then shall follow a theocracy and divine renovation of nature, under which all that is therein shall again become immortal. A perfect harmony shall thereby be restored to the whole of creation.”—*Schlegel, Philosophy of Life.*

The means by which this transformation and transfiguration of nature will be brought about is, according to the Princes of the Apostles (I. Cor. 3, 13; II. Pet. 3, 11), a universal conflagration. This idea of a purifying, renovating fire at the end of time appears to have been a primitive revelation, for it is met with even outside of the inspired writings. The Church herself appeals to other witnessess, for she sings:

“Dies irae, dies illa

Solvat saeculum in favilla,

Teste David cum Sibylla.”

The Greeks too, had preserved the tradition, but we find mention made of it only by the last great philosophico-religious sect. According to the Stoics, the Deity, after a lapse of ages, will take unto Himself all things, causing them to disappear in a great world-fire. Out of this grand Crucible the souls of the just will come forth as pure, fiery substances, while the souls of the godless will either be annihilated or doomed to carry about with them a kind of body as a punishment for their crimes. Then a new world, perfectly resembling the ancient one, will emanate from God, only to be consumed in its turn, and this destruction and restoration process will go on *in infinitum*.

What a sorry destiny of the universe is this of the Stoics, especially when compared with what will actually happen, as seen and told by the divine Seer of Patmos. They guessed but very vaguely at the real winding up of the drama developing itself under their eyes. But can we blame



them? Must we not rather accuse their forefathers who had lost, culpably perhaps, the tradition of the Fall and Original Sin, and the promise of the Redeemer?

Not knowing that the destiny of the universe was bound up with the destiny of man, and believing the world to be eternal, how could they divine its ultimate glorification. The idea of a "new heaven and a new earth," of a Paradise of unending immutable brightness and glory, the brightness and the glory of the Eternal God Himself, would have been unintelligible to them. Even with the aid of the light of revelation, how poor is our conception "of the things that are to come"! We see through a glass, darkly, and we must wait in patience until He will appear as He is, and we shall step over the threshold on which we now stand, and see God face to face. It will not be long. The bride saith, "Surely, I come quickly." Can we say with the Beloved Disciple, "Amen, come, Lord Jesus"?

*John J. Laux,*



### **The French Law of Associations.**

Another wound has lately been inflicted upon the Church by the Government of France, by reason of the enactment of the Law of Associations. The population of France is approximately forty millions; of this vast number but a handful are non-Catholics. Yet the French people have allowed a lethargy to steal over them; they have permitted the foes of the Church to openly assail her; they have stood calmly, almost unconsciously by, while their own representatives in the Chamber of Deputies have struck a telling blow at the very root of French society. It is this inactivity which most perplexes us. France is the eldest daughter of the Church, rich in the traditions of centuries; the blood of her martyrs is mingled with the soil of every nation from Greenland to Australia; her missionaries have carried the Gospel to the very corners of the earth; and her multifarious works of charity and zeal are so pre-eminent as to baffle an explanation for her passiveness under the lash of an Atheistic Ministry. That a people so good should not be better; that a people so active should not be more so, is simply beyond our comprehension.

Out of some sixteen thousand religious communities, nearly eight thousand, constituting the bulk of the great preaching and teaching orders have been forced to leave France and to seek an asylum in other countries. This number will probably be increased when the Government acts upon the cases of those Orders who have applied for Authorization.

In substance the Law of Associations requires that all religious communities of France shall file with the Government a complete statement of their internal and external affairs, giving full particulars of property

owned or controlled, its value, uses to which it is put, total income and disbursements, and name and occupation of each member of the community ; at the same time requesting the Government to authorize such community. Failure to comply with these provisions within three months incurs suppression, and the dispersion of the members. Upon such suppression each member of the Order is to have returned whatever property was owned upon entering the Order, while gifts are to be returned to the donors, or failing this, to revert to the Government. The law further prohibits any member of an unauthorized religious community from teaching in any capacity.

Authorization is not guaranteed upon the mere formality of filing the required application and its accompanying statistics. On the contrary, sanction is merely at the pleasure of the Government, and subject to the caprice of the party in power ; hence an Order authorized one day incurs the risk of having its license revoked the next.

In defense of this Law the Government avows that its purpose is one of self-defense ; that the Religious Orders continually opposed the Republic, and endeavored to revive the old regime ; that they inculcated principles of disloyalty into the youth whom they educated ; moreover, that they refused to come within the canonical jurisdiction of the respective Bishops.

To us Catholics the purpose of the Law is manifest. It is an attack upon the Catholic Church, to whom the Religious Orders have always been the object of the most tender solicitude. By the excellence of their schools and higher institutions of learning, the religious communities imparted an education superior to that given by the State. They did more than this, they gave a sound moral training, which to Atheistic Government officials was intolerable. By banishing the Orders, it was hoped to secularize the education of the Nation, and thus deprive of their faith the generations just rising, upon whom, humanly speaking, the Church depends for her very existence.

If the Orders were inculcating disloyalty, as is claimed, surely the existing Civil Laws were a sufficient remedy, and the accused could have been brought to trial and punished. Whatever be the regulations of the other Religious Orders regarding politics, the Jesuits, who seem to be the especial marks of the Government's disfavor, are innocent of the charge of political intrigue. The Jesuit never votes, nor is he allowed to discuss politics even in the privacy of the community.

Even if it were true, which we do not admit, that the Orders did not like the Government, this in itself would not be strange. Monks and Nuns are but human, and the long series of abuses and usurpations to which the Orders have been subjected, with the one object in view, that of submission to the State, was not calculated to conciliate them. Had they been granted that liberty which is theirs by right, instead of being harassed, the Government would have found in the Religious communities its most loyal supporters.

Nor can it be said that their departure is voluntary. The Religious of France have spent the most and the best years of their lives in the service of God and their country ; they have dotted over the surface of the whole land with their Churches, Asylums, Hospitals, Schools and Orphanages ; what wealth they have is represented by these institutions of charity and zeal ; their lives are bound up with them. Hence it is inconceivable that late in life there should be a spontaneous voluntary exodus of thousands of men and women, unschooled in the ways of the world, departing from the land of their birth, leaving behind them the recollections of past years, and seeking a refuge in foreign lands with whose customs they are unfamiliar, whose language they do not speak.

It is also false that the Orders refuse to submit to the Bishops, preferring to be exiled rather than to come under such canonical jurisdiction. As is well-known, a Bishop can refuse permission to any Order to establish a community, or open an institution of any kind, or even to preach within his Diocese. Moreover, almost every Bishop in France has strenuously opposed the Law of Associations, and in some Dioceses, at the express request of the Bishops, every Religious community has applied for Authorization.

As to the result of all this suffering, to us Catholics the end is plain. The Law of Associations is a direct assault upon the Catholic Church, yet the Church has no fear, and all who side with her are victorious. She has seen the beginning of every Government in Europe, and she will see their end. The French Government has succeeded in passing its infamous Law, but when will it learn that it has failed in its success? When will it realize that to attack the Church is to engage in a losing struggle? When will it perceive that it has not a tithe of the power of Nero, or of Julian, or of all the embattled legions that ever flew the standard of Imperial Rome? that its enactments are but straw compared to the horde of savages who poured down from the north spreading devastation in their path? England, Austria, Spain, Portugal and Italy tried the expulsion of the Religious Orders. Yet the Orders returned, and in many cases are now occupying the same institutions which were formerly wrested from them.

Our hearts go out to the exiles who are thus found worthy to follow in the footsteps of their Divine Redeemer, and who are the innocent victims of that resolute warfare that is carried on from age to age by the world against the irrefragable and immutable Rock of Peter.

*T. F. Coakley.*



“Did you ever assist at a wooden wedding?” said Dan McNichol, the other day. “No,” said I. “Well, I did,” said Dan, “when I saw a certain young lady marrying a blockhead.”



## Life!

Dazzlingly rare and beautiful she lay  
Beneath the shade of an over-spreading palm  
With her head on the soft, velvety fur  
Of a live panther resting. A singing brook  
That ended in a pool, over the stones  
Rippled musically on its lazy way  
Through a growth of luxuriant, tropical green.  
It was high noon! and all the morning long  
She played here peacefully. There was no cloud  
To mar the serene beauty of the day,  
And no thought of any dangerous thing  
To interrupt the divine calm around her.  
Like a delicate bark falling and rising  
Over the gentle swells of a quiet sea,  
Rose and fell imperceptibly her head,  
As the sleeping tame beast under her breathed.  
And while the dreamy fragrance of the soft,  
Southern, red-rose blended with the dreamier,  
Faint phantom of her midday dream of love,  
There burst upon her the full deep mystery  
Of what peace was, and she sighed happily  
When lo! the beast with a wild scream awoke  
And turning, sank its fangs into her side.

*A. McCann.*



## LOURDES.

Owing to the fact that Rev. Father John Griffin's interesting voyage to Europe, related in a previous number of the BULLETIN, included a visit to the famous shrine of our Lady of Lourdes, it may not be considered inappropriate to give, in Father Griffin's own words, a brief history of the circumstances which made Lourdes so deservedly sacred to the hearts of pious Christians in every land.

"Thursday, 11th of February, 1858, was cold and gloomy, although it was a feast day for the inhabitants of Lourdes. One poor house alone in the street of Petits-Ruisseaux seemed to wear a sad and melancholy appearance. The family that dwelt there had not even wood to cook the frugal meal which was to be their chief repast.

"The head of this family, Francois Soubrou, was a poor miller by trade, but he worked in the service of other people. He had four children. Bernadette, the eldest, was 14 years old. She had been educated at Bartres,

and had returned about a month before the period of which we speak. Slender and delicate, the little girl suffered from an asthma, which made walking difficult for her; still, being of a meek and patient disposition, her ailment had not prevented her from keeping the flock of sheep belonging to the people who educated her. These gentle animals became accustomed to the sound of her voice, and obeyed her without causing too much fatigue. 'Of all my lambs,' she said one day, 'there is one I love more than all the others.'

"Which one is that?" she was asked. "The one I love the most is the smallest."

"Her mother, seeing her child so weak and delicate, bestowed particular care upon her, and on the day we speak of, at 11 o'clock, being in need of fuel for the fire, she said to Marie, her second daughter: 'Go and gather some faggots on the banks of the Gave or in the woods.'

"While Marie was getting ready, Bernadette also offered to go and help her younger sister in gathering the wood. Her mother seemed unwilling to allow her this on account of her cough, but she yielded her consent when one of their young neighbors, Jeanne Abadie, remarked that there was scarcely any wind blowing around the neighborhood.

"Bernadette, covering her head and shoulders with her mantle and hood, accompanied the other two children across the bridge, and they reached the little islet of Chalet, while gathering some tiny pieces of wood. Jeanne and Marie went in front of the party, gaily filling their little baskets, and reached the extremity of the islet, just opposite the grotto of Massabielle. They were able to cross that shallow part of the river without much difficulty. 'The water is very cold,' they remarked to Bernadette. It was noon and the Angelus was being rung at all the belfries in the neighborhood.

"Bernadette, after a moment's hesitation, wishing to follow her little companions, leaned against a rock and began taking off her stockings, in order to cross the stream. Suddenly she heard what seemed to be the sound of a mighty wind passing just above her head. She raised her eyes; everything was calm, both in the valley and around her, the trees were motionless, not a leaf was seen to stir. 'I must be mistaken,' she thought, and continued to uncover her feet.

"Again the same loud blast of wind came, and she again lifted up her head. Then amazed, dazzled and terrified by the sight which met her gaze, she fell instinctively on her knees, and calling prayer to her aid, she began to recite the rosary in a low tone.

"What did she behold? Above the grotto, in a cavity of the rock, there stood motionless, her eyes looking down intently, but lovingly, upon the innocent child, a lady of the most surpassing beauty, entirely surrounded by a superhuman light of dazzling brilliancy. Her snow-white robe fell in long and ample folds until it reached her feet, both of which were covered with roses of a golden color. A sky-blue cincture was tied around her waist, and

fell down in front; and a white transparent veil covered her head and shoulders. She was none other than the Immaculate Virgin, the most august and most holy Mary, Mother of God.

"Bernadette, being in ecstasy, was unable as yet to comprehend the great favor of which she was the object, and she had time enough to finish the five decades of her rosary before the vision disappeared. She then seemed to redescend suddenly upon the earth, after having been raised to a higher world.

"Greatly astonished, but no longer fearing the coldness of the water, she rejoined her companions, and asked them whether they had not seen anything.

"Why, no! Did you see anything?"

"At first she refused to answer them, but, as they went along, she told them of the wonderful occurrence. As soon as her mother heard of it, she forbade Bernadette to return to the rocks of Massabielle. The child began to cry, and by her importunate entreaties, she at last prevailed on her mother on the following Sunday to revoke her prohibition. She saw the Blessed Mother of God again on that day, which was Quinquagesima Sunday, 14th February, and also on Thursday the 18th. On this last day the Blessed Virgin said: 'Will you do me the favor of coming here for fifteen days? I do not promise to make you happy in this world, but in the next.'

"In the meantime the astonishing tidings were spread far and wide, and as often as Bernadette approached the grotto she was surrounded by crowds of people.

"From the 18th of February to the 4th of March, the Blessed Virgin appeared every day with the exception of two. She said to the child: 'You must pray for sinners. You must kiss the earth for sinners.' Bernadette kissed the earth saying: 'Penance! Penance! Penance!' The Blessed Virgin said to her: 'Go tell the priests that a chapel must be built here. Go drink at that fountain and wash in it.'

"On the 25th of March, Feast of the Annunciation, the Blessed Virgin appeared for the sixteenth time and said: 'I am the Immaculate Conception.'

"The seventeenth apparition, known as 'the apparition of the candle,' took place on Easter Tuesday, 7th of April. As Bernadette, surrounded by from nine to ten thousand persons, approached the grotto, she held a lighted candle in her hands. The miracle is renewed, and as the Blessed Virgin appears to her, the child falls upon her knees in an ecstasy. When this movement, she raises her half-joined hands, which hold the candle, and places them at the end of the candle. The flame, in its upward movement, flickers from right to left through the fingers of the little girl for more than a quarter of an hour, and in the presence of all these nine or ten thousand witnesses. At the sight of this beautiful Lady, upon whom she is gazing, the child has become insensible to everything around and about her.



At this memorable apparition there were present many notable personages—Doctor Dozons, Mons. Lacade, mayor of Lourdes; Mons. Estrade, revenue collector; Mons. Dutour, imperial procurator; Mons. Jacomet, commissary of police, etc., etc.

“The eighteenth and last apparition took place on the 16th of July, Feast of Our Lady of Monnt Carmel.

“These extraordinary occurrences seemed to cause much worry and annoyance to the civil authorities. On one Sunday, as Bernadette was coming out of the Church at the close of Vespers, and a large crowd of people attended her, she was arrested by a police officer. ‘In the name of the law ! I have orders to arrest you and bring you with me.’ ‘Whither?’ ‘To the commissary of police.’

“She was conducted to the presence of that functionary, whose name was Mons. Jacomet. There every effort was made to bring the child into contradicting herself, but in vain. Her answers were always clear and precise, and invariably the same throughout the whole examination. Then these fanatics had the stupidity to try what intimidation might effect, and they threatened Bernadette’s father with imprisonment if he allowed her to return any more to the grotto. An unknown power brought her there notwithstanding all the fuss they made. Then the commissary of police was reinforced by still greater people than himself. The imperial procurator, the sub-prefect, the prefect and the whole administrative and judiciary body rose up against the poor innocent child, and endeavored to forbid her carrying out the behest of the Blessed Mother of God. But truth is more powerful than the whole earth.

“A poor quarry-laborer, named Louis Bourriette, lived at Lourdes, who had met with a terrible affliction. A mine explosion had killed his brother Joseph and had seriously injured himself and deprived him almost completely of his sight. Everybody knew of his mistfortune. But this poor man had faith. When he heard of the miraculous spring at the grotto, he told his daughter to bring him some of the water, ‘for,’ as he said, ‘the Blessed Virgin is able to cure me, if she is willing to do it.’

“The child obeyed and soon brought him some of the water, which was still filled with mud and sand. Then, raising his soul to God, the invalid rubbed his eyes with the water, and almost immediately uttered a loud cry and nearly fainted in the excess of his transport of holy joy and gratitude. The air around him had become transparent; he could distinguish every object; and on the next day he was completely cured.

“The first miraculous cure wrought by the Mother of Mercy, was followed by numberless others. What a happiness is it for the children of the Blessed Virgin throughout the world to have an opportunity of drawing near to this heavenly place and be allowed to kiss the ground where the feet of the Immaculate Virgin have stood, and to witness over again the prodigies of mercy and love still wrought on behalf of her devout clients almost every day by their heavenly Queen!”

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## ...EDITORIALS..

### Frequency of Railroad Accidents.

There has been an alarming frequency of railroad accidents all over the country since the beginning of the present year. More especially has this been the case in our own immediate neighborhood, and, although none of those that have occurred in or around this busy railroad centre has been attended with such a large loss of life, as the New York Tunnel disaster, yet it is only natural for us to entertain the deepest concern at the prospect which the daily repetition and increasing list of such accidents are calculated to arouse. If it was impossible to provide against them,—if it was impossible, or difficult, to locate the blame—and if repeated and pointed warnings were not expressed at the respective inquests, we might feel compelled to be silent and to accept those disasters as casual visitations of Divine Providence. But it is not so in a very large number of cases. The blame has been placed—and even tacitly accepted. Remonstrances and recommendations have been

made; officers and directors of corporations have been held responsible for failure to provide the proper remedies or precautions.

The only recourse now left is to arouse among all classes of citizens a public sentiment so deep, uncompromising and outspoken as to make it practically impossible for corporations to exhibit such wanton indifference to public safety and public comfort, especially where the loss of human life on a large scale is liable to be entailed.

P. K. O'C.



## The Coronation.

Never before has the American Republic been represented officially by a special envoy at the coronation of any European Sovereign. No wonder, therefore, that such a commotion is aroused by the report that the present administration, in furtherance of the projects of the recently deceased President, is about to send a special Envoy, with extraordinary powers and a brilliant escort, to represent this country at the coming coronation of King Edward VII.

It may not be proper or becoming to be too radical and demagogic in the consideration of such matters. We cannot perhaps afford to look down with too much disdain upon such ceremonies that accord so little with our republican traditions, and consequently some concessions may be made to the necessities and to the dignity of our position as a powerful government and a friendly nation on equal footing with England, in influence and importance. But, then, it is possible for an administration to stretch such relations too far beyond the mere graceful manifestation of friendship for the English people which this official participation is primarily intended to express. If carried to exaggeration, without at least some mild but explicit protest, it would corrupt the democratic and common-sense spirit which ought to underlie the administration of this country—it would tend to strengthen or foster certain political and social institutions that should be foreign to the aspirations of our public men—it would imperceptibly and slowly, but none the less surely and efficaciously, weaken our national sympathy with the legitimate struggles of other peoples against despotism and oppression.

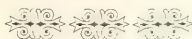
P. A. C.



SOME foreign writers are suddenly developing a most extraordinary appreciation of the English poet Swinburne. They are surprised that he has never had paid to him the appreciation due to his genius—and they hope the time will soon come when the world will rise above narrow standards and prejudices, and will realize the masterly genius of Swinburne. They have even gone to the extreme limit of adulation, by declaring seriously that "since Shakespeare, no English poet has written dramas such as his, and, since Milton, there has been no epic poetry such as his." The extravagance



of all this praise will be easily apparent when we remember what utter disregard of historical accuracy and of poetical delicacy characterized this poet in his shameless slandering of the character of Mary Queen of Scots—not to speak of numerous other effusions in which he has forever shocked the good taste and common sense of the English speaking literary world.



### ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

O holy Temple of the Living God !  
 Thou mighty Gothic Fabric, raised by faith  
 In days of old ! Alas, thy doom is sealed !  
 A people's heart is cleft in twain at thought  
 Of thy destruction. Silent soon shall be  
 Those billowed sounds that oft their melody  
 Thro' arch and vault did waft. No longer shall  
 Thy sacred walls re-echo, to the hush'd  
 And silent throng, the Word of God Most High.  
 Yet mem'ries of thy loveliness can ne'er  
 Depart, so deep impression hast thou made  
 Upon the hearts of those that peace and grace  
 Have found within thy blessed, shadowed space.

*T. F. C.*



ON Wednesday, 22 Jan., 1902, Rev. John Willms, C. S. Sp., Central Director U. S. of the Holy Childhood, addressed the pupils of the Holy Ghost College on behalf of this beautiful Association. He invited his audience to gaze upon the millions of souls redeemed and beautified by means of the Association and singing the praises of God, their Creator, forever, and praying for those upon earth who have helped them to their eternal salvation.

He then spoke briefly on the nature of the work, its purpose, the conditions under which one may become a member and he finally made an earnest appeal to his youthful and attentive audience to enroll under the banner of the Holy Infant, in order to share in the blessings in store for all who participate, by prayer and alms-giving, in the noble work of the Catholic Apostolate.

## The Wedding of the Golden Pen and the Inkstand.

Seated in a corner of the library late one winter's evening, I was wearily poring over the pages of my Geometry. "If A equals B, and B equals C," I repeated half-unconsciously to myself, "then A plus B plus C equals 3 A, or—or 3 B, or—or—" Ah! whence came those sweet strains and that gentle patter of feet which strike upon my ear so soft? And looking up, I saw a rustling and a stir among the books and papers scattered over the table in the centre of the room. As first I thought a strong gust of wind was disturbing them; but no! they were moving in orderly procession towards one end of the table, where two vases of pink carnations formed a graceful arch. To the music of the Bells\* chiming from the *Belfry of Pruges†* in the distance, one of *My Clerical Friends‡* led the way to the bower, followed by a curious train. First came a dignified Inkstand in black, with a tall graceful Golden Pen, in shimmering yellow, and sparkling with jewels, leaning on his arm; they were evidently bride and groom. Now followed a bevy of young Postage Stamps in blue, red and green, who seemed to act as pages and flower girls. The attendants on the bridal party were several charming Penwipers and a genial Blotter. The guests followed, each in his daintiest attire. Two stout Paperweights walked side by side, an illuminated Calendar and two slender, dainty Papercutters formed the next group; Letterpaper was there in various delicate tints. Captain Bonnerville,§ brave and bold, and Annabal Lee,¶ frail and fair, stepped out of their close confinement, stately Fabiola\*\* and engaging Callista†† emerged from their narrow catacombs on the library shelf, to join the festive train. Ferdinand and Isabella‡‡ followed, with their courtiers and retainers. Marco Bozzaris (a) and Ben Hur (b) filed in side by side, as if quite at home with each other; and Macbeth (c), Hamlet (c) and Julius Caesar (c) brought up the rear of that quaint procession. After *The Prelude* (d) from the organ, an *Invisible Choir* (e) sang *The Psalm of Lif* (f), during which the ceremony was performed. Immediately afterwards, the guests wended their way to the banquet hall (two feet away), where *Alexander's Feast* (g) was ready. The *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* (h) acted as toastmaster, introducing first the Paperweight, who thus addressed the newly wedded pair:—"May life's cares rest lightly upon you, and may sorrow and gloom ne'er oppress your souls!" "And may your views always harmoniously correspond!" added the Letterpaper. The Calendar wished them length of happy years together, and the Great Clock in the corner chimed in, "Yes, and may each hour bring you blessings in plenty!" The Papercutter remarked, "Ne'er may you part, whatever may betide!" and, added the Atlas, "on land and sea, near or far, may your hearts beat as one!" "Waste not your time in idle talk," came a voice from the depths of the Wastepaper Basket, who had not been invited to the wedding. But Webster's *Unabridged* interrupted this harsh remark with "No words of mine can adequately express my good wishes." The Mucilage Bottle gurgled forth, "Stick to each other through thick and thin." So around the table flew congratulations galore, and I, too, was about to offer mine, when the party, perceiving the sound, rushed to their former places, but in the confusion, the Inkstand fell to the floor. At this noise—I awoke.

John Malloy.

\*Poe. †Longfellow. ‡Marshall. §Irving. ¶Poe. \*\*Wiseman. ††Newman. ‡‡Prescott.  
(a) Halleck. (b) Wallace. (c) Shakespeare. (d) Wordsworth. (e) James Lane Allen.  
(f) Longfellow. (g) Dryden. (h) Holmes.

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**OBITUARY.****MRS. ELLEN O'NEIL.**

In most heartfelt sympathy do we condole with Rev. Jas. F. O'Neil on the loss of his mother, MRS. ELLEN O'NEIL, for twenty years an edifying member of the parish of St. Brigid's. She had been born some fifty years ago in Roscommon Co., Ireland. Her numerous friends never expected, during her two months illness, that life was nearing its close, and it was but ten minutes before her soul departed that it was strengthened for entrance into eternity by the last sacraments. Her piety had been ever exemplary, but the period from the beginning of her illness to the day of her decease, January 18, was marked by fullest resignation to the will of God.

January 22, MRS. O'NEIL was interred from St. Brigid's Church, where her reverend son intoned the solemn Requiem. Rev. Michael McGarey, who graduated with him at the College in 1898, was Master of Ceremonies. A numerous band of priests were assembled in the sanctuary.

**MR. RICHARD WALSH.**

We wish to extend sympathy to Dr. Arthur Walsh, of Homestead, and Richard Walsh, former students of the College, and their relatives touching the demise of Richard Walsh, senior, of Crafton. Little did we dream of this, when, in the first BULLETIN of '01-02, we recorded a triple marriage among the Walshes. However, the estimable gentleman had reached the venerable age of 68. He was a member of St. Philip's Church, from which he was buried February 7, after a Solemn High Mass of Requiem. As the family is socially prominent, and Mr. Walsh was a noble citizen and worthy member of the parish, the funeral was numerously attended.

**MR. P. J. McLAUGHLIN.**

Another of the same age, P. J. McLaughlin, father of Patrick, who studied here in '85 and '86, was interred about the same time from St. Peter and Paul's, Rochester. Deceased was well-known also in this city, Steubenville, McKeesport, Wheeling, Cleveland, etc., as a daring and successful contractor, and as president of Beaver County Agricultural Society and president of Rochester Town Council. To his sorrowing wife and bereaved children we extend our deepest sympathy.

**MRS. M. C. Bruggeman.**

Mrs. Mary E. Bruggeman, aged 47, wife of Frank Bruggeman of the grocery firm of Bruggeman & Co., died at her home, 4057 Penn avenue. She was buried January 20, after a Solemn requiem from St. Joseph's. Her son, Edward J., came to the College in '99 and 1900. *R. I. P.*

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### ALUMNI.

We have lately been visited by John Enright and Patrick Maher, both graduates of 1900, home for a brief vacation from St. Mary's of Baltimore. Also by Thomas Mullen '99 from Washington, Pa. We take pleasure in noting that the citizens of that locality maintain an aristocratic attitude. They object to the old sobriquet of "Little" Washington.

Rev. Wm. Drum, who closed his classical course at the College in '92, has been transferred from St. Mary's, New Castle, to St. Francis Xavier's, Allegheny. Rev. Albert Wigley '92, has been transferred from Holy Cross, S. S., where he had labored with much fruit for four and a half years, to Monessen. There all must be established—Church, parochial residence, all are wanting; but it is a promising place.

We understand that John Carney '89, conducting an undertaking establishment at 28th and Carson, is a prominent member of the Knights of Columbus. Joseph Cawley, a former graduate, is an active member of the Pittsburgh Catholic Truth Society, as is also T. F. Coakley, '03. John Carroll, '98, is clerk at the West Penn Freight Station with his brother Daniel. James Burke, '89, is engaged as civil engineer at Salt Lake City.

John McTiernan '88, for years the leading soloist of Holy Cross Church, and a pillar of general edification in the parish, is first regulator of vessels at the Bessemer Steel Works. He has been slightly unwell of late and recently lost a beloved mother. We hope to see his high character and energy attain the prominence it deserves. The elections remind us that John once swept the Twenty-Fourth Ward as assessor.

Albert Lackner, who left our Commercial Department in '99, was from then till recently in the office of Jones and Laughlin Co. Now he is employed at the Carnegie Building in the Auditing Department of Carnegie Steel Co. His brother Anthony who completed his course in '01, is assistant book-keeper for Hardy Bros., 16th Street.



### JUBILEE CELEBRATION.

Services commemorating the Golden Anniversary of the death of the Founder of the Society of the Holy Ghost, Ven. Francis Mary Paul Libermann, began in the College February 3, with the celebration of Solemn High Mass. Rev. P. A. McDermott, Vice President of the College, was Celebrant, Father Giblin, Deacon, and Father Retka, Sub-deacon. In the afternoon, a large number of priests and students, and the friends of a band of youth about to consecrate their lives to God, assembled in the College Chapel.

The panegyric was delivered by Rev. Prosper Goeppfert, former Superior of Rockwell College, Ireland, and now located at St. Mary's, Sharpsbur.

The English life of the Venerable Libermann is his work, and the Fathers were delighted to secure for the occasion one who had necessarily made a study of his subject. Following his allocution came the highly impressive ceremony of a reception given to five young men as scholastics of the Society. They were Francis Schwab and Francis Sumierski of Pittsburg, Henry Knabel and Joseph Nelson of Philadelphia, and John Whelan of Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. A Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the ceremonies of the day, over which presided the Very Rev. Provincial of the Society in the United States.

Father Goepfert preached on the text: "He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble"—(*Luke 1, 52*). He developed the theme of this text, explaining how the work of Libermann, humanly inexplicable, finds its solution in God and the supernatural, that whereas no one could have anticipated such a conversion, it was accomplished, whereas no one could have expected success in such an enterprise as the resourceless Hebrew contemplated, nevertheless success has crowned the attempt, and whereas everything menaced utter defeat to his most cherished desires, the character of saint, of founder, of master in the ascetic life, of priest and apostle, are conferred on a homeless epileptic. The finger of God is here, for it is manifest that, led by the spirit of God, the sons of the poor and humble Libermann are steadily putting down from their throne the mighty spirits of evil in Darkest Africa, supplanting the doleful manoeuvres of Belial by the sweet and saving power of the Cross of Christ, the degrading worship of idols by adoration in spirit and in truth of the one true God, Creator and Ruler of the universe.

The panegyrist outlined the personal and social character of Libermann in three departures of thought, referring, first, to the evidence and influence of his sanctity; second, to his total submission to the will of God; third, to the abundant fruits of his apostolate. Quoting the words of the Book of Proverbs (4, 18): "The path of the just as a shining light goeth forward and increaseth even to perfect day," he dwelt upon the beautiful radiance which in all directions emanates from the life of one righteous before God, submissive to His will, remarking that apostolic life is the perfection of this light, which, like the sun, is not exclusively bright, but illumines a wide sphere of its own.

To illustrate the impression made by the converted Hebrew upon the Sovereign Pontiff, Fr. Goepfert cited the account given by Mr. Drach, who presented the Founder and L'Abbe de la Bruniere to Gregory XVI. It appears that the Vicar of Christ with deep emotion laid his hand upon the head of Libermann, and, after he and his friend had withdrawn, questioned Mr. Drach concerning Libermann and asserted: "*Sara un Santo*"—He will be a saint.

We expect to give, in our next Number, a brief account of the interesting life of the Venerable Libermann.

under among men, as we have several clever and very hard working men in the class.

A new term commenced this week, and all the students approached the sacraments for the first Friday of the month.



### OUR SUNDAY EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

Among our musical elite, very noticable improvement has been effected. The musical circuit, is, to our all-round satisfaction, constantly augmenting. Some new members have been admitted into the already increased group of ambitious imitators of Apollo, and, they too, are trying their flights on the hallowed, undying strains, which made the great masters illustrious, and which shall forever hand down their names to the admiration of posterity.

The Orchestra gives generous contributions towards the general enjoyment of our weekly entertainments. The great applause always elicited is owing very much to the long, arduous rehearsals which take place three times each week.

Solos are occasionally given by the most prominent of the young aspirants to musical lore. Master F. Hartigan is developing into an expert cornetist, and Hyacinth is a first class rival on the clarionet. The Masters Hartigan carry off the laurels for musical excellence among the boarders, while Master E. Hally has been, for some time past, wearing the laurels amongst the day students. Master F. Joost who is playing in this, his first year with the Orchestra, has proven himself an able and proficient clarionetist.

The following was the programme for Sunday evening, February 9th:

Overture, "The Invincible Eagle," Orchestra; Recitation, "The Progress of Madness," H. Gaynor; Recitation, "Der Patter of Der Shingles," W. Stravinski; Selection, "La Carina," Orchestra; "Instigation of Brutus" (Shakespeare), Brutus, J. F. Malloy; Cassius, E. J. Knaebel; Debate, "Resolved, That the President and the Senate of the United States be elected by a Direct Vote of the People," Chairman, M. A. Relihan; Affirmative, E. L. Huckestein; Negative, F. W. Pietreczki; Finale, "Bachelor Maids," Orchestra.



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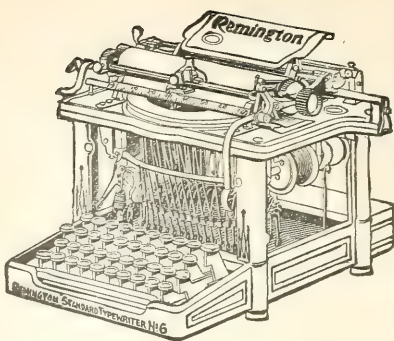
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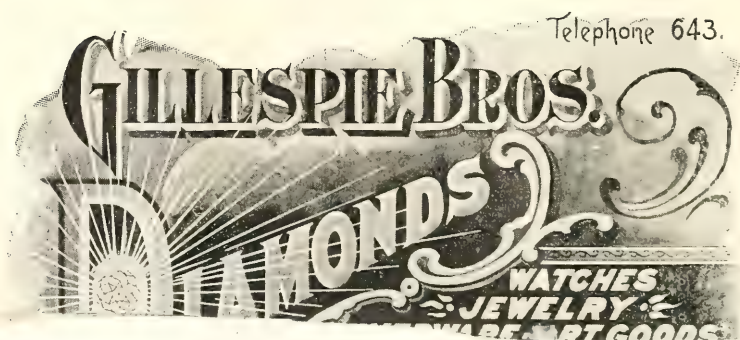


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# Pittsburg College Bulletin.

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Vol. VIII.

Pittsburg, Pa., March, 1902.

No. 6.

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## Virtue.

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright—  
The bridal of the earth and sky;  
The dew shall weep thy fall tonight;  
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue angry and brave,  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring! full of sweet days and roses;  
A box where sweets compacted lie;  
Thy music shews ye have your closes,  
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber, never gives;  
But, though the whole world turn to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.

---

[A beautiful poem of George Herbert (1593-1633), marred  
by coarse conceits and unpleasant smiles.]

**FRANCIS MARY PAUL LIBERMANN,****Founder of the Holy Ghost Order.**

In the foregoing BULLETIN, we promised an article on the Founder of the Holy Ghost Order. We have since obtained leave to appropriate an article previously written by one of the Faculty, a member of the Society.

The Society of the Holy Ghost, which has already attained a world-wide reputation, but which stands most prominently before the public eye in Pittsburg by the establishment and management, for over a score of years, of Pittsburg Catholic College, celebrated on February 2d, the half-century's anniversary of its Venerable Founder's death. The progress of the Organization from the day of its origin to our own has been unmarred, its works have been as valuable as they have been difficult, and its outlook is even brighter than its past. At this epoch, when its confidence rises at sight of a successful issue to all those anxieties, dangers and trials, proverbially attendant on the beginning of great enterprises, one more glowing encouragement is born of the firm confidence that the Founder, Francis Mary Paul Libermann, will soon be spoken of as St. Libermann, as his cause is fast advancing in the Holy City.

Deep in the heart of mankind lies a sentiment of unalloyed respect and reverence for the memory of such as not only won the good will of all fair-minded among their contemporaries, but whose works remain and flourish when their authors are laid to rest, and whose following dies not with their death, but growing in number and devotedness, perpetuates thus and actually revivifies, from age to age, their work and aims. We know how Israel of old cherished the memory of her mighty dead, how solemn was her annual commemoration of them, what precaution Judas Machabaeus took in the cause of the fallen warriors and true men; we know that the pyramids of Egypt—those towering wonders of the Eastern plains are mainly to the honor of Egypt's great departed; we preserve, as the loftiest flight in its realm, the panegyric pronounced by that prince of Athenian statesmen, Pericles, over the heroes slain in the nation's weal; from the days of imperial Rome, when Anthony waxed eloquent at Caesar's bier, to the days of Bossuet, the first of modern panegyrists, our wisest men lament the loss, yet rejoice in the brilliant majesty, of divers stars who shine pre-eminent in the firmament of excellence; mausoleums, crypts, monuments cease not to bear witness to noble endeavor and felicitous accomplishment.

But herein the standards of ancient Rome, Greece, Egypt, yea, and of Israel herself, are, in our era, as far surpassed as is faint glimmer of the stars and moon at night by the golden effulgence of a summer sun at noon—thanks to the resurrection of Jesus Christ and the principles, so hopeful, of Christianity. The glory of "the dead who died in the Lord" belongs to a kingdom that is not of this world, and thus Catholicity chooses to celebrate



the memory of her heroes and models, not upon the anniversary of an earthly birth, but upon that of their entrance into eternity. The authentic types and approved models of a communion so vast, so ancient, so influential and so promising as Catholicity, challenge the reflection of any man, be he even agnostic, who has not relinquished all interest in man, in truth, in human destiny.

February 2d was the fiftieth anniversary of one of these types, among the foremost of the century just closed, a convert from Judaism, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, one who, from the days of his baptism, through fair fortune and untoward, sped onward unswerving from his chosen path, in a flight so rapid, so noble and so arduous that the authorities and children at large of his adopted faith take a retrospect of his career, as they contemplate the fruits of it, only in deepest veneration and astonishment.

Libermann, born April 12, 1804, and given the name of Jacob in infancy, was not an ordinary Jew; his father was a famous rabbi of Saverne, Alsace. Ardor and talent far more than counterbalanced in him delicacy of physical constitution, and with high hope did his father later introduce him to the school of Metz, the headquarters and the pride of a host of young, ambitious Jews and many a studious rabbi. But, "there is a Providence that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will!"

The young student suddenly perceived in himself an inexplicable, yet not less real and voracious, hunger for the beauties of the French and Latin languages, and often threw himself almost unwittingly into the works of Christian masters. In consequence, a decided and persistent coolness arose in his regard, not only among his comrades, but in the judgment and interest of his nearest affiliations and patrons. By natural association of ideas, the dissatisfaction with which this situation inspired him, extended itself to the life and aims in general to which he had been attached. While thus annoyed, news arrived that Samson, an elder brother, had been converted to Christianity.

Two circumstances now rapidly veered his course in the direction of the Catholic Church. The first was the perusal of Rousseau's "Emile"; the second was the entrance of two more of his brothers into Catholicity. The "Emile" could probably never influence any man in this wise, unless he were in precisely the frame of mind of the youthful Libermann; but any one aware of the affection which members of the same family among the Israelites bear to one another, cannot fail to appreciate the influence of a double conversion on the part of his brothers.

Paris, at this time, was astir over the conversion of the Jew, M. Drach, in whom one of Libermann's friends happened to be specially interested. Jacob, advised by his friend, took measures to visit Drach. M. Drach introduced him to the College Stanislas, and gave him treatises upon Christian doctrine to be read at leisure. Reflecting then upon his isolation from

all former associations, and face to face with the problem of Christianity, Libermann fell upon his knees in fervent supplication to the God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob. The utterance of his soul, like that from the depths of divers spirits sincere and lofty, appealing anon from age to age, must needs have been :

“Lead, kindly Light, amid th’ encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on ;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home ;  
Lead Thou me on !”

Light shone in the darkness and it was understood ; such avidity did he hereafter manifest to acquire Christian knowledge that M. Drach has written: “He was like a burning stone, which speedily devours the water poured on its surface,” and Christmas eve, 1826, he was baptized and assumed his Christian name.

The zeal of converts, who, by conversion, have encountered shock upon shock to their dearest sympathies, is so striking as to be matter of current comment ; the spirit of Jewish converts, especially, is generally recognized as of a vehement nature, ever since the days of the illustrious St. Paul ; but generalizations are feeble to express the total change operated by the grace of Christianity in the profound and potent soul of Libermann. Before baptism his voice unfolded the inner man with accents as of a desperate : “Sortitum est !”—The die is cast. After baptism his accents are like the chant of a sacrificial preface : “Vere dignum et iustum est !”—“Verily, it is worthy and righteous, just and salutary, that we, always and everywhere, return Thee thanks, O Lord of sanctity, Almighty Father, Eternal God, through Christ our Lord.” Constancy to truth led him on, as fearful he trod the waters of a troubled sea ; but, when finally he felt the touch of the divine hand, all his doubts vanished ; he was convinced, conscious as it were, that he then grasped that something which had lured him on, and which he prized beyond all he had forsaken. He gloried in the assurance that now he was enlightened by the Eternal Word, that now his heart was warmed, strengthened and dilated by the graces of the Holy Spirit. He had struggled up the slope of a rugged mountain, but once at the summit his point of view was lofty and unobscured, the atmosphere was pure and free. The propriety of these reflections is drawn from the tenor of his subsequent career, from the fact that receiving the Holy Eucharist on the morrow of baptism, he conceived a desire to join the priesthood, drawn even from his own explicit statements, as from the fact that immediately, almost, his associates revered him as a saint. After what, by interpretation of the ways of Providence, we may term a breathing space, it became clear that the mountain he had ascended was to be transformed from a Tabor to a Calvary ; and, whereas he rejoiced awhile in the untarnished lustre of spiritual regeneration, the day was nigh when he had to face most fierce assaults upon that “peace which

the world can neither give nor take away." As the majestic oak strikes deeper root as storms beat upon it, so it is with oak trees in the moral order. Ascetic writers remark that the essential in devotion is not sensible satisfaction, but constancy of mind and will ; albeit, to be entirely bereft of such a solace is no small trial ; it is, however, necessary to perfect interior life.

Jacob's father had expected him to become the ornament of his house and to immortalize his name ; he now cursed him in such terms as to appal even M. Drach ; he disinherited him when dying, and left this world embittered over the course of his four sons. To this woe came another. Suddenly, young Libermann, on the eve of his ordination to the sub-deaconate, is seized by an attack of epilepsy—a generally incurable malady and a canonical obstacle to sacred orders. Epilepsy's first offspring is melancholy dejection ; how deplorable when its action is objective and subjective at once ! Strangely, he was nowise disheartened, nor was his aim altered ; it was only deferred. Joyous consolation fled ; aridity seized upon all pious sentiment ; but withal, patience replaced joy, resignation and perseverance took the place of confidence, fortitude supplanted enthusiasm.

In the hopeless condition of his vocation, he was summoned to hear that his place in the seminary was no longer tenable. So calmly did he accept a decision whereby he was thrust helpless on a world which knew him not, the masters of the seminary could not find in their heart to execute it. The future greatness of their protege and the gratitude of generations yet unborn are reward enough for the sons of St. Sulpice. Made strong in spirit by the rugged path he trod, he developed into a competent director of souls in the higher aspirations of Christian life and labor. The Sulpician institutions of Paris, Issy and La Solitude grew proud of him, for by silent example now, by vehement exhortation again, he continually fostered religious perfection in a manner so wise as won for him the influence of a master. For this reason, he was officially appointed in 1838 master of novices for the Eudiste novitiate of Rennes. The mere position fails to unfold his full reputation ; one must consider that he did not belong to the Society which so honored him, that he had been a Jew, and that he was only in minor orders when given the directorship of priests. Yet so complete was his success, that when, a year later, he wished to leave for a nobler course, all arguments were adduced for his detention.

In the interval, he had maintained regular correspondence with a host of disciples ; two of these, Creole students at Paris, awoke in him the idea of a Society for the conversion of the colored race. Charity was his guiding star, and at once the prospect of civilizing and Christianizing the most abandoned of God's children, the millions of unfortunates in Darkest Africa appealed to him irresistibly. He determined to set out for the Eternal City, and win for Africa, for his Society and object, the concurrence and approbation of the Holy See which had sent St. Patrick to Ireland, St. Augustine to



England, St. Boniface to Germany, and countless missionaries the world over. Ere long he had a brief audience with Gregory XVI. The question was then deferred awhile ; meanwhile Libermann devoted his leisure to form his plans and elaborate the constitutions of his future congregation ; he wrote a commentary on the Gospel of St. John, which won the applause of all capable critics, and he kept up a flood of correspondence, chiefly with his collaborateurs in France.

He was now able to say that during eight years his malady had constantly ebbed away, and that for two years it was entirely gone. He was still anxious, when lo ! the memoir he had sent concerning his cause to the Prefect of the Propaganda receives favorable reply, and authority is conferred to proceed with the erection of a Society. About the same time arrives a letter from his brother, saying the Bishop of Strasbourg engages to ordain him. No time is lost, and that year, 1841, sees him a priest. At once, he opens a novitiate, and in two years his men are laboring in Bourbon, San Domingo, Guiana and Mauritius. Financial difficulties, misunderstandings and separations, early deaths of promising members, cut off by murderous climates, all were incapable to check the work outlined by the founder. To every hint at retreat, even when the able Levasseur, his right arm, yielded to despair for an interval, he would exclaim : "Poor abandoned souls, forsaken millions ! It seems I have poor Guinea all in my heart."

It was not long till, on February 2, 1852, the Founder passed to his reward, but ere then, he had seen success seal his enterprise. He saw the members of the pre-existing Society of the Holy Ghost merged into his, which at first bore the title of Society of the Heart of Mary ; this explains the full official title of Society of the Holy Ghost and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. He animated the apostolic zeal of his missionaries by a well sustained correspondence ; three hundred of his letters are in book form, and one volume was lately translated into English by Rev. Chas. Grunenwald, C. S. Sp., of Detroit. Be it noted that his literary work is not the least monument to his glory, not the least of the aids which support his work. His "Spiritual Writings" alone would give him rank among the van of ascetic authors. But his masterpiece is the "Commentary on St. John." Here he undertook a work redoubtable to good theologians, especially when they remember how Rome is cautious in approving any hazardous theological effort. Yet, in a decree dated May 26, 1886, Leo XIII. proclaimed : "Seldom has the examination of the writings of those who are proposed for beatification led to such a favorable result." An elegant simplicity and persuasiveness are the characteristic of his style. It is patent, however, that the grandest and loftiest monument to the glory of Venerable Francis Mary Paul Libermann will ever be the religious body he founded and organized, the aims he gave it, the work it accomplishes and the future before it.

Fifty years have flown, and today the Society numbers in Africa alone

eight Apostolic Vicariates and four Prefectures, which have a Catholic population of 62,298. In her 99 missionary stations are engaged 233 priests, beside 10 native priests, 168 Brothers, beside 42 native Brothers, 210 catechists, 58 negro theological students and 256 Sisters. In the Society's care are various and responsible works in Europe, America and Africa, involving altogether 166 communities of 1,767 members; in these United States are 17 communities of 140 members. But every Society in the Catholic Church has a dominant and characteristic object; that of Libermann's is the conversion of the colored people, or negro race.

The Dark Continent constitutes about one-fourth of the land surface of the globe. Her inhabitants are numbered at from 120 to 200,000,000, or twice the population of the United States. She once, in Carthage, raised a rival to pagan Rome at her zenith; from the second to the seventh century of our Christian era, she was a gem in the crown of Christianity, contributing not only that pearl of intellect, Tertullian; that diamond of orthodox masterfulness, St. Augustine, but she had at the Council of Carthage 120 Bishops. Great was her promise; Mohammedanism swept it away. Slavery since, barbarism and ignorance have grown apace. Rome attacked slavery, and led by the voice of Alexander III., Leo III., Paul III., and others down the line of succession, including Gregory XVI., the great nations agreed to oppose it; but, it is only in our day, by the aid of steam and other modern appliances, that we are able to effectually influence the conduct of Africa. Exploration of the interior is so difficult that generally mercantile and political influence have entered only where the superior ardor of missionary fervor had first led men to penetrate, to open up communications with the inhabitants and then give an account of their experiences to the world at large. Various explorers undertook trying and dangerous voyages, but the one transcendent name in this line is Livingstone; from 1849 to 1873 his efforts in the cause of Africa and science, and we may add, of Christianity, were heroic and immortal.

What must be the task of missionaries in a feverish climate, in a barbarous and sometimes cannibal population, in a land larger than all Europe, yet without steamboats, railroads, postal service or any modern convenience, marked by impenetrable woods and sandy wastes, infested with rapacious animals and poisonous serpents! Yet, if Africa has her clouds, she has her sunshine. Many of her barbarians are docile and grateful, her scenery is often such as scorns comparison, her summer nights are wondrously charming, her birds flutter about in plumage unparalleled, her riches buried in the soil attract the lynx-like eye of commerce, and all statesmen speak of a future for Europe in Africa. Modern means of communication once established, the civilization and Christianization of the sons of Cham must advance in giant strides. If Africa saw her days of Christian splendor, there is no reason why she may not see them again. She numbers now

3,000,000 Christians ; foremost among the harvesters stand the members of the Society founded by the converted Israelite, and Christian Africa will grow with their growth, and with both will rise the name and power for highest good of that ardent emulator of St. Paul, whom all who know him best, expect to soon see honored by the greatest honor given in Catholicity, canonization.



## THE HISTORIC HIGHWAYS OF PITTSBURG.

The discussion over the removal of the "Block House" from the "Point," calls to mind the events which gave rise to its erection. The "Block House" is the only tie that binds our now metropolitan city with that period when we had no history, and the land we occupy was a "forest primeval." If the "Block House" is removed we must have recourse to other means to remind us of by-gone days. Occasionally a tablet is exposed to view perpetuating a name famous in local history, as witness the bronze lately placed on the Court House, commemorating the defeat of Major Grant. Such tablets are few, alas, and far between, and in our extremity we know nothing so brimful of interest, and overflowing with old associations as the streets we traverse daily.

Pittsburg—considering its location and its history—is, indeed, teeming with historical reminiscence of the early days. It has not had the privilege, like Boston or New York, or Philadelphia, to be the sanguinary theatre of revolutionary events commemorated in our history of the great struggle for independence from which our country dates her birth. Nor has Pittsburg been able to raise historical monuments, or bronze tablets to any of the great men who signed the Declaration of Independence. But there is no name that reminds us more forcibly, than does Pittsburg, of the sturdy pioneer and the brave, adventurous explorer that opened up to civilization the vast forests and mountain ranges now constituting the richest portion of the United States.

To these men of toil and persevering endurance, whose faith in the future prospects of this great and busy mart enabled them to overcome the fearful obstacles which uncultivated Nature and uncivilized man presented to their courage, we have not erected many lofty or precious monuments ; but happily their memory endures in a more popular, though less pompous, form of expression than that of marble or granite. For we may truly say that Pittsburg's history is written in the names of her streets. Many of them are familiar to every American child that knows the first rudiments of his country's history—and of these we shall not speak : they are part of the common legacy, either of the State, as that of Penn, or of the Union, as that of Washington. But the more local ones, the ones that appeal to our own civic pride in our early history—these are the ones we would rescue from



oblivion. And even here— for the field is vast—we shall restrict ourselves to the names of streets that we encounter in the more immediate neighborhood of our own Institution on the historic Bluff, that overhangs the two cities of Pittsburg and Allegheny, and looks down upon the three great waterways which have made Pittsburg the great gateway of the West and South.

GIST STREET, which extends from 1900 Fifth Avenue to Bluff Street—14th Ward, is so-called after Christopher Gist, a hardy pioneer, who lived on the banks of the Yadkin River, in North Carolina, close to the Virginia boundary. He was educated for the Episcopal Ministry, but in 1750 was engaged by the Ohio Company to explore, and report on, its lands on the Ohio and tributaries, as far south as Great Falls.

The Ohio Company was an association of some of the most enterprising citizens of Virginia and Maryland, formed for the purpose of carrying on an extensive trading business with the Indian tribes. Through the influence of London stockholders, the company secured in 1749 a grant of 500,000 acres of land west of the Alleghenies between the Monongahela and Kanawha rivers. It was this vast tract which the intrepid Gist set out to investigate, October 31, 1750. On his journey he stopped at Shannopinstown, a settlement of but a few cabins located on the east bank of the Allegheny river, about two miles from its junction with the Monongahela. From here he went to Logstown, on the north bank of the Ohio, about 20 miles below the present site of Pittsburg. In those days Logstown was an important trading post, and the scene of many conferences between Indians, French and English.

On his way to Logstown, Gist passed through what is now Allegheny. The path he took led him behind Monument Hill; hence he was for a time ignorant of the existence of the Monongahela river.

Having completed his preliminary investigations, Gist, in the following year, returned to survey the lands south of the Ohio. To resist the claims of the French, he erected a fort on Chartier's Creek, near the present site of McKee's Rocks. He also settled about a dozen families at Chestnut Ridge, about 12 miles south of Connellsville.

The Virginians becoming alarmed at the hostile activity of the French, Governor Dinwiddie selected George Washington as the bearer of messages to the French commander expostulating upon the intrusion. Washington made choice of Gist as his guide on this delicate undertaking, and the party arrived at what is now Pittsburg, November 24, 1753, on their way to Fort Le Boeuf. They found no human habitation on the site of the now populous city; but Washington, although but a youth, soon perceived the important strategical value of a fort at the confluence of the rivers, and made such recommendation to Governor Dinwiddie.

Gist was an experienced woodsman, skilled in all the varied forms of Indian diplomacy, and displayed singular sagacity in his adventures with

Washington. On his return journey with the latter, his hands and feet were frozen, and it was owing to his devotion and admirable tact that Washington's first public mission culminated successfully.

VAN BRAAM STREET, which extends from 1700 Fifth Avenue, to 1707 Bluff Street—6th Ward, is called after Jacob Van Braam, who was a typical "soldier of fortune." He served in the English army, and when retired he gave fencing lessons to the Virginia youth, among them George Washington. He later became an interpreter, and in that capacity accompanied Washington on his first journey to the French at Fort Le Boeuf. When the French stormed Fort Necessity and compelled Washington to surrender, Captain Van Braam and Captain Stobo were held by the French as hostages until certain French prisoners should be returned. Washington had a high regard for his "master of f  nce," and wrote to Governor Dinwiddie respecting the appointment of Van Braam as Captain of a Company.

DINWIDDIE STREET, which extends from 1800 Fifth Avenue, to 1908 Centre Avenue—11th Ward, has received its name from Hon. Robert Dinwiddie, who was Lieutenant Governor of Virginia, and a prominent stockholder in the Ohio Company. The aggressions of the French upon territory claimed by the English caused him to remonstrate with the rival nation, and to adopt conciliatory measures with the Indians. His first attempt having accomplished nothing, he selected George Washington to fulfill the mission, which, owing to the activity of the French and the treachery of the Indians, required rare courage and sagacity. When Washington returned bearing the polite but firm refusal of the French to retreat, Dinwiddie immediately convened the Virginia House of Burgesses, and with difficulty, for he was impetuous and hard-headed, had enacted such legislation as would permit him to meet with force the encroachments of the French upon "his majesty's dominions." He was fully alive to the importance of activity, and without delay sent 100 men to the "forks of the Ohio" to build a fort on the site recommended by Washington.

Dinwiddie was an active Governor, guarding zealously the interests of the English Government, and incidentally his own. He was not in sympathy with the growing spirit of independence, manifested by the Colonists, at which he was considerably alarmed, and which he made determined but ineffectual efforts to remedy.

TRENT STREET, which extends from Wylie Avenue to 2111 Webster Avenue—11th Ward, owes its name to Captain William Trent, who, when the Ohio Company complained of the encroachments of the French upon lands granted to them, was sent by Governor Dinwiddie, as his Commissioner to the French general, to demand that the claims of the English be respected. Trent was further ordered to adopt conciliatory measures with the Indians, and took with him the presents customary in diplomatic negotiations with the savages. He was not, however, made of the right stuff

for a diplomat ; nor did he have the characteristic courage of the early Colonists ; hence he returned to Virginia without any success resulting from his efforts.

He was afterwards sent to build a fort at the confluence of the Ohio with the Allegheny and Monongahela. With a company of 100 men he arrived at the "forks of the Ohio," February 17th, 1754, the birthday of Pittsburg, and immediately began the erection of the first civilized habitation on the present site of Pittsburg. The fort was only half completed by Spring, and on April 16, 1754, when the garrison was surprised by the French in the absence of Trent, Ensign Ward, who was in command, surrendered with 33 men.

STOBO STREET, which extends from 2200 Fifth Avenue to Delaware Alley—13th and 14th Wards, is named after Major Robert Stobo, who was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1727. He came to Virginia when a youth, and engaged in business ; but his free-and-easy disposition was not calculated to make him successful. He organized a company of Virginia volunteers, and was with Washington when he was obliged to surrender Fort Necessity to the French. It was at this surrender that Stobo and Jacob Van Braam were taken as hostages by the French to guarantee the release of certain prisoners captured in a previous skirmish. Van Braam was released shortly after, but Stobo, who was endowed with much more shrewdness, was detained as a prisoner in Fort Duquesne. In 1754 he made a sketch of the fort, and managed to get it to Washington. He also wrote several letters to Governor Dinwiddie, summarizing the condition of French and Indian affairs, the information being of great value to the English. Being detected, he was sent to Quebec and sentenced to death, but the sentence was changed to life imprisonment. Stobo escaped, however, in 1759, and later guided the famous Wolfe up the Heights of Quebec, where was won the battle that closed the war between the French and the English. It is a singular coincidence that Stobo, who was taken prisoner at the initial engagement of this famous struggle, should render such valuable assistance to the victor of the closing battle.

ST. PIERRE STREET, which extends from Bayard to Joncaire—14th Ward, takes its name from Chevalier Legardeur de St. Pierre, who was a venerable and polished gentleman of the old school, having all the ceremonious politeness of the French nobles, and being a skillful soldier, as well as a trained diplomat. He was in command of Fort Le Boeuf, where he had been sent by his general, the Marquis Du Quesne, Governor of Canada, to construct a line of forts from Niagara to the Mississippi. This territory was claimed by the English, and Governor Dinwiddie sent Washington to St. Pierre with letters complaining of the invasion. In his evasive reply to Dinwiddie, the astute St. Pierre said he would transmit the complaint to his general, whose



answer would be law to him. He then adds, with characteristic valor that calls forth our admiration : —

“As to the summons you send me to retire, I do not think myself obliged to obey it. Whatever may be your instructions, I am here by virtue of the orders of my general, and I entreat you, sir, not to doubt one moment that I am determined to conform myself to them with all the exactness and resolution which can be expected from the best officer.”

(To be continued.)

*T. F. Coakley, '03.*



### Jesus.

Ah, meekest Jesus, Angels' King divine!  
How could'st Thou come to save a soul like mine?  
With God the Father and the Holy Ghost  
We praise Thy Name, our ever-saving Host!

By God created beauteous, Adam fell,  
Though Heav'n the prize, had he but served Him well:  
The same did Eve—'twas all the human race.  
Mankind, alas, has lost the life of grace!

In justice reparation must be made,  
But by th' Offended is the ransom paid,  
For Thou dost deign a human form assume  
To save us all from everlasting doom.

Of Virgin born, Thine advent angels sing;  
The Eastern monarchs choicest presents bring:  
Their homage—as the shepherds'—is most kind,  
But soon to kill Thee Herod has a mind.

His rage is vain: Thy hour is not yet come!  
Ere long Thy wisdom strikes the doctors dumb!  
In manhood's bloom, the wonders multiply;  
Thy Life and Doctrine prove Redemption nigh!

“I find no cause in Him!” the judgment brought.  
While Hell stirs on the crowd, Thou sayest nought!  
'Tis death! and soon from guarded tomb Thou'rt flown,  
To make us place around th' Almighty's Throne!

Of life below a Model would'st Thou be—  
In life above Reward exceedingly.  
Sweet Jesus, keep me ever safe from harm;  
Thy Love possess my soul, Celestial Charm!—*T. G.*

## A STRANGE YOUTH.

Anyone who has read the weird story of the "Ancient Mariner" is led on to inquire into the career of its author. "The writer of this strange tale must have been a strange man," we say to ourselves, and when we study his life story we find our judgment but too true. Perhaps no writer of any age has been more the theme of panegyric and of censure than Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He has deserved both. His natural indolence prevented him from accomplishing what his talents and genius would have enabled him to effect; still, he has left to posterity specimens of his poetical skill which will be read as long as the English language endures.

Coleridge was born at Ottery St. Mary, a town of Devonshire, in 1772. His father was vicar there, having been previously a schoolmaster. In a letter published after his death, Coleridge has left us a detailed account of his early boyhood days. "My Father was very fond of me," he writes, "and I was my mother's darling, in consequence whereof, I was very miserable." He became fretful and timorous, and a tell-tale; and was tormented by all his playmates. His mind early turned to books, so that the time that other boys gave to play, he spent in reading. "At six years of age I remember to have read *Belisarius*, *Robinson Crusoe* and *Arabian Nights'* Entertainments. So I became a dreamer, and acquired an indisposition to all bodily activity; and as I could not play at anything, I was despised and hated by the boys; and because I could read and spell, and had wonderful memory and understanding, I was flattered and wondered at by all the old women." Thus, as he himself remarks, before he was eight years old he had already become a *character*.

One day he ran away from home to escape a flogging, and lying down to rest on a little slope, at the bottom of which the Otter flows, he fell asleep. It was towards the end of October, and it proved a stormy night. He felt cold in his sleep, and dreamed that he was pulling a blanket over himself, and actually did pull over himself a thorn-bush which lay on the ground near him. He was found more dead than alive in the morning, and was carried home to his parents. After such a childhood, we are prepared to see a most eccentric youth. Well, eccentric Coleridge was, and ever remained; but his life's road took a sudden turn in a good direction, when, at the age of ten, he was sent to Christ's Hospital School, London, founded by the Boy-King, Edward VI. Here he was soon discovered to be a boy of talent; for the master, the Rev. J. Bowyer, was fond of encouraging genius, even in the lads he flagellated most unmercifully. So Coleridge got on quite well with him, and enjoyed many a privilege, such as free access to a neighboring library, stocked with books on every subject under the sun.

At first Coleridge applied himself assiduously to his class-books, and soon became an excellent classical scholar. Then he gradually began to lose

all taste for history, poetry, and the ordinary studies. His desultory readings had led him into the field of philosophy, and he spent all his time in discoursing to his friends and admirers—among them the gentle Charles Lamb—about

“Fix’d fate, free-will, for knowledge absolute.”

Thus, at the age of 17, Coleridge was nothing but an idle philosophical dreamer.

From this state of indifference to all rational pursuits he was rescued by the reading of some very beautiful sonnets by Bowles. Poetry again resumed its charms for him, and he even ventured to “build the lofty rhyme” in an *Ode to Chatterton*.

When eighteen years of age, Coleridge removed to Jesus College, Cambridge. Here he never obtained, nor ever cared to obtain, Academic honors. The love of the flowing bowl and his natural slothfulness made his University career a failure.

Pecuniary difficulties and disappointment in a love affair threw the young collegian into a fit of melancholy, bordering on despair. He left the college, and set off for London, resolved to drown his troubles in the pleasures of the bottle. But this expedient proving of no avail, he enlisted as a private in the 15th dragoons, under the name of Chumberbacht. Here he was an object of curiosity to his officers, and of wonder to his comrades. While engaged in watching a sick comrade, he got involved in a dispute with a regimental surgeon; but the master of the saw had no chance with the disciple of the muses; he was routed by the profound erudition and eloquence of his antagonist, and never returned to the charge. Soon after, Coleridge procured his discharge, and went to live at Bristol.

In 1794, Coleridge published his first volume of poems, and an historical drama, *The Fall of Robespierre*. It was written in conjunction with Southey, and in a remarkably short space of time. They began it at 7 o’clock one evening, finished it the next day by 12 o’clock noon, and the day after, it was printed and published.

On leaving the army, Coleridge’s head was filled with all sorts of schemes for regenerating mankind. Robert Lovell and Robert Southey shared his enthusiasm, choosing America as the field on which to work out their schemes. All was to be liberty and happiness; prosperity was to be in common, and every man, a legislator.

The name of *Pantisocracy* was bestowed on this new *Utopia* by its founders. Everything seemed to prosper, when, all of a sudden, the three philosophers fell in love with three sisters of Bristol, named Tricker. They married, and all their vast schemes faded away. Instead of peopling the new world with a new race, they settled down to the hum-drum ways of ordinary life in the old world.

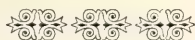
From a Socialistic lecturer, Coleridge advanced to the position of preacher in a Unitarian Church in Taunton. Careful reading of St. Paul,



however, soon "re-converted" him, and he became a firm believer in the Trinity; but the difficulty he had in keeping the wolf from the door of a large family, effectually prevented a "re-conversion" to Pantisocracy.

In 1798, a kind patron, Thomas Wedgewood, came to his relief by granting him a pension of £100 a year. This enabled Coleridge to visit Germany and to study the language and literature of that country at Ratzeburg and Göttingen. Just before setting out for Germany, he had published, in conjunction with Wordsworth, a book of poems, entitled "Lyrical Ballads," among them "*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*." The work gained instant popularity, and was often reprinted. Coleridge was only 26 years of age at the time, and nothing he ever produced in maturer years can equal this first grand outburst of his genius.

Frank L. Griffin.



## Sonnet.

(GERALD GRIFFIN).

As the mute nighingale in closest groves  
Lies hid at noon, but when day's piercing eye  
Is locked in night, with full heart beating high  
Poureth her plain song o'er the light she loves:  
So Virgin, ever pure, and ever blest,  
Moon of Religion, from whose radiant face  
Reflected streams the light of heavenly grace  
On broken hearts, by contrite thoughts oppressed.  
So Mary, they who justly feel the weight  
Of Heaven's offended Majesty, implore  
Thy reconciling aid, with suppliant knee  
Of sinful man, O sinless Advocate,  
To thee they turn, nor Him the less adore;  
'Tis still His light they love, less dreadful seen in thee.



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VOL. VIII.

MARCH, 1902.

No. 6.

## ...EDITORIALS..

### An Impartial Witness.

IT is refreshing to hear occasionally such testimony as that given, on Thursday, March 6, before the Senate Philippine Commission, by General Hughes, recently returned from those distant possessions. In answer to a question of Senator Patterson, he declared that the peace and good will which existed outside of Manila from July, 1898, to February, 1899, were due, not to the Philippines, nor to Anguinaldo, but to the much-calumniated Friars. The poor Friars have been the subject of so much contradictory criticism, on the part even of public men, who have spent very little time in the Philippines, that fair-minded people must feel relieved and satisfied with the categorical testimony of a brave and eminent soldier like General Hughes, who had ample means to become familiar with the circumstances.

J. A. M.

## The Faith of a People.

There are two features that must seem very striking and salient in connection with the great feast of St. Patrick, which we commemorate during this month. The universality of the celebration is, perhaps, the more noticeable to the ordinary observer. It is visible to all classes of men; it is noticable in every single part of the earth; not a city or town or village all over the universe but has some solitary and enthusiastic votary of St. Patrick; thus, it forces itself upon the very eyes even of the enemies of religion. We could almost compare it with the universal recognition of the fact of Christianity throughout the world.

The second remarkable feature which characterizes this celebration is that it brings before us the spectacle of a wondrous unity and universality of faith, retained and cherished, developed and spread, by a whole people, under circumstances that would, humanly speaking, and without the evident interposition of a divine Providence, have rendered such a result impossible of realization.

No wonder, therefore, that we find the source, or agent, or instrument if you wish, of this miraculous work, to be a wonder-working saint, whose heroic disinterestedness, whose unconditional sacrifice of will, whose prompt obedience to the voice of God, whose absolute devotedness of soul were the relief-traces in the character of the apostle marked out and predestined for the execution of glorious and immortal enterprise.

G. H. S.



## An Important Meeting.

It is with more than a passing or superficial interest that we chronicle, as one of our coming events, the meeting to be held in this city, next June, by the members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The choice of Pittsburg for this important gathering is one more flattering tribute not only to the general importance which our great industrial center has attained, but also to the wonderful growth of the educational spirit manifested, of late years especially, within our limits.

In the higher appreciation of the works of art, in the noticeable spread of a literary taste, in the more elevated character of our public educational institutions, we may trace this spirit and its growth.

Surely we may hope that all these things will be more emphasized from our contact with the great thinking men of this Country who comprise the Association of American Scientists. It will, therefore, be an educational boon for us; while, for the visitors, we can safely say that they could not expect to find more profitable and interesting entertainment, at a scientific point of view, than in the midst of this great industrial metropolis of the United States, where there is so much on every side to gratify the curiosity, and to satisfy the investigations, of the seekers after truth in every branch of modern scientific research.

W. J. R.



## MOZART'S REQUIEM MASS.

During a sojourn at Paris, I incidentally assisted at the funeral of a member of the Chamber of Deputies, whose remains lay exposed in the great Cathedral of Notre Dame. I had already perceived the splendid edifice from afar with its unfinished steeples, an admirable masterpiece of Gothic architecture. At sight of such a noble pile, admiration involuntarily carries us back in spirit to dwell upon the wonderful ability of workmen in the Middle Ages.

If the outward appearance of the temple produces a deep impression, much more are we impressed upon entering its sacred precincts. Like all Churches of the Middle Ages, and as peculiarly becomes any structure of Gothic style, it is very dark, and this inspires a sense of mysteriousness. Yet at one glance we can judge of the riches of Notre Dame by the massive majesty of its form, its columns, pictures, statues and other antique and precious indications of art : here and there are also the tombs of saints.

This day, the Church was crowded, but the sexton whom I knew very well, gave me a place from which I could view the entire edifice, assemblage and ceremony. The old man himself knelt near me. During the Mass, I was astonished to see him weeping. When we withdrew, I asked the cause of his tears. "Sir," he answered, "I am obliged to weep every time I hear Mozart's Requiem. Perhaps you do not know in what circumstances Mozart composed the Mass." "No, sir," I answered, "and I would be happy to hear that from you." "Well, be-seated, and I will relate a history that I heard myself from a famous director of music." After a pause, the old sexton began.

"Mozart had been ill for a fortnight, when, at the urgent appeals of his wife and of his doctor, he ceased composing. One day, as he sat in his room, the rattling of a carriage awoke him from his reveries. The vehicle halted before his door. Some one knocked, and at his "Come in!", a stranger entered. "Good morning, sir, said the stranger, I suppose I address Mr. Mozart." "Yes sir!" "I beg pardon," he continued, "for disturbing you : I come on the part of my Lord, Prince N., who, unhappily, has lost his beloved wife, and wishes you to compose a Requiem Mass for her obsequies." "Well," answered Mozart, "I am unwell and very weary, and, I fear, incapable of such a lengthy and important work. But I esteem the Prince too much to refuse. Return in a week : perchance I shall have finished the Mass."

Despite the protestations of his young wife, Mozart set to work. After a week, the stranger returned. "Oh, sir," exclaimed Mozart, as he entered, "I have not yet concluded the Mass ; I am so weak ! Sometimes my heart whispers to me that this will be my last composition, and even that it may be rehearsed at my own funeral." The stranger gazed a moment upon him and said : "Reflect then, Mozart, that such anticipations do frequently bespeak

the truth. Perhaps the world is not worthy of genius, such as is yours." Then the stranger abruptly disappeared—

When the visitor called a week later, not Mozart, but his wife, drowned in tears, encountered him on the threshold. "Ah, stranger," she cried, "the Mass is indeed finished, but my dear husband is no more, and you, you are the cause!"

"Madame," he said, "I knew full well that this Mass would be your illustrious husband's final effort, and I desired it for no other Prince but himself. Do not weep: such a star as Mozart rarely shines, and but for a brief period on this poor earth of ours." This much said, the stranger disappeared forever.

I have since learned of another story, or detail of the same, probably better known, as it is the subject of a famous painting. The latter, which tells its own story, represents the dying Mozart directing the execution of his Requiem in his last moments. In the throes of mortal agony, Mozart's delicate form droops and languishes, his head inclines, the light of his eye is faint, but the lofty spirit is unconquered. His hand is outstretched, while the feeble tips of his fingers still call forth harmonious accord from instruments held in the trembling clutch of weeping artists.

*M. Tomaczewski*



### ATHLETICS,

THE candidates for the College baseball nine will begin outdoor practice as soon as the weather permits. Pitcher Gapen has returned and will do nearly all the pitching. James Hatfield and James Guy, of last year's Mt. Pleasant Institute team, which won the amateur championship of Westmoreland and Fayette counties, will probably enter the College to be on the team. Hatfield is a catcher. Guy played first and captained the Institute team. Ed. Jos. Huckestein is captain. He has Harry Collins, Joseph Keating, Edward Davin, Ralph Hayes, Charles Meyer and John McKeever full of enthusiasm to form a top-notch team this season. The competition of pitchers may be very close, judging from the number of south-paws developed during the last fortnight. Now is the time for the Olympians to make themselves known.

HAND-BALL, as our courts are out of doors, is not patronized during the season of cold fingers.

THE ice-pond was all the rage a brief space ago: now lies it there and none so poor to do it reverence! It can't even get a skate on, and now sinks into a watery grave.

BASKET-BALL is at fever heat still. There was keen competition for a time, but the First Academic quintette now sings a loud song of victory. Professor Marthens picked out and drilled all the ablest at the game. At last McCambridge is the star; first, all thought it would be Don Angelo Cassonova de Quebedo, of Porto Rico—'hem!

---

**CLASS NOTES.**

In last examination, Nelson showed himself one of the most successful students of Greek the College has ever had.

The Second German Class received an addition lately in Rossenbach and Wingendorf. If they laugh at the non-German members reading German, the latter return the compliment when they read English.

When the Greek Class came to the passage where the Chorus says: "The wife of Admetus has gone to the other world." Schwab must have accompanied her—judging from his profound repose when called upon for the next passage.

In Hayes' overcoat you can always find a copy of "St. John's Gospel" in Greek. Ralph reads it on the train to and from Crafton.

"Odes of Horace in Verse," will be the title of a volume soon to be published by Gaynor.

Halleran has changed his opinion about Greek this year, and is surprising every one by his familiarity with Greek constructions.

The Second German Class is making great progress in elocution, having already had a representative at a Sunday concert, who spoke "Barbarossa," Rueckert's famous ballad, and with success too, as the loud applause indicated.

The Freshman Class received an increase this term in the person of Cecil Fitzgerald, whose father is one of the editors of the "Pittsburg Observer."

Frank Marron is secretly engaged writing a "Minnelied"; he has been searching for a copy of Walter von der Vogelweide.

Does a biretta make a prefect? Sullivan used one to intimidate Collins, and the latter no sooner saw a biretta approaching than he put on his best behavior.

Charlie Rankin seems to grow happier as Easter approaches—of course not because he cares for vacation. If you are going on a vacation trip to Beaver Falls or Brighton, call on Jackson for directions.

*M. J. Relihan.*

THE elections here called forth expressions of political interest on the part of our Cubans. They are delighted over the elections at home, as Estradas Palmas, their favorite, won. We all rejoice that one of them, Leoncio Hernandez, who was dangerously ill, is now out of danger entirely.

Devotion of 40 hours began for the students Saturday morning, March 1. Rev. President was celebrant, Fr. Giblin deacon, and Fr. Stadelman, sub-deacon. It closed Tuesday morning with Solemn High Mass



and procession : Fr. Griffin, celebrant, Fr. Gavin, deacon, and Fr. Retka, sub-deacon. All the boys went to Holy Communion. The General Communion of the boys is a noble sight, and it is repeated each first Friday of the month. We also have Congregational singing among the students, who gave a choice specimen in this matter on the above Tuesday morning. There is also a movement among the students to organize a Temperance Union.

Rev. M. A. Hehir, President, is delivering a Lenten Course at Sacred Heart Church, E. E., Rev. Fathers P. A. McDermott and Thomas Giblin alternate in a Lenten Course at St. Mary's, 46th street. We are all anxious to learn of improvement in the health of Father Tobin. We are sad to hear that Father McTighe is ailing. We congratulate Father Thomas Devlin on his convalescence.



### OBITUARY.

SUSAN McLAUGHLIN.

Though the following notice was crowded out in the previous number, we cannot forbear an insertion of it here. Died on Wednesday, January 8, 8:30 A. M., Susan, wife of Matthew McLaughlin, in her fifty-fifth year, after an illness of ten days. She is survived by her husband and two children. Her son, Alexander, ranks high among the students as studious and exemplary, and all feel much sympathy with him over the loss of his pious and beloved mother. The funeral was directed from her late residence, No. 12 Niagara street, Oakland, on Friday, January 10, to St. Agnes' Church, where a solemn service was celebrated at 9 A. M. During her illness she had been attended by Rev. M. G. O'Donnell '93 : Father Henry McDermott, C. S. Sp., preached an eloquent funeral sermon. The interment was in Calvary Cemetery.

MRS. ELLEN D. HUGHES.

All our Alumni, who knew Edward and John Hughes as former students, condole, as do those of us who have learned to know them since, upon the loss of their good and venerable mother, Mrs. Ellen, wife of John S. Hughes, of Butler and 45th streets. The "Observer" says she was one of the best known ladies in Lawrenceville, and always among the first to respond to calls for parish work, or in the cause of charity. Branch 24, L. C. B. A. and Ladies' Auxiliary, K. of St. John, in which she was prominent, attended the funeral. At the funeral service in St. Mary's, Father McGovern was celebrant, Fr. H. McDermott, C. S. Sp. deacon, and Fr., M. O'Donnell, sub-deacon.

### ALUMNI.

We were visited on February 20, by Jacob Kraus, Esq., of Grant street, who graduated in the Classical Course in 1900, and is now a member of the Bar, and Albert Rahe, of '00 and '01, acting general manager of the Joseph Rahe Mill Contracting Co., 610 Bingham street. Later they were present at the Alumni meeting mentioned below.

Mr. Chas. Rihn, '96, of No. 186 45th street, married last June, is employed in the auditor's office of the American Bridge Co., 51st street. Edw. M. Donnelly '97-8, is clerk for W. A. Larimer, Wholesale Tobacconist, 2706 Carson street. Joseph Johnston, '91, has of late been engaged as chemist and analyst.

Dennis Doran, '90, is clerk in the official department of Jones and Laughlin. J. T. Doran, '86, is foreman in charge of cupolas in the Bessemer Steel Department. Walter Dowling, '98, is time-keeper in the Bessemer Works. Howard Dowling, '98, is second regulator on the vessels in the same department.

Leo McMullen, of '97 and '98, is organist of St. Andrew's Church, Allegheny. He is also engaged as professor of piano and organ, at 1632, Island avenue.

W. O. Walker, '00, is putting Richelieu on the stage at Oil City. He played the hero himself here in masterful style, and will doubtless make a success of his undertaking. When he undertook to put a star eleven on the gridiron in season, he made a perfect success of that.

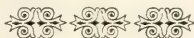
Chas. Geary, '99, is chief clerk in the supervisor's office, P. and L. E. Railroad. Chas. Kane, '98, is in the real estate business, Penn and Wine-biddle. John Hughes, '98, is in the plumbing business, 5102 Penn avenue.

James P. Dunlevy, always a favorite among the boys as a student, is now acknowledged as about the ablest amateur performer and entertainer in the city. His work in this line is a strong feature at club and society meetings.

Max McClafferty decided a debate among the students on March 2. The proposition was: "Resolved, that our Government's policy in the annexation of Hawaii was commendable." Jas. O'Sullivan and Francis Sumierski supported this; Henry Smith and Francis Schwab supported the negative. The negative won on the merit of their speeches.

On Monday evening, February 24, Rev. W. A. McMullen, '91, of Wilksburg, presided over a large body of Alumni, including several of the local clergy, members of the legal profession, and prominent young business men of the two cities. The object of the meeting was a reorganization of the Alumni, who have now grown to be very numerous. Speeches were made

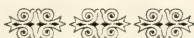
and plans discussed in this regard, and it was resolved to have a much larger gathering on April 7, wherein a "smoker" will be given with other interesting features to make it one of the most agreeable entertainments ever held at the College. The following committee was appointed to prepare the program: Messrs. J. P. Kelly, Jos. Johnston, W. McClafferty, C. A. Kane and J. J. Freund. Mr. Lawrence Heyl was a unanimous choice, but he persisted in the claim that he would be very busy.



### GOOD FORTUNE FOR THE COLLEGE.

In the Court of Common Pleas, just recently, a very important case concerning taxes on the College property was decided. The City had sought to compel the payment of delinquent taxes aggregating \$2300.36 on the College building and recreation grounds at the corner of Bluff and Cooper streets. The question was argued before a full Court of three Judges, Judge E. H. Stowe presiding, and Attorneys D. T. Watson and J. S. Wendt representing the College interests. The defense maintained that the Institution is regularly incorporated and that it is conducted for the purely public utility of educational work beneficial to the City at large.

The Court decided that the property referred to is exempt from taxation, and gave judgment in favor of the College. The Institution must be congratulated on the favorable decision of a matter so long *sub judice*.



### EXCHANGES.

One of our esteemed Exchanges has expressed its disapproval of the Exchange Department in College Journals. Its chief argument is that this department is devoted to either fulsome and usually extravagant praise of other College papers, or harsh and disagreeable criticism. In either case no real good is attained. Besides, such articles are scarcely expected to be read by any but the respective editorial staffs of the Journals criticized: they can have no interest for the general reader. All that the said contemporary will admit into its columns in lieu of such an Exchange Department will be some occasional extracts and specimens of its neighbors' literature.

Now, it is true that a great deal of foundation exists for this exclusive and independent view; and any College Journal, taking into consideration only its own subscribers and patrons, can afford to ignore the friendly criticism or notice of its numerous Exchanges, to which the Exchange Department is devoted.

But, in our opinion, allowing for the frequent abuse to which this



department is subject, as well as for the immature judgment necessarily displayed therein from time to time, the Exchange column has its advantages—we would even say that it ought to have its place in College Journals. The genesis of this department has been very simple. At first it was intended to contain the mere enumeration and acknowledgment of the Journals received from other Institutions. Then, little by little, some more extended comments were added, upon the subjects treated, the style, or the spirit displayed by the respective contemporaries. This may not be done by other papers and reviews, such as weeklies, monthlies, etc., which receive a large number of Exchanges, and yet are not expected to comment upon them. But among the latter there is not the same fraternal spirit that exists among College Journals. There is more of a business and utilitarian spirit in the inter-communication—and the waste-basket usually receives them when the editorial scissors has abstracted the few items that may be found interesting to another audience besides the original patrons.

What the opponents of the Exchange Department often forget is, that in the majority of Collegiate Institutions, represented by periodicals, the Journals which they owe to the courtesy of other Colleges are placed at the disposal of the student body, and are frequently perused with as much interest and regularity by the ordinary student in a foreign sanctum as they are by the ones for whom they are more directly destined. It would be a mistake to imagine that they are scanned only by the stern and critical eye of the "other" Exchange editor.

We feel that we have not exhausted the subject by any means, though we do not desire to make it one of controversy, since we ought to have sufficient consideration for another College Journal, not to impose upon it a line of literary effort which it has its own reasons for excluding—and to respect its views and its policy, as long as they satisfy their own individual patrons.

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The *Aloysian* always manages to have a choice and ample table of contents commendably served. We completely agree with the periodical in its high appreciation of the pamphlet on "The Only True American School System," by Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J. It cannot be too widely quoted.

The *Loretto Magazine* never loses its charm of conception, its rich and delicate vein of literary wealth in prose and poetry. How beautiful the "Allegory on Christmas Night," in the January number! That was, we think, characteristic in its totality of the Magazine. "Pauline's Pickings" are not poor fare at all. The propriety of thus selecting morsels is established by the usage of many first class periodicals, and evidently not only taste and judgment but the writer's own peculiar bent of mind may herein be very well displayed.

*The Viatorian's* study on "Dante's Divine Comedy," without being at all pretentious, is solid, spirited, and even masterly. It may be termed a paraphrase of that pithy analysis of the Comedia—"Scholasticism set to music." One such "piece de resistance" is a power in any magazine, but in the same number is a very able essay on the question: "Are the Senses Trustworthy?" It is interesting from a historical and philosophical point of view. The subject is of paramount importance and was treated on correct outlines, that is, by consideration of the senses themselves, of their action, and of their objects. The writer has not "trotted out" all the objections, but he proves his thesis and very aptly concludes "by regretting that there are still many men of narrow minds and dishonest natures who pride themselves upon their cleverness in their serpentine shirkings of truth." There are some deceivers in all professions and, we are convinced, philosophy has had its full quota. There is no use imagining that every absurdity which swells into a system is an heroic effort to pave the way for truth.

The new editor of the *Transylvanian* made a remark on entrance to his charge which should make all concerned in college literature reflect. "It is not within the power of any one man to make a college paper a success without the coöperation of the students."

We congratulate *Fordham* on its being able—as the exchange informs us—to claim Hon. T. B. Minahan, President of the Catholic Federation, as a '74 Alumnus.



"Dear son, come home—a rolling stone gathers no moss—your affectionate mother."

"Dear mother, I wont come home—a setting hen never gets fat—your affectionate son."

---

"Why are paper-manufacturers the greatest magicians of the age?"

"Because they transform beggars' rags into sheets for editors to lie on."

---

Why ought newspaper editors be able to live very cheap? Because they get "tored" for nothing.

---

McKeever was telling a member of the grammar class he saw a ghost the other night. "What did the ghost say to you?" said the youngster. "How can I tell you answered McKeever, since you are not acquainted with the *dead* languages."



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# Pittsburg College Bulletin.

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Vol. VIII.

Pittsburg, Pa., April, 1902.

No. 7.

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## To Mary.

Fairer than thought can conceive thee,  
Maiden! by angels upborne,  
Rivaling far in thy beauty,  
Nimble-stepped, rosy-cheeked Morn.

Oh! for a voice that would echo,  
Soft as the angel's own song!  
What a sweet strain would I harp thee,  
Virgin! with that holy throng!

Yet the poor pilgrim must wander,  
Singing his praises to thee;  
Hail Virgin! break thou these fetters,  
Make thou the poor captive free.

*A. J. Eschman, '03.*

---

## The Harvest.

I loitered without aim through childhood's years  
And saw no marring mote upon the scheme  
Of beauty which had crowned the vapor dream  
Of youth and passion's pulse. There were no tears,  
No stain of storm, no doubts, no fears  
Of others nor my own, no dreamings thrown  
Before me but of joy. The nipping shears  
Had felt not yet the stem now perfect grown.

A beaten, bungling mass of welding clouds;  
An angry blotch of black before the sun;  
The hurrying of mists like frightened crowds;  
A crash—a swirl of death—my life begun  
In happiness was seared. A Reaper's hand  
Had cut the grain and now,—I understand!

*A. McCann.*

## VISIT OF A MISSIONARY.

On the feast of St. Joseph, March 19, we were favored with a visit on the part of one of the Missionary Fathers of the Holy Ghost Order, who is now making a tour of the United States in the interest of his distant and difficult mission in darkest Africa. Rev. Father Xavier Lichtenberger, C. S. Sp., was on his way to Detroit, Mich., and stopped at the College long enough to sing the High Mass on the feast, and to accept the invitation of the Rev. Professor of the Senior Class to address the members of the class on the subject which was then under discussion in Philosophy, viz., the question of Atheism.

There, indeed, was an admirable opportunity, not to be neglected, of finding out to our satisfaction whether among those peoples, the most ignorant and debased, perhaps, on the face of the earth, negative Atheism, or the absolute and invincible ignorance of God's existence, can be really found. The Rev. Father prefaced his answer to this interesting question by giving a brief description of the location and the vast extent of the Mission which he represents. It embraces a large part of that district so much spoken of in late years, and so well known as the Western Soudan—at least that portion of it watered by the great river Niger, before it enters, through its immense delta, into the Gulf of Guinea. It extends to the East of those older missionary fields of Senegal, Sierre Leone, and Liberia, while it borders on the famous regions of Ashantee and Dahomey. Needless to say distances must there be calculated by the hundreds and thousands of miles.

It was a surprise to hear from the intrepid missionary's lips the fact that the population is much more dense than we are disposed to imagine—there being large numbers of villages and towns with a population of from ten thousand to thirty, forty, or fifty thousand inhabitants. The country itself is simply magnificent in its mountain scenery, and its vast waterways, as well as the size and abundance of its flora, its mineral wealth and its animal kingdom. The climate, too, is fairly acceptable to the white man, when the latter immigrates at the proper age, which, said Father Lichtenberger, is from 30 to 45 years. But all this will, he promised, be described in greater detail, at some future time.

As for the knowledge of God, the natives believe that there are two supreme principles, one the author of all good, whom they acknowledge, but to whom they do not offer sacrifice—in the belief that their great preoccupation ought to consist in trying to propitiate the evil spirit, who is constantly aiming at the infliction of some misfortune upon themselves, or their families. Enough was said by the Rev. Father, to establish beyond all doubt, the assurance that these unfortunate peoples, immersed, as they are, in superstition, and enslaved, as they are, beneath the almost visible yoke and possession of the demon, are not the atheists that some modern philosophers would make of them.

We shall not here dwell upon the work of the Missionary Fathers among these abandoned races, nor upon the noble sacrifices, which they have made, to effect the results which, now after the lapse of many years of silent heroism, are becoming better known to the Christian world. We shall content ourselves with letting others speak, especially those who, from being prejudiced, and critical observers of this work at first, have since then, and through this very channel of grace, been brought providentially to see the truth and the divinity of a Church, that could give birth to such a missionary spirit.

The following letter, taken from an Eastern paper, will, therefore, explain itself:

LETTER OF A FORMER PROTESTANT ON CATHOLIC MISSION  
WORK IN AFRICA.

Dear Sir: Will you permit me to testify to the character of the good work accomplished by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost Society along the west coast, and the interior of Western Africa, which was outlined by the Rev. Father Lichtenberger, C. S. Sp., in your issue of the 8th instant. My testimony will not, it is true, be necessary so far as the existence of this noble work is concerned, but might be interesting, seeing that it came before me as a Protestant. I was not located in the Niger region, yet I had an opportunity, as an officer of the Congo expedition, of witnessing the magnificent work these holy men were accomplishing in spite of the terrible drawbacks. I was a Protestant, and I may add that it was the evidence of this practical work on the part of the Catholic missionaries that proved the first seed sown in a prejudiced and heretical disposition, and gave rise in me to the first doubts as to the soundness of my reasoning in matters appertaining to faith and morals. This was not alone the case with myself, but with many others who had opportunities of inquiring into the character of the mission work.

Engaged as we were in the development of that section of territory destined to be a great field in the future, we were naturally drawn to the most practical methods capable of being adopted. In this regard we could not overlook the work of the Catholic Fathers nor fail to benefit by the practical lesson that stood out before us in the shape of the industrial schools. Here we had not alone a lesson, but we had wherefrom to draw the trained labor which we stood so much in need of. Had the Catholic missionaries gone no further than to inculcate the ideas of work into those poor creatures, they could well have afforded to rest upon their laurels and even to the present day reap the reward of the grateful hearts not alone among the natives, whom they have taught to be useful to themselves, but to all who inhabit the country. This practical work has done more to gain the respect of the native and render him amenable to the good fathers than all the theoretical reasoning upon which so much money has been lavished by the Protestant societies from all over the world. And yet shall we as Catholics,



permit the work of these holy men to be stunted or overshadowed? The demand is growing, and as Catholics we are in duty bound to lend our aid in spreading the influence of our holy religion. The Catholic missionaries have been inviting the natives to come to them and learn, and now that they are responding, shall we see them turned over to the other denominations with an excuse that we have not been able to provide the means for continuing the good work?

If those who have read the appeal of the reverend father could but realize the many dangers, the privations and the innumerable disappointments that the patient missionary has to undergo in the fulfilment of his mission and could enter into the character of the work, they would feel considerable pride in being afforded an opportunity to share in this noble work by contributing to its support. Let me say that so far as the work of the fathers is concerned, it stands forth a glory not alone admired and appreciated by all Catholics who know it, but by Protestants who can never cease to praise it.

If the generous American Catholic will but open his heart, and incidentally his purse, to the prayers of these most deserving and most practical of Christ's disciples, they will in the hereafter no doubt be able to learn the amount of good they have been instrumental in accomplishing.

Where is the Catholic who would not feel it a most blessed privilege to have contributed to a mission such as that of the apostle to the Indies, or to the mission of Marquette? Yet the dangers of the African field are none the less, and these holy men who enter upon the work have the identical dangers and difficulties to meet. These horrors are not exaggerated; these privations are by no means painted too black: the terrible climate, in addition to the everyday privations, and being thrown upon the mercy of those who are not far removed from the brute creation. In most other fields of missionary work there exists some form of law to protect to some extent, if even limited in character; but with the African there is none—the white man must protect himself. The missionary knows full well when he enters upon his mission that he may at any time have to encounter violence and be offered a sacrifice to some strange god.

Having experienced the good that the Fathers of the Holy Ghost have accomplished all along the west coast, I feel proud that an occasion should have presented itself for me to give testimony to it; and I most earnestly thank you, sir, for the space you will accord me in order that those who are blessed with a goodly share of this world's goods may be afforded this most excellent opportunity to invest for the welfare of their souls and the souls of their dear departed. Your obedient servant,

A. CONGOITE.

Philadelphia, March 11.

## THE HISTORIC HIGHWAYS OF PITTSBURG.

### II.

To the reader of history, the mere mention of some of the thoroughfares of Pittsburg is sufficient to recall events enacted one hundred and fifty years ago, and to cause the imagination to body forth many scenes of bloody conflict which took place in the pathless forest, between the crafty savages and the rival nations struggling for possession of the wilderness, out of which have arisen, "as from the stroke of the enchanter's word," the structures of a mighty city.

**JUMONVILLE STREET.** Perhaps, but few of those residing on this short street, which extends from Bluff Street to Devilliers Street, in the 13th and 14th Wards, ever reflect that it perpetuates one of the earliest skirmishes in the great war between the French and English. On May 28, 1754, about forty of the Colonial Rangers, aided by a few Indians, the whole party being commanded by George Washington, then but a youth of twenty-two years, came into conflict with the French, near Great Meadows. The latter were headed by Coulon de Jumonville, a young Frenchman, of some distinction. The engagement lasted but a few minutes, and Washington easily routed the French, who fled, but were pursued, and captured. Out of the entire company, but one Frenchman escaped; he hastened to Fort Duquesne, to impart the news of the disaster. At the first fire, Jumonville was shot through the head and killed, his death being widely lamented in France, both in prose and verse, for political reasons, as well as on account of his high character.

This was Washington's first victory, and he displayed the excitement of one flushed with success. In a letter to his brother, May 31, 1754, he describes his escape from death as miraculous, and with the exuberance characteristic of youth says: "I heard the bullets whistle, and believe me, there is something charming in the sound," a sentiment in which he did not concur, in his maturer years.

**DEVILLIERS STREET:** This old French name is borne by a street, running from Jumonville, to 2000 Bedford Avenue, in the 11th and 13th Wards, and brings to mind not only the defeat and tragic death of Jumonville, but also the splendid achievement of Coulon de Villiers, his brother-in-law and avenger.

Shortly after the skirmish with Jumonville, Washington retreated to Great Meadows, anticipating an attack from the French, who were quartered at Fort Duquesne. His surmise was correct. De Villiers, at the head of 500 French and several hundred Indians, set out in hot haste to overtake the English, having learned their whereabouts through the treachery of a deserter from Washington's camp. On July 3, 1754, the French and Indians came upon Washington, who, with a garrison of scarcely more than 200 men, was occupying Fort Necessity, so named from the distress attending its erection.

Frequent skirmishes occurred during the day, although the rain fell in torrents. At night the French demanded the surrender of the English. The terms of the capitulation were written in French, and history furnishes us a vivid description of Captain Van Braam, Washington's interpreter and former "master of fence," trying to decipher by the light of a flickering candle, that could scarcely be kept burning owing to the heavy rain, the terms of surrender, which were even more dismal and disheartening than the weather. On the following day, July 4, 1754, with drums beating and colors flying, Washington and his company marched out of the fort, leaving behind Captains Van Braam and Stobo, as hostages, until the prisoners taken by Washington in the Jumonville skirmish should be returned.

**SHINGISS STREET:** The present site of McKees Rocks was once the abode of the mighty Shingiss, King of the Delawares, whose prowess is brought before us by a short street in the lower part of the city, running from Diamond Alley to Bluff Street, in the 6th Ward. The friendly relations of Shingiss with the French and his frequent depredations caused the State of Pennsylvania to set a price of \$1,000 on the head of so formidable a foe. Washington speaks of this noted warrior, having met him on his first mission to St. Pierre. At the invitation of Washington, Shingiss, and all of the other chiefs of the neighborhood, held a conference at Logstown, the meeting having been arranged to manifest to the savages the good will of the English. It was at this "grand talk," that Washington became introduced to the elaborate ceremonial that accompanied all acts of Indian diplomacy.

**HALKET STREET:** The career of Sir Peter Halket, in America, was not of long duration. Born in Scotland, he accompanied General Braddock to the Colonies at the head of a British Regiment, and was second in command of all the British forces, at the breaking out of the war between France and England. He was a dauntless soldier, and bravely met death at the disastrous defeat of Braddock, by the French and Indians, on July 9, 1755. His son, who accompanied him, was killed in the same engagement, and their name is kept fresh in our memory by one of Pittsburg's streets, in the Oakland district, running from 3400 Fifth Avenue, to Frazier Street, in the 14th Ward.

**BRADDOCK AVENUE:** Pittsburgers can never forget the name of Braddock; it is coupled with the dishonor of one of the most disastrous defeats, and longest flights, in the annals of history, and we have an abiding remembrance of the engagement, in the name given to one of our avenues, which stretches from Frankstown Avenue, to the City line, in the 21st, 22nd, and 37th Wards.

The British Government, having been aroused to the necessity of vigorous measures to head off the French, the command of all the Colonial forces was entrusted to Major General Edward Braddock. An expert theoretical soldier, with an experience of forty years in the English army, a recognized



tactician, a strict disciplinarian, versed in all the rules of military etiquette, no man in England could better draw up a huge army in battle array, or develop more perfectly the tactics of war on the reviewing field at Aldershot, than could Braddock. Hence his selection to organize the hardy Colonists, whom he supposed to be inferior to his own picked soldiers, with their richly caparisoned horses, their scarlet coats, and the other superfluous trappings and suits of war.

He arrived in Virginia, February 20, 1755, with two regiments of 500 men each, together with artillery, and the necessary munitions of war.

Washington had, sometime before this, resigned from the Colonial militia, on account of some differences with Governor Dinwiddie, but upon the invitation of Braddock, he accepted an appointment on the latter's staff, although he was to have no salary. Braddock treated with sarcasm Washington's suggestions as to the inadvisability, nay impossibility, of transporting through woods and over mountains, the vast amount of useless paraphernalia of war; he had a high idea of the superiority of the British army, and anticipated that whatever difficulties had presented themselves to the raw Colonial Rangers, would fade away before his skilled regiments. Towards all, and on all subjects, his haughtiness was habitual; he maintained his opinion in the most positive manner, and became irritable on slight provocation. He started from Virginia to Cumberland with his troops, traveling in state in a chariot, with a body of horsemen galloping on each side. He was a lover of good things, and two cooks accompanied him. Upon his arrival at Fort Cumberland, he was greeted with a thundering military salute of seventeen guns. At his camps, all the tactics of war were carried out with mathematical exactness, and Washington, to whom all this was new, was simply amazed, and eagerly grasped the opportunity to perfect his knowledge of the routine of military life. In the light of future events, Washington's experience with Braddock seems nothing short of Providential; without it, he must have remained ignorant of the methods in use among the vast military establishments of European countries, which knowledge he gained from Braddock, and thus unconsciously fitted himself for the exacting duties of a commander-in-chief at a later date, when such training would be an absolute necessity.

With his cumbersome military train, Braddock could make but little progress in his march over the mountains; he occupied almost a month in an advance of but a hundred miles. The army encamped on the east side of the Monongahela, about two miles from the river, preparatory to attacking Fort Duquesne, which was but fifteen miles distant. The plan was to cross the Monongahela at the camp, proceed for about five miles along the west bank, and then re-cross to the eastern side, thence to Fort Duquesne. An advance guard of the crack British troops was to start out before day break on July 9, 1755, over the route determined; they were to be followed by the main body of the army, which numbered several thousand. Washington

drew Braddock's attention to the unfamiliarity of the British soldiers with the tactics of frontier warfare, and asked that the Virginians, who were accustomed to such fighting, be allowed to leave. An angry and indignant reply was Braddock's only response, and the plan, as originally formulated, was carried out. Braddock had, on the previous evening, ordered the army to clean their weapons, load fresh charges, and to put themselves in first-class condition. When morning dawned, and the troops turned out, the officers were arrayed as if for a fancy ball. At sunrise the main body moved forward, with drums beating, fifes playing, colors flying, their bright coats and polished arms glittering in the sun, all in perfect order, passing in review, under the searching gaze of Braddock.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon, before the second ford was crossed, and the army pressed onward through the dense forest, pierced only by a road twelve feet wide. Neither Indian Scouts, nor Virginia Rangers led the way, Braddock scorning such puerile expedients, and his army proceeded, as if on dress parade, when suddenly was heard the sound of heavy firing, accompanied by savage cries. Pandemonium soon reigned, the yells of the Indians causing untold dismay to the British troops. Every tree hid an Indian, and a raking fire poured into the British from all sides, while yet not a foe could be seen.

Washington advised Braddock to adopt the methods of the savages, and post his soldiers behind trees, but he spurned such a course, and persisted in forming his men into platoons, which were mowed down as fast as they advanced. Braddock strove with all his power to save the day. Whatever may have been his other faults, his bravery was unimpeachable. He was in the thickest of the fight; he had five horses shot under him, and at length fell, shot through the lungs. The valor of his officers is also noteworthy. Washington had two horses shot under him, and four bullets passed through his coat. The English were soon routed, and fled in terror; they lost about 700 men, and out of 86 officers, 26 were killed, and 36 wounded, while the total of the French and Indians killed did not amount to more than seventy. This crushing defeat, administered by a total force of less than 900, was a severe blow to the British Government, and Braddock was severely censured. He died of his wounds, July 13, 1755, "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

(To be continued )

*T. F. Coakley, '03.*



## Two Voices.

I am but one who o'er the rutted ways,  
Sick, saddened, lost, low bent, no longer proud,  
A wanderer once knowing joy, slow strays.  
All, all is dark, and I remember days  
When no rain fell, but now the hiding rays  
Peep not, nor send a sparkle through the cloud;  
All, all is weary, dreary and a shroud.

Have you, low heart, not seen returning spring?  
Have you not seen the leaves from winter start?  
Do you not know the morning hours that bring  
Night's end when, darkness gone, awaking sing  
The birds? E'en now Night weary spreads his wing;  
The new fair Day awakes; the sleeping heart  
Is stirred; each little leaf receives its part.

*A. McCann.*

## Lent and Easter among the Ancient Pagans of Guatemala.

On their various expeditions of conquest and discovery in the New World, the Spaniards found many religious rites amongst the more civilized nations, resembling so strikingly the Christian observances, that not a few were convinced that the Devil had been trying to caricature, in the Western Hemisphere, the liturgy of the Eastern.

The following description of Lent and Easter, as observed by the Indians of Guatemala, was translated from the native tongue, called Quiche, by a Spaniard of the sixteenth century. The fasting season lasted about forty days, and was solemnly concluded by a grand feast that included human sacrifices.

In the morning, the men went to the temple and spent their time in prayer and mortification. When they returned home for their meals, their wives treated them coldly, as a hint to hasten back to the temple as soon as possible. At nightfall they, with their families, proceeded to the slope of a hill or some cross-road. Here the father lacerated his body with sharp stones and exhorted his children to follow his example. If they showed any signs of fear, he immediately laid hold of them and cut their bodies until they had overcome their repugnance.

After this self-discipline they offered gifts of birds, fruits, and incense to the gods. Then the men sent their wives and children home, while they themselves repaired to the temple where they remained until daybreak.

On Easter-day of each year a certain number of slaves were sacrificed to the gods. During the fasting season these poor wretches enjoyed a sort of mock-freedom and were treated with profound respect. Gold, silver, or copper chains were put about their necks, and four guards attended them



constantly. They had a right to go about the streets of the village, enter every house, and dine with whomsoever they chose, even though it were the King himself.

During the last seven days of the fasting season the doomed victims were confined in a house adjoining the temple and were fed to satiety.

As the great feast drew near, the villagers or townsfolk turned out in a body to sweep and clean the roads leading to the temple and strewed them with green branches.

On Easter-eve the temple was swept and the altars were gorgeously decked out, and the walls were hung with the first fruits of the season. On the same night the sons of the nobles brought the idols from their hiding place. For, unlike other pagan nations, the Guatemalans thought that the people would lose respect for their gods, if brought in daily contact with them.

The translation took place in solemn procession. From time to time all kinds of animals, flowers, and fruits were offered to the gods, the people all the while imploring their protection. Arrived at the town or village, the idols were taken in charge by the high priest and carried, amidst profound silence, to the temple where they were set up on the various altars.

During the ensuing night no one thought of sleeping. All repaired to the temple, around whose walls re-echoed unceasingly the loud blasts of the trumpet and the songs and shouts of the worshippers. At daybreak all returned to their homes to wash and decorate their persons. When the hour of the great sacrifice arrived, the high priest cast over his shoulders a magnificent mantle and placed on his head a crown of gold inlaid with precious stones. The image of the *Great God* was then borne around the inner court of the temple and placed on an altar near the "Stone of Sacrifice." Hard-by stood the chorus chanting the deeds of the warlike days of old. In the meantime, the king and the nobility went to the house where the doomed slaves were confined and ordered them to come forth. They were then dragged out by the hair to the feet of the high priest, who, with the aid of his attendants, tore out their hearts and offered them to the gods. Then he dipped his fingers into the blood and sprinkled the images therewith: the rest he poured out towards the sun. In this manner he proceeded from altar to altar until all the slaves had been immolated. Their heads were then fixed to long pikes and set up on the altars. The bodies of the victims were then boiled and eaten as sacred food. The hands and feet being considered as delicacies, were reserved for the high priest and nobility. The rest was consumed by the attendants.

The following six days and nights were given up to the wildest kind of dancing and feasting. Every evening the idols were carried around the village amid the singing and shouting of the populace.

At nightfall of the last festive day, the people retired to their homes and their daily routine. The priests again concealed the sacred images and returned to the temple.

*James J. Donovan.*

## A LETTER FROM ROME.

As we have already mentioned in a previous No. of the BULLETIN, Mr. Joseph Callahan, one of the former editors-in-chief, is now in Rome, at the Roman House of Studies, directed by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, in view of preparing for the Doctorate in Theology. We have no doubt that his career in the Eternal City will, like that of another Alumnus, Rev. F. Fromherz, reflect great credit on his Alma Mater, of Pittsburg. His former fellow-students will be pleased to read the following brief extracts from a recent letter which he addressed to his friends in the College. We hope that before long he will favor us with a more detailed and lengthened account of student life at Rome.

“Besides visiting the stations of this week’s feasts and other shrines at Rome, I have been out forenoon and afternoon during the whole vacation. But we must make hay while the sun shines, and we do not get such a chance during class time, for, as a rule, we have but a short hour after each day’s class to visit the different Churches, while our two free days, Thursdays and Sundays, are usually taken up with long walks out into the Campagna.

“But on the whole, this Roman student life is almost ideal. There is always something to interest one: the studies themselves, then the different points of interest with their classic and Christian recollections, but above all, those which speak to us of Christianity and its earliest days—all unite to make life here most instructive and delightful.

“I must not, however, attempt to give you a description of what I am sure you are entirely familiar with, yet I can scarcely think of anything else to talk about. As I heard some late arrivals at San Valentino, from Rome, saying: ‘*Je viens de Rome, je suis plein de Rome,*’ I, too, can hardly find anything else to talk about.

“Our classes are going on very well. Some days we have as much as five hours class, namely, on those days when we have Hebrew, that is, twice a week.

“In dogma we began the year by immediately plunging into the ‘*De Deo Trino,*’ leaving the other treatise, ‘*De Deo Uno,*’ till the warmer part of the year.

“I see, by a letter from Cornwells, that you are having a very successful year at the College: Well, *tanto meglio*, as they say here, I am glad to hear of it. . . .”



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## ...EDITORIALS..

### The Rhodes Educational Project.

It would be an interesting series of articles that would embody, in some form or other, the opinions of the various representative College Journals in regard to the provisions of Cecil Rhodes' remarkable will. These provisions, in favor of the free and academic or university education of British, American and German young men, are sufficiently known not to require of us a tiresome repetition, and, like all things human, especially of an exceptional and individual character, they have provoked comment both favorable and unfavorable, on every side.

The scheme which is thus aimed at by the great financier is certainly one of the vastest and most striking character that has ever been thought of and provided for by any man in modern times. But while it invites commendation from the fact that it gives a wonderful impetus to higher education—at least in one educational centre—and that it bespeaks a broad-minded generosity on the part of the defunct philanthropist, yet the more it



is studied and examined in the light of its less apparent, but more genuine, purposes, the less it will find favor in American eyes.

Leaving aside, for the moment, his views in regard to the German youth, his primary aim and purpose was to bring about a great international and political unity of the English-speaking peoples. This may, indeed, be a very laudable purpose in itself, and in the eyes of the Anglo-Saxon maniacs on both sides of the water. But if, as it appears, when the proverbial cat is let out of the bag, it is intended to destroy, neutralize, or in any degree diminish that distinctly American national sentiment which is historically and traditionally founded on an uncompromising determination to hold aloof from British—or, as Washington would say—foreign alliances of policy, action, thought and spirit—then the generous gift ought to be politely declined in view of the very old, and in this particular case, very safe, monition: “. . . *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*” P. J. C.



### The Local Polytechnic School.

A great deal of attention is being bestowed upon another great educational scheme, as proposed by our very generous and very practical local philanthropist, Mr. Andrew Carnegie. We allude to the Polytechnic School or Institute which he has expressed his determination to establish and endow in this city for the benefit of our Pittsburg youth.

Strange to say, there is more attention and comment given to this great institution by scientists and newspapers from outside of Pittsburg than from those in our own midst. Here, indeed, as a matter of fact, outside of the small circle of those gentlemen who are members of the local committee, all interest on the part of the general public as represented chiefly in the Press, seems to be limited to a discussion of the material location. Thus all questions of a higher nature, such as the intrinsic character of the Institution—its aims and purposes—its means and plans and scope—are almost entirely forgotten or overlooked. Surely this is something that ought to evoke a more general interest, and a more wide-spread expression, especially as the Committee of Experts on plan and scope of the work have announced their desire to become acquainted with the industrial needs and interests of this great centre.

It would, no doubt, be considered presumption on our part to make suggestions on this subject, considering that the project has not yet been matured even by those most intimately acquainted with the founder's ultimate intentions. Nor could it be within our province to express an opinion upon such matters as, for instance, the extent to which manual training, whether of a secondary or higher grade, ought to form a part of the curriculum. But as it surely appears to be Mr. Carnegie's intention to pro-

vide technical education for those who intend entering the industrial life of this vicinity, we trust that the one only suggestion which we make bold to express will be acceptable to the Committee, coming as it does from students who have almost finished their course in one of Pittsburg's best-known and best-equipped Institutions for the education of youth, and who, at the same time, are intensely interested in whatever project will hold out to them the prospect of educational improvement that cannot be reached by ordinary and non-endowed establishments. Our suggestion may be readily and simply embodied in the expression of a hope that measures will be taken to make the generous gift a universal boon to all Pittsburg youth, and thus to enable all those who fulfil certain well-defined conditions of talent, probity, energy and previous attainments, to profit of this great educational gift, no matter in what particular establishments, public or private, they have made those previous studies.

W. J. R.

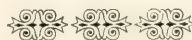


## Scientists.

Science has been believed, at all times, and by all men, to be based upon well ascertained truth, whether the latter be strictly demonstrated, or not, in the sense and method laid down by logic. Strictly speaking, as we see in Philosophy, Science is co-related with demonstration and certitude, so that any conclusions short of absolute certitude, should not be dignified with the name of *Science*. We do not, however, at least in modern times, and modern languages, attach such a strict and exclusive signification to this term; but, we feel bound to protest against the continued and growing abuse to which it has been subjected.

There is nothing too absurd, too flimsy, too superficial which has not, in our days, been placed on the altar of Science. There is no theory with the slightest or remotest claim to a probability whose author has not been heralded as a Scientist, even before the offspring of his mind had wandered from the sphere of simple hypothesis. Not, that hypotheses and theories should cease to be encouraged—nor, that questions should cease to be asked by Scientists, such as “Do Plants Possess Minds?” or, “Are the Bible Heroes Based upon Astronomy, &c.” For it is from such hypotheses and questions that Science has often sprung. But, when we find them uttering assertions that are entirely baseless, establishing premises without the remotest warrant, drawing positive conclusions from mere guesses or analogies, then we must admit, that the danger point of exaggeration has been reached, where “Science” becomes the tool of falsehood instead of mistress of truth.

AUG. H. S.



## THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

Through windows richly painted, the setting sun cast a vari-colored glow among the marble arches and massive pillars of a gorgeous palace. On a throne of carved ivory, amid soft, brilliant-tinted cushions, sat Dionysius, tyrant of Sicily. Willing hands swayed feather fans, graceful, dark-skinned slaves served him with choice viands; soft music played. Every desire seemed satisfied, but Dionysius was far from happy. A hundred wrongs oppressed his troubled conscience; grave suspicion cast a gloom over his soul. His life was in constant danger from his discontented subjects—nay, he dared not trust his own household. Each new revel left him in but deeper melancholy.

One day Damocles, a young courtier, dazzled by the splendor of the court, approached his sovereign. "My liege," said he, "great indeed is thy power. The seas acknowledge thy supremacy, and many lands own thy lordly sway. Never was monarch greater or happier than thou." The tyrant smiled—a thoughtful, pensive smile. "Wouldst thou," he asked at length, "make trial of this happiness? I will clothe thee in royal robes, entertain thee with entrancing music, and set before thee a most inviting feast. Then shalt thou see if my happiness is as great as thou thinkest."

Damocles gladly assented. The king ordered a gilded couch to be brought in, a splendid banquet to be prepared, and the royal pages to wait on him, as if he were their monarch. He attired him in ermine and cloth of gold, and adorned him with priceless jewels. The spacious hall glittered with a thousand lamps. Rich perfumes were wafted to and fro. From hidden places came soft, sweet strains, that rose and fell like an evening breeze. One dish after another was placed before him: dates and pomegranates from Arabia, grapes and olives from Spain, figs and oranges from Egypt; sparkling wines and savory viands tempted his palate in turn.

Damocles was intoxicated with pleasure. "What more," he thought, "could one desire, to fill up the measure of happiness!" But, chancing to look up, as he lay luxuriously pillowed on his royal couch, he saw a glittering sword, suspended from the ceiling by a single hair, exactly over his head. This sight put a sudden end to his joy. The rare perfumes and inviting dishes had lost their charm. The soothing music seemed to mock him in his discomfiture. How could lights, and flowers, and dances, and feastings afford him aught of pleasure when a breath of wind might send that cruel, menacing sword crashing down upon him?

At last, unable any longer to bear the awful suspense, he leaped from the couch, and, kneeling before the king, besought him to allow him to return to his former humble position. "You see now," said the latter, "how real is the happiness of kings. My whole life is spent in the position in which you a few moments ago found yourself. Be content, then, with your lot, and let not appearances henceforth deceive you into envying the great ones of the earth."



Many morals may be taken from this story of olden times; but we shall content ourselves with quoting the one expressed by Thackeray in his "*Vanity Fair*." "Let us, who have not our names in the Blue Book, console ourselves by thinking comfortably how miserable our betters may be, and that Damocles, who sits on satin cushions, and is served on gold plate, has an awful sword hanging over his head, in the shape of a bailiff, a hereditary disease, or family secret."

J. T. Malloy, '04.

## OBITUARY.

JAMES MURPHY.

James Murphy, of Grafton, Ohio, died of typhoid fever in St. Francis' Hospital on March the 11, at 3.55 p. m. He had been sick but a short time at the college, when it was deemed advisable to send him to the hospital. The physicians pronounced the symptoms typhoid and awaited the development of the fever. Mrs. Murphy, his mother, was, meanwhile, acquainted with the precarious condition of her son, and, with truly maternal love, she hastened to Pittsburg to nurse him back to health; but God was pleased to take His own. On the 11th of March, consoled and fortified with the last rites of the church, he calmly expired in the arms of his mother.

James Murphy was born on July 19th, 1886, at Grafton, Ohio, and from his tenderest years, evinced a strong inclination for the holy priesthood. As he advanced in years, that holy desire, fostered and encouraged by his pious parents, led him to seek admission into the Scholasticate of the Congregation which he entered as a postulant on November the 20, 1901.

The deceased student was one of the most promising members of the Third Academic Class. Naturally bright, he diligently applied himself to his studies and, in spite of overwhelming odds, won an honorable place in his class at the quarterly examinations. So successful was he in his studies that he was preparing to advance to a higher class, when the fatal sickness closed his books forever.

His simple, quiet ways charmed all with whom he came in contact. Never boisterous or assuming, always punctual and obedient, he won the esteem and admiration of his confrères, and the confidence of his superiors, ere he had grown accustomed to his new home. His life as a scholastic was, indeed, very short, but he has left, as a legacy, an example wreathed in holy memories, which has called forth the unstinted praise of all who knew him. His stay in the college seems like a visit, but it was, in reality, a preparation for death. Providence took him out of the world, lest he become contaminated, and placed him in a refuge which not only protected him from the noise and distractions of the world, but also filled his heart with those holy sentiments which characterized his last moments.

We quote the following from the *Grafton News*:

"A dispatch was received in Grafton last Tuesday evening announcing

the death of James Murphy, which occurred in Pittsburg, Pa. His many friends were shocked by the sad news, as all had thought the crisis in his disease had been safely passed. . . . .

All except the last four months of his life was spent in Grafton. He was a bright, cheerful boy, whom it always was a pleasure to meet. In 1892, he entered the Grafton public schools, and advanced rapidly through the various grades to the Junior Class in the High School. Early last November, he decided to study for the priesthood. He withdrew from the Grafton High School to take up this new line of studies. . . . James was a hard worker and soon took a high place in his class, which numbered forty. In his first examination, he ranked first in three of his studies, and second in the others.

His remains were brought to Grafton on Wednesday, being escorted to the train at Pittsburg by his class-mates. The funeral was held on Friday morning at 9 o'clock . . . . In the death of James Murphy, his confrères have lost an exemplary companion, and the College, a zealous student''.

On Wednesday morning, a Solemn Requiem High Mass was offered up for the repose of his soul, in the College Chapel. All the students of the College attended in a body. The Rev. President delivered a well merited eulogy on the virtues of the deceased.

We extend to his bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy.—*R. I. P.*

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REV. J. A. CONWAY.

As befits the students of a Catholic college, we can never have other but sentiments of most profound veneration for the priesthood, nor can we disclaim a sentiment of deepest sympathy for the loss of a popular young clergyman of the local ranks. Father Conway was practically interested in good Catholic education, and supported a student at the College for the last ten years.

Deceased was born at Trenton, N. J., in 1863, and thus has been cut off in the bloom of manhood. He had been ordained at the age of 24 years, after a course of studies at St. Vincent's College. He labored in the sacred ministry at Holy Cross, S. S., at Kittanning, and at St. Paul's Cathedral, before becoming pastor of St. Richard's of Webster Avenue. His career was marked by ability and edification: his demise was rather sudden and unexpected. The best testimony to his brief life in the priesthood was the immense and tearful gathering at his obsequies. The site around the Church was crowded, sisters of various societies were there, and no less than 150 priests assisted. Father Kelty, who, having been his life-long friend, delivered the panegyric, could not restrain his grief. A numerous group of clergy and laymen accompanied the mortal remains of the beloved pastor to Trenton, and thence to Norristown, for interment. Rich floral offerings had been presented by the Knights of Columbus, the L. C. B. A., the C. O. F., and from other friendly sources. The ministry of the parish, including Forty

Hours Devotion, has been conducted by the Fathers of the College, till the recent appointment of the esteemed Father Thomas Hearn.

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REV. J. P. O'NEILL.

On the very same day as Father Conway, and under the very same roof, on March 7, at the Mercy Hospital, death claimed another of our sacerdotal friends, who had also been for some time our neighbor at St. Paul's Cathedral,—the Rev. J. P. O'Neill, Rector of St. Agatha's Church, Ellwood, Pa. Father O'Neill was always a devoted priest, and a warm-hearted friend, whose sterling worth was duly appreciated, and whose good work won him the affection of his people, and the consideration and esteem of his fellow-priests.

After the solemn services, which were performed at Ellwood, his remains were conveyed to his former home at Dushore, Sullivan County, Pa., where he had been born just 42 years ago.—*R. I. P.*

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EXCHANGES.

In "St. Mary's Chimes," for February, there is an article on the "Essence and Form of Poetry," which gave us both pleasure and instruction. We would have wished, it is true, to find a less negative answer to the question, "What is the beautiful?" A combination of the spiritual and the sensuous, through the medium of the imagination and the intellect, is not sufficiently clear, as an answer, especially when we have such beautiful explanations thereof, as are given in our Philosophy manuals from St. Thomas, St. Augustine, Plato and our present glorious Pontiff, Leo XIII.

It is refreshing to notice the many evidences of a superior literary taste among the students of St. Mary's.

For candor and sympathetic, kindly feeling commend us to the Exchange Editor of the "Central College Magazine." We were going to make one of those "cold-blooded," "helpful" suggestions in regard to the editorials and the dearth of reading matter, otherwise well done, when her kindly remarks awoke within us that fellow feeling to which she so appropriately alluded.

In spite of its unpretentious size, "The Mount" contains a vast "amount" of matter, musical, literary, and local. We were delighted to find that the young ladies of "The Mount" do not hesitate to give us some species of the work done in foreign languages. We can all the more appreciate this departure, that when on some past occasions we ourselves indulged in some French, German and Latin versification, we almost felt scared at our apparent loneliness in seeing such effusions clothed in the garb of "cold print." The historical essay on Louise de Bourbon is too far above



praise in its style and treatment to warrant any "helpful suggestion" on a purely minor and accidental point. But the continued and frequent misspelling of the word "Froude," which should be Fronde, induces us to draw the attention of the gifted author to what might otherwise be misleading, in regard to that well-known political party in the France of Louis XIII., and Louis XIV.

We welcome to our Sanctum "St. Joseph's Messenger" of 1902. It is attractive in appearance. The illustrations show artistic arrangement, and are exceptionally well executed. The articles are bright, scholarly, interesting, and appeal most forcibly in aid of a noble work. Such a work needs only to be rightly understood and appreciated to enlist the zealous support and practical encouragement of every one who is actuated by nobler motives, and is not oblivious of the fact that he has duties to fulfil towards his fellow men, and especially to such as are in question here.

The immediate object of St. Joseph's House is, to provide for the temporal and spiritual welfare of young boys. Their corporal wants are carefully attended to; they are educated in their religious and civil duties, and surrounded by influences which tend to develop strong characters. They receive a sufficient amount of instruction to fit them for the practical pursuits of life and insure self-respect.

But the results of the work extend still further. Its continuance and extension are provided for by securing and educating future laborers in this field of charity. There are among the boys many who possess the requisite qualities of heart and mind, as also the inclination to serve God in the holy priesthood, and do for others what was done for them. These receive a special training for this purpose, and, from their tender years, are under influences which will develop in them an especial fitness for their future apostolic labors.

Such is the work of St. Joseph's House in brief outline. Once the public has realized the importance and far-reaching results of this work, it cannot but feel that in supporting it, it is furthering its own interests—the interests of common good.



### ALUMNI.

On Monday evening, April 7, our Alumni held a smoker at the College Hall. The Alumni list numbers about 1000, and the number cannot but constantly increase. When the early birds began to saunter into the hall, it was generally surmised that but small attendance would grace the occasion, as the evening was chilly and forbidding. Ere a brief space, however, nigh on to a hundred had assembled: there is a large number of graduates outside of the city and state altogether—notably in Ohio,—some were also detained by business exigences, and the secretary announced a pile of letters of regret. These "letters of regret" cast no reflections on Kitchener.

The features of the *soirée* were the reconstruction of the Alumni Association with election of officers, the general attractions of a well-attended and friendly smoker, a musical program of no mean standard, and *luncheon*.

For a while, the genial warmth and animated conversation of old-time friendship was rife. The passage of young men from group to group, shaking hands, bowing and smiling, made College hall appear somewhat as a dancing floor, with a waltz in progress. Several parties had scarcely met in years. Gradually, the assembly found itself seated in bands according as old acquaintance linked them together, and everyone seemed to say: "Why did we delay this meeting for so long?"

Soon the strains of the College orchestra resounded on the air,—not to open the program, but as a distraction before business. A few moments later, all settled down to serious work. Rev. William McMullen, '91, chairman of the meeting, opened with an apt address explanatory of the object in view, namely, the reorganization of the Society. Mr. Kelly, one of the old pillars of the Society, then presented a written statement of what he deemed the fittest scope for reorganization. The Rev. Chairman's address had opened a field of debate: his reading of this statement set the ball rolling.

The reason for reconstruction was the fact that the later recruits are now a large and powerful body, and the elder members favored their taking a more intimate interest even in the official management. Nearly all were surprised by the display of ability noticeable from start to finish. Jeremiah Dunlevy, who began with the introduction of an amendment to Mr. Kelly's question, so ably argued as to later merit the vice-presidency, when the election took place. But one motion and amendment followed another and was passed in rapid order; discussions were numerous and keen, but so clearly fought, that a decision always followed rapidly. Father Lawrence O'Connell, at a critical moment, made the best speech of the evening, and was elected president: he showed ability as an organizer, and keen interest from the start; but he had, as competitors in the nomination, two able and much respected graduates, Messrs. Lauinger, who wished to withdraw in favor of Father O'Connell, and James P. Wall, who, in a neat and forcible speech, insisted that on the selection of officers would depend the future of the Society. The brothers, W. H. McClafferty and Max McClafferty, were prominent by acquaintance with parliamentary law and delicate usage of it. John Ferrick showed competence as a cool and incisive debater. Rev. Henry McDermott, acting secretary, had drawn up such a completely satisfactory report as to be re-elected regular secretary. Lawrence Heyl, who has been a hearty "stand-by" for a score of years, and enjoys more popularity than any other, was continued in the office of Treasurer. It was very enjoyable to see how he rose to favor the election of a younger member, and everyone humorously voted for himself.

The objects of the Association are such as naturally rise from the circumstances. Long-standing friendships are reawakened and strengthened:

new ones are formed. The result is a social feature, which will now and then be given expression and accentuation to by some special entertainment. Besides the memories of "Auld Lang Syne," there is a business side possible in so far as 1000 educated young men allied in friendship, may be a great mutual encouragement in the ardent undertakings of such a business center as is the "Gateway of the West." As their *Alma Mater* is also the chief college of the city, they may also take a certain pride, perhaps, in considering themselves as exponents of Pittsburg educational standards. Close interest in educational questions, is a logical outcome of Alumni gatherings. Lastly, a moral issue is at hand, not only in this that the Society cultivates the formation of strong and noble character, as well as of science, letters and art, but because it discountenances godless education and unchristian methods in public life.

The Executive Session concluded, luncheon followed in the College Refectory. A musical program ensued as here given: College Orchestra, five select pieces; Instrumental Quartet (with harp), Hooper Bros., including the march "Creole Belles," the "Fairies' Vision" waltz, and other selections; Mitchel Bros., Instrumental Quartet, including three brothers, old students of the College, Messrs. Charles, James and Laurence Mitchel, gave some admirable music; piccolo solos by Master James Wrenn, "The Starling Polka" and "My Old Kentucky Home" with variations; violin solo by Eugene Hally; baritone solo, "Vulcan's Song" from Gounod's Opera, "Philemon and Bacchus," by Mr. Chas. E. Mitchel; duet, "Excelsior," by Messrs. L. Heyl and Will Berger; song by Mr. George Roerhig, "When the Cotton Blossoms Grow;" song, "The Warrior Bold," Mr. L. Heyl.

Before the meeting adjourned, and after the election of officers had been announced and ratified, a unanimous demand for a speech was made upon the Rev. President of the College, who responded in very appropriate fashion. He gave utterance to the pleasure experienced by the College Faculty at seeing many of the "Old Boys" present, and to his own great satisfaction to see them resuscitate the Alumni Association. Such an association, he said, had many advantages. Federation was the word most frequently heard now-a-days, and all were ready to admit the many advantages to be derived from Associations and from Federation. With over 250 graduates, with hundreds and even thousands of past students, who spent several years in the College, the Alumni of Past Students could exercise great influence in the Community, if well organized. They are to be met in all walks of life, in business, in all the professions, in the clerical and religious state, and with truth on their side, with the practice of the good Christian and Catholic principles taught them whilst in the College, they cannot fail to remove prejudice, to diminish evil, to do good to men of all creeds, to render incalculable service to every noble cause, and especially to the Catholic religion, and to the Catholic Church.

He expressed his satisfaction at the officers elected. In their hands the



Association could not but flourish; however, he pointed out that the growth and success of the Association depended on each member as well as on the officers. To develop it and keep it an active, useful Association, all should interest themselves in it, and resolve to make it successful.

In conclusion, he expressed the welcome the College was ready to extend to its Alumni on all occasions, the interest it took in watching their success in life, and that nothing could afford it greater pleasure than to see them do honor to themselves and to their *Alma Mater*.

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WE extend our sincere congratulations to two of our old boys, Messrs. Jere Dunlevy and Albert Loeffler, who have recently been admitted to the Allegheny County Bar, after having passed,—brilliantly, we are told—the final examinations, which are more severe for this county than in any other Bar Association of the State. We feel assured that these two young lawyers will be not only a credit to their old *Alma Mater* but an honor to the legal profession in Western Pennsylvania.

WE have, just at the eleventh hour, received the glad intelligence that one of our recent graduates, who is not yet three years out of school, Mr. Joseph Murphy, has been elected to a seat in Council, in his native city, Parkersburg. We congratulate Joe upon his splendid canvas, and predict that, with the same sturdy and fearless spirit that inspired him on the football team, he will be equally successful in the public career upon which he has so auspiciously entered.



### ATHLETICS.

“*Tandem aliquando! Quousque tandem abutere patientiâ nostrâ?*” were we often tempted to say to the weather-man, in the words of old Cicero, during the last few weeks. There we had everything ready for the baseball season—schedule made up, the diamond laid out, candidates selected, enthusiasm aroused, a whole pile of “Louisville Sluggers” carefully selected, &c., when lo and behold! a spring tornado came around our way on Easter Sunday and dashed all our hopes to the ground; then, no sooner was the flood beginning to subside, and the sun to peep out, than the worst single snow-storm of the year brought all remnant of enthusiasm down to a lower degree of temperature than even the unlucky weather-man’s barometer.

Hopes, therefore, and enthusiasm and record-breaking anticipations were laid aside and mournfully bottled up in the doleful-looking urn of settled resignation. But “the clouds have at length rolled by”; the frisky moon has “called down” the angry elements—and, to our great surprise, we have got a glimmering ray of sunshine.

In the meantime, the “numerous and irrepressible” candidate has been busy; the baseball manager has been hustling; the captain has been making

his calculations; the witch-hazel bottle has been getting in its work on the stiffening muscles; and the ante-deluvian fan has been getting out his dope-book, and sharpening his pencil.

At the present writing, we can scarcely do more than give the Season's schedule, thus far settled upon, and the names of the men practically selected for the various positions on the 'Varsity Nine.

The following games have been arranged: April 12, Pittsburg High School, at College; April 19, Civic Club, at College; April 23, W. & J., at Washington; April 26, All-Stars, at College; May 1, Homestead L. A. C., at Homestead; Monaca A. C., at Monaca; May 7, W. U. P. Dental College, at College; May 10, Cathedral Lyceum, at College; May 14, Homestead L. A. C., at College; May 17, Pittsburg Bankers, at College; May 20, Kiskiminetas Academy, at College; May 27, Waynesburg College, at Waynesburg; June 4, St. Vincent College, at St. Vincent College; June 14, University of W. Virginia, at Morgantown; June 17, California State Normal, at California. Owing to recent rains, the opening game to be played with Pittsburg High School, was postponed.

As for the members of the 'Varsity Team, we can say that never before in the history of the College was there less difficulty or less delay in coming to a decision upon the candidates for the various positions. Gapen, of course, our old reliable Gäpe, will do the burden of the pitching and from all appearances we expect this to be his record-breaking season in the box. But he will share work and honors with a young member of the Academic department, Kilgallen, who, although in the College for several years past, was practically an unknown quantity in athletics until attention was called to his pitching talent by Coach Tommy Quinn, who intends to develop the youngster into an effective southpaw.

Young Frankenberry has been selected as the catcher, and he certainly has all the earmarks of a good one. For one who has the appearance of a mere boy, and whose tastes, besides ordinary class work, tend towards such delicate arts as Drawing and Painting, he is certainly a success behind the bat, as demonstrated conclusively in the opening game with High School.

The infield will be particularly strong with Meyer at first base, Garry at second, Collins at third, and Laux at short. In the outfield, the only position thus far doubtful is right field where it is probable that Kilgallen will be, when not pitching. As for centre and left field, we have probably the two best and fastest amateur fielders in the business around Pittsburg, Davin and Captain Huckestein.

#### THE OPENING GAME.

The opening game of the season, postponed from the previous week, was played on Tuesday, April 15, with Pittsburg High School, and resulted in the latter being shut out with only two hits, one off Gapen and one off Kilgallen, the score being 8 to 0, in favor of the College. Gapen struck out fourteen men and Kilgallen four. Frankenberry did beautifully behind the bat, his throwing to second base being particularly brilliant and accurate.

What was lacking, however, on both sides, and even on the part of the College Nine, was the batting—only four hits being made by both sides after the first inning. But this will be very soon remedied, as the P. C. boys have taken the grim determination to improve their hitting.

The score by innings was

Pittsburg College, . . .	7	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	*—8
Pittsburg High School, .	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Three-base hit—Davin. Passed balls—Bacon 4. Wild pitch—Gardner. Bases on balls—off Gapen 1, off Kilgallen 1, off Gardner 2. Hit by pitcher—Huckestein, Davin, Gapen, Youngson. Struck out—by Gapen 14, by Kilgallen 4, by Gardner 3, by Jones 1. Time—1:30. Umpire—Soles.

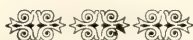
#### THE RESERVE AND OTHER TEAMS.

Little by little the other teams are getting into line, through the strict process of elimination. But, for the moment, all that space will allow us to say is that the following are the most likely candidates for positions: As pitchers, Wiegel of the Commercial Department, and Hughes have been selected, with Callahan or Whalen behind the bat. In the infield, Neylon, the doughty little Captain, retains his old position at third, Hayes will be at short, Dixon at second, and Whalen or McLaughlin, or Joost at first. The outfield will be covered by Pascual, Fitzgerald, Jackson, Fitzpatrick, Fréire, or Joost. The latter seems a very fast and reliable fielder in any position.

The interests of the team are under the careful direction of Prof. Topham, who is well known for his enthusiastic patronage of College athletics, and who is ably assisted by Mr. Hubert Gaynor.

We feel certain that the Reserves will have a very lively and successful season.

Numerous candidates are cropping up on every side for the minor teams—and there never was a season in which was found among the Junior boys such an abundance of good baseball material.



#### ODDS AND ENDS.

DURING the term just completed, the Freshman and Sophomore Classes mastered Surds, Progressions, Permutations and Combinations in Algebra.

THE Parabola and the Ellipse kept the Sophomores busy, while the Freshmen were unravelling the fifth book of Geometry, with its polygons, circles, maxima and minima.

IN Chemistry, Sulphur, Baron, a chapter on Volumetric, and Stoichiometry claimed the attentions of the members of both classes. Over fifty experiments were tried with perfect success during the class hours, which is a great record.



THE prize for figure drawing was unanimously awarded to Harry Smith, whom no other member of the class equals in that branch.

ALTHOUGH sometimes rather hard on his hands, Gaynor never tires of laboratory work.

O'SULLIVAN generally "takes his time" in the laboratory, and has the satisfaction of making most of his experiments successes.

HAYES AND WHALEN are secretly engaged in compiling a new Geometry. Harry Smith played detective in procuring this information.

FRANK SCHWAB says that he would rather work at Permutations and Combinations than sleep. We will take his word for it.

H-O-M-E s-i-c-k? N-o.

EASTER vacation: a dream of rainy weather and the fireside.

ARE you a member of the never-sweats? Those wishing to join that honorable body will please apply to Grand-Master Marron before the warm weather sets in.

"THE King and Bishop Minstrels," John Connor, director, will open the season in the grand-stand next week.

THE memory of the vacation just passed will be sweet, at least to a few of us.

"Is a pelican anything like a sea-lion?" A mythological History for McKeever, please!

MCCAMBRIDGE is manager of a crack Scholastic nine.

DID you hear about that new language yet? No? Ask Hoffman.

WHEN one of the raw recruits in the German department translated "*Die mit Ochsen gespannten Heuwagen*" thus: "The haywagon behitched with oxen," it is obvious that he had the wagon or the oxen almost bewitched.

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JOHNNY writes of musical airs:

"The airs musicle when breazes whistles in treeses and things. Sometimes it aint. The wind you blow in a big horn aint the air unless you hold yer fingers rite. You put on airs at cake-walks but the band plays 'em. Theys lots a airs in church an perades an millionairs in biznus. It's in poetry, cause it says (where air I wander). That airs all I no, except prepair yer lessuns, but I guess them airs aint musicle airs."

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# Pittsburg College Bulletin.

Vol. VIII.

Pittsburg, Pa., May, 1902.

No. 8.

## On a Picture of Magdalen.

See'st thou that face so beautifully sad,  
Upturned to heaven as if in pleading prayer?  
No more shall those proud features wear the glad  
Expression which once made their look so fair.  
No! it was seeming all, for 'neath the garb  
Of mirth and joy, remorse and guilt concealed  
Their growing canker, while each hour the barb  
Sunk deeper in her heart, until she came,  
With bursting tears, to pour before her Lord  
Her heart's deep sorrow forth, and all her shame.

\* \* \* \*

There shunned, despised, and loaded with the scorn  
That prosp'rous man so well knows how to show,  
Unto her list'ning ear were softly borne,  
To raise her sinking soul from that deep woe,  
The gentle words, "Rise, go and sin no more,  
Thy sins are all forgiv'n." Oh! what a flood  
Of light then fell her darkened spirit o'er!

\* \* \* \*

She turned away and sought the desert wild,  
To live with God alone, who thus had heard  
His broken-hearted, contrite, suppliant child.



## THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

(Translated from *Uhland*, by Longfellow.)

(A Paraphrase.)

“Es ist das Glueck ein fluechtig Ding,  
 Und war's zu allen Tagen;  
 Und jagtest du um der Erde Ring,  
 Du moechtest es nicht erjagen.”—*E. Geibel*.

Fortune is a fickle dame; we woo and woo her, and when we think we have won her, she smiles, waves her hand, and hies away. Fortune is a gaudy butterfly, which the deluded children of Adam chase over the rough places and smooth of this earth and, then, loath to give up, lie down weary and disgusted. Old Manrique was right when he exclaimed:

“Behold of what delusive worth  
 The bubbles we pursue on earth,  
 The shapes we chase,  
 Amid a world of treachery!  
 They vanish ere death shuts the eye,  
 And leave no trace.

“Time steals them from us, chances strange,  
 Disastrous accident, and change,  
 That come to all;  
 Even in the most exalted state,  
 Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate;  
 The strongest fall.”

If anyone doubts the truth of these profound sentiments, let him hearken to the tale of the Luck of Edenhall, and learn wisdom.

It was in “merry England,” in the days after the conquest, that a fairy or undine, or water sprite, or some such mysterious being, came to the Lord of Edenhall and presented him with a beautiful goblet, “of flashing crystal tall,” on which she had inscribed these words:

“If this glass doth fall  
 Farewell then, O luck of Edenhall!”

With all care and diligence the knight wrapped the fairy-glass in a silken cloth and placed it out of reach of servants and children, and it was handed down from children to children's children unbroken. Because on its preservation depended the fortune of the house, it was simply styled *The Luck of Edenhall*.

One day, a youthful scion of Edenhall gave a great banquet to all the lords of the country 'round, and as he drank the “pure juice of the purple mother,” and its fumes enveloped his mind, and held captive his reason, the silly notion entered his head to test the *Luck of Edenhall*; for, as far as his eye could see, happiness and good fortune reigned—they smiled on him in his fields, met him at the door as he entered, accompanied him on his journeys, stood by him in war and in peace—in short, *all* was happiness and good luck in Edenhall. “And can all this happiness be brittle as glass,” he

mused within himself, "and be shattered with this crystal cup? My superstitious grandfather may well have believed that, but his grandson is better informed." And loud through the banquet-hall he cried, "now bring me the *Luck of Edenhall*!" With slow and trembling hand the aged seneschal takes from its silken cloth "the drinking-cup of crystal tall," fills it to the brim with red wine from Portugal, and presents it to the knight. Snatching it carelessly from the old man's hand, he raises it aloft and cries: "Drink, my merry comrades, drink deep draughts to the *Luck of Edenhall*." Kling! Klang! The goblet does not break, but rings deep, and full, and mild, like to the song of a nightingale." Then with a louder voice the reveller shouts: "This fragile goblet has lasted longer than is right; kling! klang!—with a harder blow than all will I try the *Luck of Edenhall*!" Kling! Klang! The glass flies ringing apart and with it cracks the vaulted hall, and tumbles the turreted roof, and the wild flames start through every rift, and the foe storms in through every door, and fire and sword lay waste the *Luck of Edenhall*. So the trial proved a failure, and on the morrow the butler groped alone amongst the reeking ruins seeking his lord. He found him dead, charred, and disfigured, but "holding in his hand the crystal tall, the shards of the *Luck of Edenhall*."

*Reflection.* There is nothing so common in this world as to find fortune deserting the fortunate, or conversely, the fortunate snatched away from fortune, and the old seneschal reasoned justly as he gazed upon the shattered *Luck of Edenhall*:

"The stone wall," (saith he), "doth fall aside,  
Down must the stately columns fall;  
*Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;*  
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball  
One day like the *Luck of Edenhall*!"

*James Thornton, II. Acad.*



## THE ROCK OF AGES.

A great deal of the vigor with which Methodism was made to spring up so suddenly and so rapidly in the last century—apart from the religious and social conditions of England which, at the time, called it into existence—is admittedly due to the fervid and intense enthusiasm which was aroused by the words and music of the Gospel hymns with which Charles Wesley appealed so powerfully to the emotional nature and dispositions of his adherents.

He, himself, composed a large number of those hymns, beginning in 1749 with the one so popular and so widely known, as "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Before his time, almost the only ones used extensively, and handed down to modern times, were those of the Rev. Isaac Watts, whose compositions, dating principally from 1709 to 1719, have more of the Scriptural tone

than those of a later generation. Since Wesley's time, but few hymns have been taken from writers of the eighteenth century; and when we come to the nineteenth century there are but two whose authors are known in the history of English or American Literature. Phoebe Carey contributed the one beginning with the verse:

"One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er,  
I'm nearer home today  
Than I have been before!"

The great Irish National Songster, Thomas Moore, is laid under contribution for another, in which, as in that of our American poet, just quoted, there is, happily, no expression of dogmatic points of controversy, but in which, as usually happens in all his poems, there is some line that breathes the soul of music, and borrows the immortality of genius.

"Come ye disconsolate! where 'er ye languish,—  
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel:  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;  
*Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal."*

There are two hymns which we instinctively look for—but whose absence is noticeable, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and "Lead, Kindly Light," of Newman.

But of all the hymns which the collection contains, the best known and most widely sung, even outside of distinctively religious gatherings, is the "Rock of Ages," of which we may be permitted to give the first and most powerful stanza.

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save me from its guilt and power!"

This famous hymn was composed, at least in great part, in 1776, by one of the earliest followers of Rev. Chas. Wesley, the Rev. A. M. Toplady. In this hymn, the "Rock of Ages" is the Cross, or rather Christ dying upon the Cross. Now, while admitting that Christ dying on the Cross is the one great source of our salvation, and, truthfully, the "Rock of Ages," to which alone we must ultimately and absolutely speaking cling, and while wishing to avoid all controversy as to the doctrinal exclusiveness involved in the hymn as composed by the Rev. A. M. Toplady, yet we must say that the term "Rock of Ages" can also be very appropriately applied to the Church of Christ—in fact, historically speaking, the latter application is the more frequent among the authors and writers of Christian antiquity.

While cogitating, one day recently, upon this interesting theme, it was our good fortune to encounter in the pages of an old Catholic periodical printed in Philadelphia, over sixty years ago, the following copy of another "Rock of Ages," signed J. G. S., which we have every reason to think will



be acceptable, both in sentiment and in versification, to our readers. It is printed in the issue of the Philadelphia *Herald* of April, 1841, and is taken from the London *Tablet* of a much earlier date.

### THE ROCK OF AGES.

God! the Author and the End,  
God! from whom all gifts descend,  
God! the Father and the Just,  
In Thy Church we place our trust:  
Church, foretold by prophet sages,  
Founded on the Rock of Ages.

Through the pilgrimage of years  
Waste of sin, and vale of tears;  
Through temptation, war, and strife,  
Through all change of mortal life,  
Lo! Thy Church each pain assuages  
From the sacred Fount of Ages.

States have moulder'd in decay,  
Crowns and sceptres passed away,  
Time on all bath work'd its will,  
But Thy Church endureth still:  
Vain the war that ruin wages  
'Gainst the Glorious Rock of Ages.

Vain the tyrant's power to chain  
Vain oppression's ghastly train,  
From a million martyrs' blood,  
Prouder rears the Holy Rood.  
Vainly persecution rages  
'Gainst the Sacred Rock of Ages.

There Thy choicest gifts abound,  
There celestial peace is found,  
There sublimest wisdom sways,  
There the day no night obeys;  
There pure faith the soul engages;  
Church of God, and Rock of Ages!

Then, till earth reclaims its dust,  
In Thy Church we place our trust,  
Years may change and ages flee,  
But no change shall compass Thee;  
Thou wilt still Thy promise keep,  
And Thy care will never sleep;  
Vainly hell the battle wages,  
Thou art with the Rock of Ages.

*P. K. O'Connor, '02.*



### Brothers.

I will not judge you, No!  
You life is low; your hopes are weighted down;  
The tears where sorrows swim  
Hang on you many; they are deep.  
I, too, have erred and now how can I send  
You sorrowful away? No! No!

Why have I reasoned so?  
I do not know! and yet I can not frown  
On you and plead of Him  
A smile for me. No, do not weep,  
Our journeys are the same—one home! one end!  
Come let us join our hands and go.

*Alf. McCann.*

## THE HISTORIC HIGHWAYS OF PITTSBURG.

### III.

**FORBES AVENUE:** The site of Pittsburg, commanding the gateway to the West and South, was, during the early part of the war between France and England, the prize which each of the rival nations coveted to possess. The ardor of the British to capture Fort Duquesne, however, was checked by the humiliating defeat of Braddock on July 9, 1755, and for over three years the peaceful solitude of Western Pennsylvania was unbroken, the theatre of war having been transferred to other quarters.

Brigadier General John Forbes, after whom Forbes Avenue is called, was born in Fifeshire, Scotland, in 1710. For a time he followed the medical profession. He took part in the German war, and on his return was appointed Quartermaster of the British army under Cumberland. Through the influence of the Duke of Bedford and Lord Ligonier, he was, in 1757, appointed successor to Braddock. The especial mission of capturing Fort Duquesne was entrusted to his energy, and he arrived in Philadelphia in April, 1758. The delays which usually accompany warlike preparations were encountered, and it was June before an advance was made, headed by Lieut. Col. Boquet, with Washington in command of the Virginians. A halt was made at Raystown (now Bedford). Forbes fell ill at Philadelphia, and had to be carried to Raystown, where a conference was held to discuss the route to be followed in reaching Fort Duquesne. Forbes and Bouquet insisted upon taking a new route through Central Pennsylvania, still mindful of the fate of Braddock, who had advanced from the south. To such suggestions, Washington was simply opposed, yet despite his strenuous and repeated objections he was overruled, and 1600 men were set to work to cut a road from Raystown through the vast virgin forest that stretched away to the west. It was Forbes' plan to establish magazines along his line of march, and following this policy he called his fort at Raystown in honor of his patron, the Duke of Bedford. Another one was established at Loyalhanna, about fifty miles from Pittsburg, which he named Fort Ligonier, in recognition of Lord Viscount Ligonier, the Commander-in-chief of the English army. Forbes suffered constantly from illness. He was carried from Bedford to Ligonier on a litter, and in such a condition firmness is scarcely to be looked for, yet he displayed singular energy and his daring was an inspiration to his troops, who pushed forward with remarkable speed, considering the gigantic task which confronted them. Before Forbes arrived at Fort Ligonier, Major Grant, holding a subordinate position under Col. Boquet, engaged in an unfortunate skirmish with the French at Fort Duquesne. When this news was reported to Forbes, he ordered an advance to be made on Fort Duquesne and on November 18, 2500 men moved forward accompanied by Forbes. The French having learned of the British movements evacuated and destroyed Fort Duquesne, November 24, 1758,

and upon Forbes' arrival the following day, the English found it in ruins. While they were yet smouldering, Washington marched in and planted the British flag. Thus ended the French domination of the Ohio.

Forbes immediately built a stockade on the sight of the ruins of the French garrison, and, in honor of Sir William Pitt, he named the new settlement "Pittsburg."

The success of Forbes drew forth the congratulations of the king and Pitt. But he did not long survive the rigors of the campaign. He was carried all the way from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia on a litter, and after some months serious illness he died March 14, 1759. His body lies in Christ Church, Philadelphia.

PITT: Although not strictly within the limits of these papers, I may be pardoned for digressing to sketch hurriedly the career of Sir William Pitt, Errl of Chatham, whose name was given to Pittsburg November 25, 1758. Pitt's splendid services to the British Empire, together with his eminent personal qualities and his marvellous eloquence had made him one of the foremost characters in the world. Without wealth or influence he rose from an obscure position to the direction of England's foreign policy, simply and solely by reason of his native genius and the innate force and vigor of his own teeming brain.

William Pitt was born in 1708. His primary education was obtained at Eton. At the age of eighteen he entered Trinity College, Oxford, but illness prevented his taking a degree. Upon leaving college he spent some time in travel, and later entered the English army. The year 1735 marks his first entrance into Parliament. In 1746 he was appointed Vice Treasurer of Ireland, and later in the same year, Paymaster General, the latter position being in recognition of his sterling honesty and public spirit in refusing to use his public office for his private gain.

The British Government was at this time weak, and Pitt's efforts to effect reforms drew forth violent opposition from the nobility and the king. The people sided with Pitt, whose vigorous measures caused his dismissal from power in 1751. The nation clamored loudly at this act of the Crown; within a year Pitt was restored to place, and in a brief space was made Secretary of State. The Colonial policy of the Empire was contrary to Pitt's convictions of justice and equity, and with his usual earnestness he opposed the attempts of Parliament to crush the American colonists with taxes in the levying of which they had no voice. In 1757, he was again dismissed, and once more the populace rebelled, which resulted in Pitt being made the virtual head of the Government. During his ministry, from 1757 to 1761, his biography is the history of the Empire, and to his genius alone is to be attributed the splendid achievements of the British arms in every quarter of the world, which lifted the name of England into a more respectable and formidable eminence than it had hitherto enjoyed.

Pitt's unceasing opposition to the colonial policy of the King and



Parliament caused his retirement from the Cabinet. He then supported Burke and the Rockingham ministry in their endeavors to repeal the Stamp Act. His absence from the ship of state was sorely felt and he was solicited to return to office, which he did, whereupon he was made Earl of Chatham, and formed a cabinet of personages who, while they were distinguished individually, yet as a compact whole, were of little assistance in placing the Empire on a firm basis. "Pitt made an administration," says Burke in a celebrated passage in a famous speech, "so checkered and speckled that it was indeed a very curious show; but utterly unsafe to touch and unsure to stand on."

On account of illness, Pitt now took no active part in Government affairs, and during his inaction his colleagues, who did not have ideas of state policy commensurate with the magnitude of the task imposed upon them, soon plunged the nation in the horrors of a colonial war, which wrested from its grasp the richest portion of the New World.

Pitt's return to power and the addition of a title seems to have robbed him of the sympathies of the populace, and the "Great Commoner," as he was affectionately called, was no longer their idol. He retired to private life sometime before his death, which occurred May 11, 1778.

Such were the vicissitudes of the greatest orator, perhaps, that ever shed lustre on English politics. Endowed by nature with qualities which enabled him to get far the start of those who rely upon mere art, he leaped at once into fame. The secret of his vast influence lay deep-rooted in the affections of the common people, as opposed to the nobles and the crown. Pitt knew this, and it was to the populace that he ever catered.

He possessed a strong sweet voice, over which he had perfect control. He varied his tones, yet so clear was his enunciation that his slightest whisper was distinctly audible. His influence over an audience has never been surpassed; his very look would "make the eyes of eagles blench." Nothing but fragments remain of his celebrated speeches, which were for the most part extemporaneous, being the spontaneous outburst of his passionate nature. Whenever he did deliver a prepared address, it failed. In his speeches he never argued, but he affirmed his propositions with such vehemence, such burning sarcasm and harsh invective, that but few ever cared to debate with him. Demosthenes was his favorite author, and he translated and re-translated the orations of the immortal Greek in his efforts after coherent and elegant expression. His style was heavy, lofty and positive; his delivery was marked by an earnestness and intense conviction, which produced similar feelings in the minds of his hearers.

In person, he was of commanding presence, with an aquiline nose and piercing eye. His speeches were accompanied with dramatic genius, and he displayed such consummate skill in his gestures and delivery that he was compared to the celebrated tragedian Garrick.

(To be continued.)

*T. F. Coakley, '03.*

## CHARACTER OF RICHARD III.

Perhaps there is no more intricate character in the panorama of England's many inglorious sovereigns, none that more apparently confuses history, than that of the tyrannical Richard III. He stands far back in a deep, unhallowed chaos of mystery. The annals of contemporaneous history are filled with the recital of his bloody deeds, and there is no sign of righteousness on his part to relieve the heart of the reader and student from the emotions which such recital arouses. Alas! this horror is but increased when we contemplate the melancholy tale of the fate of the two young princes murdered in the tower, at his instigation.

King Richard's apparent repugnance to the usurpation of the throne, his hypocrisy, his acts of disloyalty, his tyranny, and the numerous executions under his reign, especially horrifying when we consider its brief duration,—all mark his as a reign unparalleled for its merciless cruelty and bloodshed.

In estimating the character of this extraordinary king, we cannot overlook the chief historical source from which we derive a knowledge of his person and of his reign, and from which have come down to us the prevailing ideas of Richard III., namely, the history of his life as written by Sir Thomas More. This fair-minded writer and enlightened statesman, who was partly contemporaneous with Richard, and whose character as a man cannot be doubted, gives the following very interesting sketch of King Richard's character:

“Richard, the third son, was, in wit and courage, equal with either of them; little of stature, ill-featured of limbs, crook-backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard-favoured of visage; malicious, wrathful, envious, and from afore his birth ever froward. Free he was called of dispense, and somewhat above his power liberal: with large gifts he gat him unsteadfast friendship, for which he was fain to pill and spoil in other places, and gat him steadfast hatred. He was close and secret, a deep dissembler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart; outwardly companionable where he inwardly hated, not letting to kiss whom he thought to kill; despitous and cruel, not for evil will always, but oftener for ambition, and for the surety and increase of his estate. His face was small, but such, that at first aspect a man would judge it to savour of malice, fraud and deceit. When he stood musing, he would bite and chaw his nether lip; as who said that his fierce nature in his cruel body always chafed, stirred, and was ever unquiet: besides that his dagger which he wore, he would, when he studied, with his hand pluck in the sheath to the midst, never drawing it fully out.”

Some modern writers have endeavoured to prove his innocence and to show that his character has been blackened by historians. But the weak, meagre arguments produced, when confronted with the solid and well-established facts taken from the tyrant's life, soon dwindle away, and there

is very little room left to doubt that he was, to a great extent at least, guilty of the crimes charged against him. The Richard portrayed by Sir Thomas More is nearly precisely the hunch-backed monster that Shakespeare paints so powerfully in his great drama.

The latter belongs to the first and formative period of Shakespeare's career as a dramatic author—in fact it is the first of his really great plays; it forms an era not only in the history of our poet, but even in the history of dramatic poetry in general. Here it is that Shakespeare first shows "the knotted strength of his genius." We could, indeed, apply to him in his scattered descriptions of Richard's great salient traits, the eulogy that Fuseli passed on the more material and physical work of Michael Angelo: "He could stamp sublimity on the hump of a dwarf." Thus, while Shakespeare depicts him to us as subtle in his cunning, deep in his hypocrisy, brave and commanding in his courage, lofty and persevering in his ambition, he makes him sublime in his fall and overthrow, through the very magnitude of his remorselessness and depravity.

Though the perfection of Shakespeare's art in this dramatic masterpiece be not dependent on his exactitude and accuracy in delineating and reproducing the Richard of history, yet, as already suggested in quoting Sir Thomas More, the poet had apparently ample justification for making him the physical and moral monster of depravity that terrifies and shocks us in the contemplation of his nefarious plots and bloody deeds. No doubt, his memory was abused both by the Lancastrians, whom he had well-nigh crushed, as well as by the Tudors, to whom he finally succumbed. But in spite of the spasmodic attempts which some writers, and even eminent statesmen, like Horace Walpole, have ineffectually made to reform or modify the generally accepted opinion as to his wickedness, and to remove the abhorrence in which his memory has come to be held, the older and more substantiated verdict still remains.

It is a verdict to which even Lord Bacon subscribed in these words: "And although he were a prince in military virtue approved, jealous of the honor of the English nation, and likewise a good law-maker, for the ease and solace of the common people; yet his cruelties and parricides, in the opinion of all men, weighed down his virtues and merits; and in the opinion of wise men, even those virtues themselves were conceived to be rather feigned and affected things, to serve his ambition, than true qualities ingenerate in his judgment and nature."

*A. J. Eschman, '03.*



"Press we on through good and ill,  
Progress be our watchword still."



## MUSIC.

"Music—oh! how faint, how weak,  
Language fades before thy spell!  
Why should feeling ever speak,  
When Thou can'st breathe her soul so well?  
Friendship's balmy words may feign,  
Love's are e'en more false than they;  
Oh! 'tis only music's strain  
Can sweetly soothe and not betray."

It is a fact, now beginning to be appreciated, that this infant Republic, which has so successfully competed with the Old World in commerce, manufactures, and genius, is now also manifesting a marked interest in, and a thorough acquaintance with, all that is noble, admirable and sublime in the realm of art and science, which for many centuries past have been nurtured tenderly, and cultivated carefully, in the fertile soil of Europe, almost exclusively.

Of all the arts receiving attention in America to-day, none is more popular, or is being fostered with more care, than the art of Music. Music is the result of arranging sounds of periodic vibration into forms of beauty, in accordance with certain fixed laws of combination or composition.

It is now one of the chief of the fine arts, and excels all the others, inasmuch as it existed before the others were even thought of by man.

In its elementary stage, it existed before the pre-historic period, long before the oldest book was written. Its real beginning is a matter of mere supposition.

It is thought that many ages ago certain harmonious sounds were produced, perhaps accidentally, by the human voice, or by means of some rude instrument, and as harmonious succession of sounds has always had a certain inexplicable charm, both for the savage and the civilized ear, they were repeated, and myriads of musical sounds were discovered.

The ancient Greeks—a remarkably intelligent, learned, and noble race—constructed scales, which are still in use, and which will never fall into desuetude till the end of time. They adapted music to their poetry, and interesting stories are narrated of the remarkable influence the soul-stirring strains had upon their stout-hearted warriors even in the thick of the battle.

Though none can surpass the eloquence of the silver-tongued Demosthenes, and few are capable of the philosophic thought of Aristotle, yet, during these many centuries, the art of music has been perfected to a degree infinitely higher than it had reached in the time when Greece was the centre of art and culture.

As men have become famous in the field of literature, in the domain of science, and in the other fine arts, so also in music men have reached that summit of fame, which is the earthly reward of genius.

Ever and anon, this art has been touched by the adorning hand of some

brilliant master, such as Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, or Wagner, with the result that classical music of to-day is capable of expressing the highest thought and the loftiest sentiments of man.

From the description of the roaring of cannon—the moans of grief and pain, and the surging to and fro on the bloody battle-field—the awfully impressive whirl and thunder of the swelling tempest, as the elements wage war in all their terrible fury—the maddening anguish and heartrending cry of man in his despair—Music may just as easily and suddenly transport us to the peace, tranquillity, and calmness, that fill the heart with joy, or to the melancholy and disappointment, that bury it in sadness.

It describes the beauty, loneliness, yet happiness, of some pastoral scene, where the shepherd—the student of nature—watches his flocks, and, with a heart full of peace, thinks of the Prince of Peace, Who deigns to impart a portion of His heavenly bliss to the humble and the lowly.

Unlike the other Arts, which bestow their pleasures and enjoyments on the favored few, the art of Music bestows alike its heavenly influence on the king and the peasant, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, on persons in every walk of life.

It is a curious fact that, like the universal idea every nation, from the remotest days of antiquity, has had of the existence of One Eternal Supreme Being, music has been known, and its power of pleasing felt, by every people scattered over the broad surface of this earth.

In the gilded halls of the emperor's palace, as in the peasant's lowly abode, in the crowded city and in the remote rural hamlet, is the "soul of Music shed." In the theatres, it contributes to the enjoyment of the populace; in the temples of God, it glorifies the Almighty. Its influence is universal; with its inherent beauty, harmony, and pathos, it is but a foretaste of Paradise.

*Ch. Keane, '06.*

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THE Freshman and Sophomore Classes bade farewell to "Alcestis" a few weeks ago, and are now enjoying Demosthenes' speeches in the "Agora" of Athens.

THE Second German Class had another representative at a Sunday evening concert lately, when Malloy gave us a German recitation.

THE Chemistry Class received an addition recently in John Scanlon, who takes Saturday morning laboratory work in addition to the regular class.

THE Second Academic has already finished the program in Mathematics for this term, and are now having a general review of the year's work.

THE members of the First French Class, Father Patrick A. McDermott, Professor, have taken a great interest in the characters of "Le Tresor" during the past year, and were sorry to part with them when the play was finished.

If you hear an uproar in the rear class-rooms and distinguish an intermixture of yells of "Murder! Mercy! Help! Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood! &c," don't ring up the patrol: that's only elocution practice.

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## ...EDITORIALS..

### Summer Work.

Hard work, and serious preparation for the closing examinations, are the watchwords just now. In spite of all the distractions incident to this period of the scholastic year, there is an atmosphere of serious determination about the class-rooms which is the best criterium of good college-work. The Professors are busy rounding up the prescribed program for the last term, the pupils are hustling to come out well in the final list of Passes and Distinctions, and along with all this, the sodalities are in good working operation, the baseball teams are more successful than ever, the athletes are practising for the field-day at home and the great Inter-collegiate meet on Decoration Day.

All this is as it should be in a thriving, active, representative and successful College.

P. A. C.



## The Recent Catastrophe.

Just as we are going to press, we learn of the dreadful catastrophe that has befallen the city and inhabitants of St. Pierre, Island of Martinique. Deeply as we deplore this visitation, in common with all those who are not bereft of ordinary human sympathy, we feel more particularly grieved, since we learn that the disaster has brought death to the religious brethren of our Faculty, and destruction to one of the finest and largest colleges of the Holy Ghost Order. While hoping that later tidings may minimize its extent, and while bowing to the decrees of an all-wise Providence, we cannot forbear expressing our indignation at the sentiments of Ex-Consul Tucker, who, as we learn from some of our Fathers that have taught at the College, as recently as a few months ago, committed an outrageous libel upon the inhabitants of St. Pierre, by comparing them, in an unqualified manner, to those of Sodom and Gomorrha, and inferring that such a visitation was what he had long expected.

It might have been more Christian and less pharisaical for the Ex-Consul to express rather compassionate sympathy for the awful fate of those whose hospitality he had once enjoyed. If, during the four or five years he had spent there, he had, at any one time, recognized the universal wickedness of the place, he should have left it like Lot, in which case the disaster should have occurred immediately after his departure. It may, however, be a case of "*ex abundantia cordis os loquitur.*"

T. F. C.



## The Catholic Federation and Politics.

There is much ado among some divisions of Catholic thinkers about keeping Catholic societies out of politics. They think the Federation must eschew them entirely. Now, to be brief, we have no such duty; we have not even the privilege; it is not permissible. Politics may enter the domain of religion; there have been political crises wherein it was the solemn duty of Catholics to act as one man. It was thus in O'Connell's day and in the days of Windthorst. The Russian and entire Orthodox Church of 90,000,000 was severed from its head by despotic politics. We see the machination of our enemies in France today.

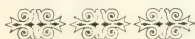
Imagine then a body of 6,000,000 Catholics, organized and influential, facing a situation of grave interest—imagine them positively agreeing to throw away their organized strength whenever self-defense may be necessary, because, forsooth, the question is political. Catholic France is sneered at because it does not unite for its own interest; it would heighten the ludicrousness of the position if they did unite in order to make official statement of their apathy.

How could conscience allow them such a step? How can patriotism

allow it? It is poor statesmanship. No large and powerful body can consider itself a political non-entity: government must view askance any decision of this nature. Such decision in Italy is precisely a protest against the government's right to rule.

A political party is not argued for here, but what is here opposed is the idea of a society forever denying to itself the right to lawfully act in the public weal and for its own good. The right exists and should be left intact. Yet this would be widely different from the political aspect of the German Centrum, and certainly the Centrum is an honor to Catholicity. And, be it remembered, the Centrum is not in a false or incongruous position by any means. It lives by the spirit of Mallinekrodt, who cried: "I ask no favors, but, as a citizen, I demand my rights." It remains, at the same time, the most patriotic party in Germany.

J. P. M.



### ALUMNI.

John L. Benitz, '86, well-known in journalistic circles for literary ability, has become a member of the Pittsburg Catholic Truth Society. An able hand in a noble cause!

Fr. Toohill, Jr., '94, of the firm of Toohill Bros., is also Assistant Cashier of the First National Bank of Pitcairn, and a very promising financier.

The Cadwallader Tin Plate and Metal Co., City, have erected an independent plant, including a dippery. The incorporators, it appears, are five in number, three of them past students. These are Joseph Cawley, '94; F. H. Good '95, and Raymond Franz, '94.

How the musical art has had its votaries among our Alumni was very evident at their last general meeting. Besides the College Orchestra, we had the Mitchel Brothers, whose Orchestra is in constant requisition of late, and the Hooper Brothers, who, being nearer at hand, have often charmed the students. These latter have a harpist, and what a wealth of sentiment attaches to a harp! Chas. E. Mitchel, '85, is Director of the choir at St. Mary's, 46th street.

Wm. R. Berger, '81, is assistant to the Secretary of the City Insurance Co., Tradesmen's Building, Fourth avenue and Wood street.

James A. McCaffrey, '95, has a position supposing aptitude in mechanical engineering: he is model-maker in Marshall's Structural Iron Works, 28th and Railroad streets.

Charles Huhn, '97, is in the Auditing Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Some time ago we met two of our old boys of '89—Messrs. Mathew J. Boyle, and John J. Quill. The former, after being engaged in the general offices of Clarke's Rolling Mill, at 36th Street, yielded to the attractions of a country life, and, for the last two and a half years, has been occupied in the cultivation of a splendid farm of 130 acres between St. Joe and Heck Station, Butler County. He has also been a Benedict for over three years past, having been married in '98 to Miss Alice Bell of Friendship Avenue, Bloomfield. Matt was famous in olden days as a baseball player, as well as an actor, having most successfully portrayed the character of one of the three witches in the play of Macbeth. The other two on that occasion were Messrs. M. J. Kelly and Thos. J. Coyle.

Mr. John J. Quill, '89, is a cousin of Father William Drum, and is engaged in the Boiler making department of the H. K. Porter & Co. works at 49th Street. He, also, has been married since October 10, 1900, to an estimable young lady of the East End, Miss Katherine Hierholtz.



## ATHLETICS.

### VARSITY TEAM.

In reviewing the many games thus far played during the present season, we must come to the conclusion that the present team is the best and greatest all-round team that has ever represented the Pittsburg Collegé.

The only two games lost were the one against the Civic Club, on April 19, by the close score of 2-3, in which the visitors made the winning run in the ninth by the closest margin, and the greatest luck ever seen on our field.

On May 1, the College team went down to Homestead, where their costly errors in the early stages of the game, aided and furthered by umpiring of a very yellow streak, cost them the game by the score of 1-8. Our boys threw away several chances of scoring, but while they got the hits, eight in number, the Homestead professionals registered eight runs, although making only 6 hits off Gapen's delivery.

On April 23, they went down to Washington and beat their old rivals, W. & J., on their own ground, after magnificent twirling on the part of Gapen, fine all-round batting, and splendid fielding.

The following Saturday, Kilgallen pitched his first full game and won out easily against the All-Stars by the score of 6-1, giving the visitors only 3 hits.

At Monessen, on May 3, we played to a dead standstill the strong aggregation of Stars which had been collected from all over the country by the enterprising management, Gapen giving them only 4 hits, and Mayer, at first, doing some sensational work. The score was 1-1.

On May 7, the W. U. P. (Dentals) were easily trimmed up to the tune



of 13-2. Kilgallen, who pitched, was especially effective with men on bases, while his support was excellent.

On May 10, the Lyceum Team fell a victim to Gape's merciless curves, and would have been blanked were it not that old Gape let up somewhat in the ninth, giving them three singles and allowing them to score 2 runs. During the previous eight innings all they managed to secure was a scattering of three singles. Davin made a great record on this occasion, scoring two home runs in succession, a feat that was equalled once on our campus by Hans Wagner, when the Pittsburg Champion National League team played their first game of the season in Pittsburg against the College, in April, 1901.

#### THE RESERVES.

It was somewhat late when the Reserves organized; and consequently they have been backward in their schedule. So far, they have really played only one regular game, the one with Allegheny High School having been called, without any apparent reason, by the visitors in the seventh inning, just when the Reserves were getting well together. They showed up as well as could be expected in the practice game with the old time and experienced Junctions, on May 3.

Their first scheduled game of the season was with Beaver High School, at Beaver, on May 8, in which they lost, by a succession of inexcusable errors and by inability to hit the High School pitcher, by the score of 11-2.

Wiegel pitched a splendid game and would have probably evened up matters with the Beaver team, if he had received better support.

#### THE THIRD TEAM.

Although rather late in organizing, the members of the Third Team promise to make the present season as glorious as any former one. They showed of what stuff they are made by going into a game on Saturday, May 10, without any previous practice, and winning out in the ninth inning by heavy batting and good base-running after having several times thrown away the game by loose fielding. The final score was: P. C. Third-16, Burns & Giltinan-15.

Bishop and McCaffrey both pitched good ball. The make-up of the Third Team will probably be as follows: C., Breen; P., Bishop and Ober; SS., McCaffrey (elected Captain); 1st B., Costello, (elected Manager); 2d B., Murphy or King; 3d B., J. Collins; L., Zahronsky or Rankin; M., Moré or Otazo; R., Moroney or Cleary.

#### THE COMING FIELD MEET.

The Annual Inter-Class Field Meet of the College will take place on the campus, on Saturday, May 24. A large number of the boys will compete in the various events, and those of the Senior division who come out best will be eligible to enter for the great Inter-collegiate Meet to be held at Recreation Park, Allegheny, on Decoration Day.

The probable candidates that are looming up, with good prospects of success, for the latter occasion, are Messrs. P. O'Connor, J. O'Connell, J. O'Sullivan, J. Murphy, and J. McKeever, in the dashes, the relay, the hurdles and the jumps; Collins, O'Sullivan, Hickson and Russell, in the throwing of the shot, hammer and discus. In the long runs Messrs. Eschman, Javorski, Neilan, Hayes and Fandraj, are the most promising candidates. All are practicing hard every day, under the careful training of Prof. Marthens.



### EXCHANGES.

The April number of the *Pittsburg High School Journal* has quite a number of interesting "true stories" that make good reading. The Journal is generally teeming with a wealth of local and personal notes that have the genuine spice, and strike the happy mean between what is too dry and too ridiculous. As its editors, themselves, acknowledge, it is a pity that more versification is not to be found in its pages. Surely it is not from want of talent, as is evidenced by the occasional efforts dashed off in the columns of "Personals."

"Panhandle Cob," in the April *Transylvanian*, is one of the finest things of the kind we have ever read. It was written, says the Editor, while the author a graduate of K. U., '01, was a cowboy in the Panhandle of Texas. No wonder we find the author of such a kindly poem, so evidently full of the milk of human kindness, is now pastor of a church at Shelbyville.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* justly prides itself upon its short stories and its short 'Varsity verse, both of which find a ready welcome in other publications. No doubt it is a coincidence of thought and expression,—but in reading the pleasing sonnet on "Spring," we could not avoid being struck with the similarity between the two lines

"In after days when life's dim seasons fall,  
And I have gone along my dreary ways, &c.,"

and a part of the well-known "Love's Old Sweet Song," in which occur the following lines:

"Even to-day we hear Love's song of yore,  
Deep in our hearts it dwells for ever more;  
Footsteps may falter, weary be the way;  
Still we can hear it at the close of day.  
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall  
Love will be found the sweetest song of all, &c."

Very probably, indeed, the author of the sonnet may not have even heard the dear old song—or he may have, at one time, been thrilled by its touching expression of one of Nature's inspired thoughts, which it is so easy and so natural for the real poet unconsciously to assimilate.

## LOCALS.

Spring fever.

No, sir! Charlie Meyer didn't break the glass: he came off second best, his photograph made him look like thirty cents.

Rankin's latest novel is "The Mystery of the Grand-stand;" or "Who Threw the Hatchet?" Ask him about it: he won't get the least bit angry.

Angelo Casanova favored us with a recitation lately; at times we could not quite catch what he said, but we took his word for it.

Wagner is thinking seriously of getting a private secretary to handle his correspondence during the warm weather.

Captain Huckestein always takes his Ovid with him in his out-of-town trips with the team. No flies on "Hucky."

Owing to the fact that a theatre is not obtainable we must forego our intention of playing Hamlet, Richard III., or any other drama this year. We shall, however, have an Oratorical and Elocutionary Contest in Old City Hall, on the evening of May 20. A set of medals will be awarded the winners.

Our College Field Day will be held on May 24, on the College campus, and suitable prizes will be offered.

There is to be an Inter-Collegiate field and track meet at Recreation Park, Allegheny, on Decoration Day. The seating capacity there is greater than at Schenley Park, and there is shelter in case of rain. Entrance fee will be charged, and the contest will be well worth seeing. Each winner will get a silver cup, and the winning team a loving cup. The colleges entering are W. & J., Westminster, Geneva, W. U. P., Allegheny, W. V. U. and Pittsburg College.

We are glad to learn that the College is represented at the Pittsburg Scientific Congress called to plan a reception of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Fathers P. McDermott and Giblin and Prof. Campbell attended the meetings of March 12 and 23. Fr. McDermott is Chairman of the Press and Printing Committee.

The following was the programme for Sunday evening, May 4th:

Overture, "Black and White," College Orchestra; Waltz, "Spring Murmurs," College Orchestra; Recitation, "The Moon Shiner's Daughter," E. Jackson; Pianoforte Selection, Selected, Rev. J. Griffin; Recitation, "The Boy Hero," T. J. Hoffman; Cornet Selection, Selected, Master G. B. Weis; Debate on the Question, "Will Aerial Navigation Ever Attain Ultimate Success?" Chairman, J. P. O'Sullivan; Affirmative, C. V. Halleran; Negative, E. J. Knaebel. The negative carried of the palm. Father Griffin gave the verdict on the merit of the speeches as delivered. Finale, "Anvil Chorus," College Orchestra.

*A. J. Eschman.*



# List of Passes, Distinctions and Honor Certificates,

AT THE

## THIRD TERM EXAMINATIONS,

HELD IN

APRIL, 1902.

To secure a Pass a Student must get 60 per cent.; to obtain a Distinction it is necessary to get 80 per cent.

Certificates are given to Students who have obtained 80 per cent. in two subjects, provided they pass, i. e., obtain 60 per cent., in the other subjects of their course.

Both oral and written examinations have been taken into account for the Passes and Distinctions of the following lists.

### Grammar Class.

#### DIVISION C.

BURKE, J. J.—P., Draw., Pen. D., Rel.  
 BROSZKOWSKI, J.—P., Rel., Draw., Pen.  
 DALEY, M. J.—P., Rel., B. His., Hist., Geog., Eng., Draw., Pen.  
 CARR, W.—P., Eng., Draw., Pen. D., Rel.  
 GODLAUCKAS, S.—P., Rel., Draw., Pen. D., Pol.  
 LHOTA, J. A.—P., Rel., Eng., Draw., Pen.  
 MILLER, H. C.—P., B. His., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith. D., Rel., Draw., Pen.  
 PETGEN, L. E.—P., Rel., Eng., Draw., Pen.  
 ROGERS, W. G.—P., B. His., Hist., Geog., Eng., Draw., Pen. D., Rel.  
 ROMANOWSKI, J.—P., Rel., Eng. D., Draw., Pen.  
 STEIM, C. P.—P., B. His., Eng., Draw., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Arith.  
 TOMASZEWSKI, J.—P., Rel., Eng., Draw., Pen., Pol.

#### DIVISION B.

GLEESON, V. P.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Draw., Pen. D., Rel.  
 HOFFMAN, F. A.—P., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen. D., Rel.  
 LALLY, M. J.—P., Rel., B. His., Hist., Geog., Eng., Draw., Pen., Ger.  
 LAUNGER, E. R.—P., B. His., Eng., Arith. D., Rel., Draw., Pen.  
 MCCARTHY, T.—P., Eng., Draw., Pen. D., Rel.  
 MCCOOK, W. J.—P., Rel., Draw., Pen. D., Eng.  
 SCHAEFER, H. J.—P., Rel., Eng., Arith., Draw., Ger. D., B. His., Hist., Geog., Pen.  
 SCHMITZ, P. H.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Pen., Ger. D., Draw.

#### DIVISION A.

CAVANAUGH, M. J.—P., Eng., Pen., Draw. D., Rel., Arith.  
 DELANEY, J. G.—P., B. His., Eng. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Arith., Draw., Pen.  
 HAYS, H. G.—P., Rel., B. His., Eng., Draw., Pen. D., Arith.  
 HEILMAN, C. A.—P., Rel., B. His., Hist., Geog., Eng. D., Arith., Draw., Pen.  
 HUCKESTEIN, F. J.—P., Rel., Draw., Pen. D., Arith.  
 MASLEY, J. J.—P., Eng. D., Rel., Arith., Draw., Pen.  
 MORROW, L. P.—P., Eng., Draw., Pen. D., Rel., Arith.  
 MURPHY, J. A.—P., Rel., B. His., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw. D., Pen.  
 MCCORMICK, C. M.—P., B. His., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith.  
 D., Rel., B. His., Hist., Geog., Draw., Pen.  
 MCKNIGHT, E.—P., Eng., Arith. D., Rel., B. His., Hist., Geog., Draw., Pen.  
 SPAN, F.—P., B. His., Eng. D., Rel., Draw., Pen.

WALLACE, J.—P., B. His., Hist., Geog., Eng. D., Rel., Arith., Draw., Pen.  
 WIELECHOWSKI, I.—P., B. His., Hist., Geog., Eng., Pol.  
 D., Rel., Arith., Draw., Pen.

### Third Academic.

#### DIVISION B.

BULLION, G.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Zo. D., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Pen.  
 BURLAGA, F.—P., Lat., Fr., Zo. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Ger., Arith., Alg., Pen.  
 BISHOP, THOS.—P., Lat., Zo., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg.  
 CARROLL, J.—P., Ger., Fr., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo.  
 FUERST, J. E.—P., D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Fr., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 GOSIEWSKI, A.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Arith. D., Pen.  
 HESS, JOHN—P., Rel., Alg., Zo., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Arith.  
 KELIHER, E. F.—P., Lat., Zo., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg.  
 KRAMER, A.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Pen.  
 KRISKI, S.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Pen.  
 MALLOY, M.—P., Ger., Zo. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Pen.  
 MADDEN, WM.—P., Arith., Alg., Zo. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Pen.  
 MADDEN, F.—P., Rel., Arith. D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 MORONEY, R.—P., Rel., Lat., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Eng.  
 MURPHY, L. J.—P., Eng., Arith., Zo., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Alg.  
 McCann, ED.—P., Hist., Geog., Arith., Alg., Zo. D., Rel., Eng., Lat., Pen.  
 MCMAHON, THOS.—P., Ger., Fr., Arith., Zo., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat.  
 NIEHOFF, L.—P., Zo. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Pen.  
 QUEBEDO, A. C.—P., Arith. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 ROSSENBAUGH, J.—P., Rel., Eng., Fr., Arith., Zo.  
 D., Hist., Geog., Lat., Ger., Alg., Pen.  
 STRAVINSKI, W.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Zo. D., Alg., Pen.  
 THOMAS, P.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Ger., Arith., Zo. D., Lat., Alg., Pen.  
 VISLET, V. P.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Fr., Arith., Alg., Zo. D., Lat., Pen.  
 WINGENDORF, A.—P., Rel., Arith., Zo.  
 D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Fr., Alg., Pen.

#### DIVISION A.

ARETZ, A. A.—P., Fr., Alg., Arith.  
 D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Zo., Pen.  
 BAUM, K. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Ger., Zo., Pen.  
 BREEN, M. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Lat., Alg., Pen. D., Rel., Eng., Arith., Zo.  
 COLLINS, H.—P., Hist., Geog., Arith. D., Rel., Eng., Lat., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 CARRAHER, S. F.—P., Arith., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Zo., Pen.  
 CARLOS, J. A.—P., Arith., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Zo., Pen.  
 DULLARD, W. C.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Zo., Pen. D., Rel.  
 ENNIS, R. T.—P., Lat., Arith., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Zo., Pen.  
 FITZPATRICK, P. F.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith. D., Rel., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 GASPARD, H. N.—P., Arith., Alg.  
 D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Fr., Zo., Pen.  
 HAYES, A. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Ger., Fr., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Rel., Lat., Zo.  
 HAWKS, J. J.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Zo., Pen.  
 HOFFMANN, A. N.—P., Arith., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Zo., Pen.  
 KVATSAK, J. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Pen. D., Zo.  
 LANAHAN, J. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Lat., Arith., Zo., Pen. D., Rel.  
 LUTZ, J.—P., Rel., Lat., Arith., Pen.  
 MISCHLER, C. F.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Zo., Pen. D., Rel.

- McAFEE, F. L.—P., D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 McDONOUGH, J. F.—P., D., Lat., Arith., Alg., Pen.  
 O'HARA, W. B.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Arith., Zo., Pen.  
 POPP, T.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Zo., Pen.  
 POLUKAJTIS, J.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Hist., Geog., Zo.  
 RYAN, T. F.—P., D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 WAGNER, A. C.—P., Rel., Eng., Ger., Geom., Alg., Chem. D., Lat., Fr., Pen.  
 WISSEL, E. V.—P., Lat., Zo., Pen.  
 WOODARD, J. M.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Arith., Zo., Pen. D. Ger.  
 ZAREMBA, J.—P., Eng., Ger. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Arith., Zo., Pen.  
 ZINDLER, L. J.—P., Alg.  
 D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Fr., Arith., Zo., Pen.  
 CURRAN, E.—P., D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 HALEY, M.—P. Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Zo., Pen.

### Second Academic.

- BRIGGS, B. J.—P., Lat., Gr., Arith., Alg., Bot. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng.  
 DONOVAN, J. J.—P., Gr., Arith., Bot. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Alg.  
 CARR, G. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Gr., Arith., Bot. D., Rel., Ger., Alg.  
 FEHRENBACH, C. F.—P., Gr., Arith. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Alg., Bot.  
 GORECKI, B.—P., Eng., Ger., Bot. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng.  
 GRIFFIN, F. L.—P., Bot. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Gr., Ger., Arith., Alg.  
 HALLY, E. A.—P., Rel., Eng., Lat., Gr., Ger., Arith., Bot. D., Hist., Geog., Alg.  
 HELFRICH, A.—P., Gr., Fr., Arith., Bot.  
 D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Alg.  
 HUCKESTEIN, E. J.—P., Rel., Lat., Gr. D., Alg.  
 KEATING, J. B.—P., Eng., Lat. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Ger., Arith., Alg., Bot.  
 KEENEY, C. G.—P., Lat., Gr., Fr., Ger., Arith.  
 D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Alg., Bot.  
 KOLIPINSKI, S.—P., Arith.  
 D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Gr., Fr., Ger., Alg., Bot.  
 KVATSAK, T. D.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Bot.  
 MCHALE, M. J.—P., Arith.  
 D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Gr., Fr., Ger., Alg., Bot.  
 MCKERNAN, J. A.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Gr., Ger., Arith., Bot. D., Rel., Fr.  
 MARRON, F. P.—P., Lat., Gr., Fr., Arith., Alg.  
 D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Ger., Bot.  
 MISKLOW, P. L.—P., Lat., Ger., Bot. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg.  
 MUHA, A. J.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Gr., Arith., Alg., Bot.  
 PLANITZER, O. E.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Gr., Fr., Ger., Arith., Bot.  
 D., Rel., Lat., Alg.  
 RYAN, R. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Gr., Fr., Arith., Alg., Bot. D., Rel., Lat., Ger.  
 SWEENEY, E. A.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Bot. D., Rel.  
 TANNEY, J. A.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith. D., Rel., Ger., Alg.  
 THORNTON, J. F.—P., Alg., Bot.  
 D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Gr., Fr., Ger., Arith.

### First Academic.

- BARLOCK, G. D.—P., Lat., Gr., Arith., Alg., Geom.  
 D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Geol.  
 BRAUN, G. V.—P., Lat., Gr., Ger., Geol., Geom.  
 D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg.  
 CASSIDY, W.—P., Rel., Alg., Geom. D., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Gr., Arith., Geol.



- OSTELLO, J. A.—P., Eng., Lat., Ger., Arith., Alg.  
D., Rel., Gr., Geol., Geom., Hist., Geog.
- JOYLE, J. J.—P., Lat., Gr., Fr., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Ger., Geol.
- DEKOWSKI, J. J.—P., Gr., Arith., Alg., Geol., Geom.  
D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Fr., Ger.
- MANNIGAN, C. B.—P., Rel., Eng., Fr., Ger., Alg., Geol.  
D., Hist., Geog., Lat., Gr.
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HWAB, F. A.—P., Ch. His., Hist., Eng., Lat., Gr., Fr., Alg., Geom.

D., Ger., Chem.

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D., Script., Eng., Fr., Ger., Ph., Con. Sec., Hist.

CKEEVER, J. A.—P., Script., Phil., Eng., Lat., Fr., Ger., Alg. D., Hist.

CHUGH, C. E.—P., Script., Fr.

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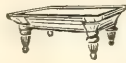
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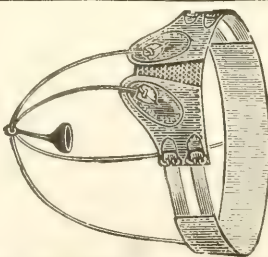
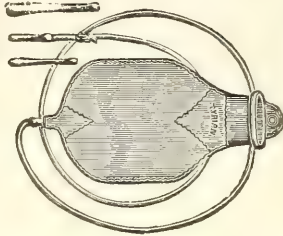
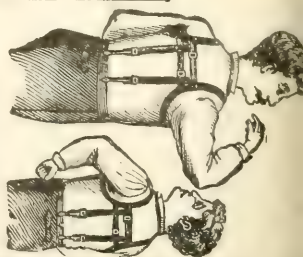
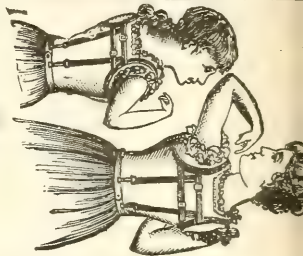
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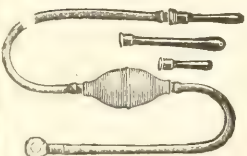
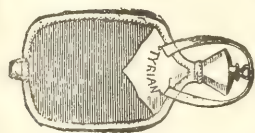
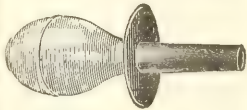
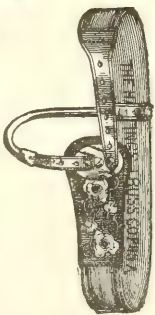
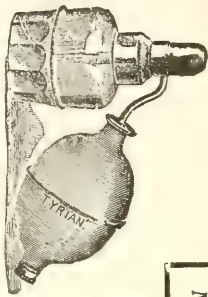


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Graduates 1902. Classical Course.



# Pittsburg College Bulletin.

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Vol. VIII.

Pittsburg, Pa., June, 1902.

No. 9.

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## A Quatrain at Communion.

That I seem cold, Sweet Host, and want in love—  
I, rutted here upon the road men trod—  
Is not that I feel not this Gift of Thine,  
But that I know not how to thank a God!

*Alfred McCann.*



## The Beautiful.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful!  
By the wayside let them fall,  
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,  
And the vine on the garden wall;  
Cover the rough and the rude of earth  
With a veil of leaves and flowers,  
And mark with the opening bud and cup  
The march of summer hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful  
In the holy shrine of home!  
Let the pure and the fair and the graceful there  
In their loveliest lustre come;  
Leave not a trace of deformity  
In the temple of the heart,  
But gather about its hearth the gems  
Of nature and of art.

*L. A. C.*

## FEDERATION—ITS SPIRIT AND SPHERE.

(MR. JOHN P. MURPHY.)

It is the duty, as it should be the pride, of every college graduate to manifest an intelligent, a practical, and a leading interest in the main elements and problems of public life. Not that he should bring to bear upon them the controversies of the schools, nor that he should exercise upon them the same speculation which formed a part of his collegiate studies—but that he should be “a leader in thought, in action, in the development of the resources of the Country, and in the betterment of the conditions of society.” “The educated man should be an example of strong, sturdy manliness which tells of a soul in all his acts, and a faith in God, which spiritualizes his entire life. In him should be the hope which argues immortality, and the will which finds its perfection in obedience to eternal laws. Herein is to be found the Christian gentleman, whose life is a blessing to his fellow men. The college adds culture to his knowledge, and aims to make him a model man, a good citizen and a true scholar”.—Mgr. Conaty.

If this be incumbent upon every graduate that realizes the dignity and the responsibilities of his position in regard to any important question of the hour—if this be his duty as a citizen and as a man, it must be eminently so, of one who, as the Catholic student and graduate, is conscious of the everlasting truth, and feels the solidity of the Rock upon which he stands. He cannot shirk his place in the line. He cannot be content to bury his talent in the earth. He must be the champion of every good cause whose issue is at stake. Like the knights of old, he must take up the gauntlet when thrown into the arena.

Today, as at all times, necessarily, there are questions to discuss, and controversies to settle, and problems to solve, and causes to defend. They range from end to end of the vast realm of human thought and human action. They are not all new—in fact they are, for the most part, old and beaten subjects clothed in the garb of novelty—subjects discussed, and reasoned out, and demonstrated, a hundred times over, from century to century. But, in the broad circle of present topics, none is, today, more familiar, none is, perhaps, of more general import to the Catholic world than the question of Federation. It is vital—it is efficacious—it is active, under some form or another, in every land where Catholic interests are at stake.

Federation is a significant word in the lexicon of all whose hearts are fired with zeal for country, for education, for faith. Federation is not a mere modern fad, that takes a passing importance or a factitious strength from the momentary exigencies of the hour. No, it has existed, in every era, it has entered, as a necessary factor, into the success of every collective and victorious struggle. It was Federation that won the undying results and

privileges of the Magna Charta—it was Federation that made a glorious and powerful commonwealth out of a handful of scattered colonies—it was Federation that inspired the motto and the device of a new and modern people, "*E pluribus unum*"—it was Federation that crushed the discord of rebellion, and built up the grand edifice, the impregnable citadel, of the Union, over which floats the one, common, and glorious flag!

Unity is the watchword of society—it implies wisdom in the conception of the means, determination in the selection, and strength in the execution. No wonder it is put forward as the primary note and the essential property of the true Church. As such, it is easily visible and recognizable, from the days of St. Peter to those of our illustrious Pontiff, Leo XIII. Yet what is unity but Federation? As varied elements combine to form the very air on which we live, so, by fraternal and concerted union, Federation welds together the grand scheme of human society. In this society we have our allotted part, our portion of the work, our share in the end and in the means.

Our duty in the matter is clear—we cannot find a more lucid enunciation of this obligation than in the words of the Encyclical of our Holy Father the Pope, who points to us the way, who lays out for us the path.

Our duty is to "defend and develop the Kingdom of God upon earth."—He even prophesies, "If while keeping ourselves above political passion, we unite our action with that of the clergy we shall succeed with the blessing of God in accomplishing marvels." This union between the clergy and the laity is the object of his concern and the subject of his especial blessing—it is a union which he encourages, and which he acknowledges to be growing more and more. "The clergy and laity are more closely knit together and more completely freed from human respect than ever before—they are awakening to a new life, and organizing with a generous emulation in defense of the sacred cause of religion. It is the union which We have so often recommended and which We recommend again, which We bless that it may develop still more and may rise like an impregnable wall against the fierce violence of the enemies of God."

Here, especially, where the process of a people's amalgamation is visibly taking place—where the individual representatives of every nation on the face of the earth come to seek the blessings of untrammelled liberty,—where nationalities, elsewhere at variance—nay, even at war with one another, come into the closest, daily contact of business or society; Unity is the magic wand that generates peace, and mutual understanding; and ultimate civilization, and glorious progress.

Why, therefore, should we not profit of the unlimited possibilities that spread out before us, and unite in all the details that interest the dignity, the glory, and the efficacy of our faith—as we do in the essentials, in dogma, in morals, in discipline and in administration? Here, if we but dare to assert it boldly and intelligently—with moderation and dignity, but with persistent



courage and with timely enforcement,—we can have no state persecution from on high, we can have no discrimination as long as the Constitution remains a living and acknowledged charter of our rights. We are by no means deficient in numbers—we have the principles—we have the convictions—we have the administrative machinery—we have the same, sublime, ultimate end and purpose, true happiness of virtue in this life, and of merit in the life to come. Believing that we have the truth—the divine deposit, can we hesitate? Ought we neglect any means to declare it, and put it before all men, *importunè* or *opportunè*, as the one solution of all human difficulties, the one remedy of all earthly evils? In the words of our glorious Pontiff, Leo XIII., addressed just recently to the American Church, “it is true we receive no statutory favor from the civil government, but the authorities of our republic deserve at least this praise that they deny to us none of our rightful liberties.” “You ought then,” says the Holy Father, “you and the body of the faithful—to profit by these favorable circumstances, to diffuse as widely as possible the light of the truth and to banish the darkness of the errors that are multiplying.”

In this we must not, and cannot, act intolerantly toward those who differ with us. Intolerance is one thing—the persistence of effort, the courage of conviction, is another thing. Violent aggression is not the spirit of Federation. The spirit of strife, contention, animosity, or bitterness, must always be foreign to those whose characteristic is peace, fraternal charity and meekness. But there is no need of it—we cannot expect to be without persecution. “During the whole course of her history the Church of Christ has had to combat and suffer for truth and justice,” says Leo XIII. in the grand Apostolic letter of his Jubilee which bears to the world his last will and testament. “The Divine Redeemer Himself, as was foretold by Simeon, became ‘a sign to be contradicted.’ What wonder then if the Church, which continues his divine mission and is the incorruptible depository of His truths, has inherited the same lot!”

But, on the other hand, it was not the Master’s intention that we should lie down inert, supine and listless, beneath the yoke of oppression and tyranny without a manful fight in our own cause, for our own prerogatives.

It was not thus that St. Paul did—that Tertullian did—or the other apologists of the Christian religion. If such were the procedure most commendable, much of the Church’s chronicle would certainly remain unwritten. But history teems with examples proving the value of an active zeal. Did not the ardent faith of Ireland win a precious victory in the English Parliament when the great and eloquent O’Connell marshalled his countrymen in the cause of Catholic Emancipation and rent the shackles of slavery? There was a time, in the sad history of that country, when

“The peasant scarce had leave to live—  
Above his head a ruined shed  
No tenure but a tyrant’s will.”

Would the faith itself not have died out if the Irish were not energetic and uncompromising in matters of religion and divine truth?

But in the great cause of Federation there are, as in all other matters, extremes to be avoided. Too great a zeal should not creep in suddenly, because the poet says and well:

"Violent fires soon burn out themselves  
Small showers last long but sudden storms are short;  
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;  
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder;  
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself."

On the other hand, we must confidently approach the haven of our destiny and profit of the opportunity, because

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to Fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is found in shallows, and in miseries:  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures."

Let the great object be to make all men of one mind regarding the privileges of Holy Church, the great emancipator of all. Let truth be diffused and carried from pole to pole—from the simplest peasant to the greatest monarch. What, forsooth, is more estimable in a great work than truth—the noblest gift the Almighty has implanted in the heart of man!

It may be said without hesitancy that a great advantage accruing from Federation is the diffusion of truth and knowledge through the medium of good literature. 'The pen is mightier than the sword.' How well was the celebrated latin poet, Horace, aware of this when he said:—"nec virtute foret clarisve potentius armis quam lingua Latium."

Behold then what Federation among Catholics signifies! To it must be ascribed the wonderful progress made in the German Centrum where Catholicity shines in all its lustre—nothing has grown as it has grown, nothing more surprises all than its rapid development of formidable strength. But the absence of such an institution has told with terrible effect in the genial land of France. We see her ancient glory, her valor and her faith almost mouldering in the dust. Her sword is not yet in twain. May the rabid persecutors of her faith and morality seek ere long an asylum in the bosom of the Church!

In this Country, the theatre of patriotism—the field of true liberty, international enmities and, what may be styled darling prejudices, must be checked for the purpose of obtaining the great object in view. What can be, therefore, more glorious on earth than to be a united people linked in brotherhood and knitted together in pursuance of a noble cause—a cause of liberty—a cause of honor—a cause of humanity. In a word the highest interests of the human race seem to have been entrusted to our keeping. In

this great cause, and in this great union of associated labor and enterprise, let us take peace and conciliation on the one hand, justice and truth in the other. "We ask no favors, but as citizens we demand our full rights."

And let our prayer be that of Leo XIII.:—"May the triumph of truth and of justice be thus hastened in the world, and for the great family of men may better days dawn, days of tranquillity and peace!"



## THE HISTORIC HIGHWAYS OF PITTSBURG.

### IV.

GRANT: Major, afterwards General James, Grant, was born in 1720, appointed Major of a company of Highlanders in 1757, and came to America with Brigadier General Forbes. Colonel Boquet, who commanded the advance party of British under Forbes, was encamped at Fort Ligonier with about 2,000 men who were engaged in building a road to Fort Duquesne, preparatory to making an attack upon that fortification. In a weak moment Boquet allowed Major Grant, with about 800 picked men, partly Highlanders, and partly Virginians in Indian garb, to reconnoiter and ascertain the strength and position of the enemy quartered at Fort Duquesne. Grant and his men arrived at a slight eminence about a half mile from the fort at 2 A. M., September 14, 1758. Instead of going about things quietly he seems to have made all the noise he could. His actions displayed a bravado, a reckless daring, and a lack of foresight which could not but result in disaster. He divided his troops, sent out an observation party who set fire to a house, and returned unmolested, which circumstances Grant interpreted as a sign of fear on the part of the French. At daybreak he sounded reveille. The roll of drums was answered by a swarm of French and Indians, and a scene similar to that of Braddock's defeat was enacted o'er. The English marshalled their troops according to European tactics, and for over half an hour they stood their ground, but the destructive fire poured into them from all sides by their ambushed foe, accompanied by the piercing yells of the savages, soon caused a wild flight. Several of the officers sought in vain to hold their ground. The Indians used the tomahawk and scalping knife with dreadful carnage, and at length Grant surrendered. The fugitives retreated to fort Ligonier, where it was found that 21 officers and 273 privates had been killed or taken prisoners. The Virginians and Highlanders fought bravely, and merited the praise which General Forbes bestowed on them. The scene of Major Grant's defeat is what is known as "Grant's Hill" on which is located the Allegheny County Court House. The Daughters of the American Revolution have, with commendable historic appreciation, erected a tablet on the Court House to commemorate the engagement, which lends a melancholy interest to Pittsburg's "hump."



After his release Grant was appointed Governor of East Florida. He later became a member of Parliament, and before the war of American Independence, he boasted that he would have no difficulty in leading a British regiment from one end of the Colonies to the other. When the war broke out he was given an opportunity to test the valor of the colonists whom he had repeatedly characterized as cowards. He took part in the battle of Long Island, commanding the 4th and 6th brigades of the British Army.

In December, 1776, he was given the command of all the English forces in New Jersey. The American victories of Trenton and Princeton immediately followed, and the British were finally compelled to evacuate New Jersey. Towards the end of his life Grant was a gourmand, and required his cook to be constantly with him. He died April 13, 1806.

**BOQUET:** The only vestige of the former British supremacy of the territory in and about Pittsburg is the historic Block House, about which there has been, and is still, so much discussion. This ancient structure, which bears the date 1764, was erected by Colonel Henry Boquet, who was a native of Switzerland, but who commanded a force of the British under Forbes. Boquet was a splendid soldier, and displayed his skill in adapting himself to the circumstances of frontier warfare. He concurred with Washington that the only way of effectively waging war upon the Indians was to employ tactics similar to those used by the savages, an opinion to which General Forbes was finally won.

Boquet was of courageous mold, and of manly and noble disposition, while his conciliatory plans added much to the success of the British arms. His valor was tested throughout the reign of terror which prevailed during the ravages made by the Indians under the celebrated Pontiac.

The writer of these papers has now traced briefly the identity of the historic thoroughfares of Pittsburg from a point in the dim distant past, up to 1764, and he now begs to leave the task of further historical research to other students of the College. Freshmen and Sophomores, get out your histories, and rescue some of our principal streets from the oblivion which now surrounds them. Say with the poet:

"I do love these ancient streets.  
We never tread upon them but we set  
Our foot upon some rev'rend history."

*T. F. Coakley, '03.*



### CORPUS CHRISTI.

The great feast of Corpus Christi was celebrated in our College, on May 29th, in such a solemn and profound manner as only the Catholic ritual can dictate. We not only celebrated "Corpus Christi" but also shared in the happiest day of the nine youths who had the high honor of receiving, on this day, for the first time, the Sacrament of Love, Jesus Christ, Himself.

These youths, having been made soldiers of Christ on Pentecost Sunday, after again renouncing, before all the students and the members of the community, the devil, his pomps and his works, consecrated themselves to the Blessed Virgin, and took the pledge to abstain from all intoxicating drinks until their 21st year. What noble deeds!

The ceremonies began with a Solemn High Mass, celebrated by Rev. P. A. McDermott, assisted by Fathers Giblin and Gavin, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The sermon was preached by the Rev. President, and was a masterpiece of exhortation and advice to the communicants.

After Mass, the procession of the Blessed Sacrament was formed and marched solemnly around the campus to the spot where the altar, decorated with lighted candles, flowers and ferns under the able guidance of Father Danner, had been erected. It seemed as if the whole surrounding place had suddenly been changed into a church, whose dome was the firmament. It was a pleasing sight, never to be forgotten.

The different Sodalities, with their several banners, led the way; next came the College Band and Choir, which alternated with music and hymns; the Cross bearer, altar boys and surpliced clergy immediately preceded the Blessed Sacrament, borne by the Reverend President beneath a canopy of cloth of gold, supported by members of the graduating class. The procession slowly advanced through the campus, and, when the altar erected in the grandstand was reached, all knelt to receive the Benediction. On their return to the chapel, the Most Holy Sacrament was once more raised in blessing and the impressive religious services of the day were over.

The day was an ideal one, and the sacred vestments glittered as pure gold in the bright sunshine. The scattering of twigs and flowers rendered the way of the procession a green and floral carpet. This procession was the largest our *Alma Mater* ever witnessed, as not only all the students but also the parents and friends of our First Communicants were present.



### The Stream.

The stream flows down a slant of earth,  
Purls, murmurs, flows and bubbles on,  
Down, downward, down its sighs, its mirth  
Have reached the sea and lo—are gone!

Its waters and its downward way  
In filmy, sun-loved vapors rise.  
Its work is done—pure, light, white, gay  
It rests a cloud along the skies.

The toiler's life is but a stream,  
Whose way a weary, downward flow  
Shall rise to rest, for cares but seem,  
And clouds once streams flowed just as low.

*Alfred McCann.*

## THE EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES OF THE HOUR.

(MR. WILLIAM J. RYAN.)

We have abundant reason, in reading the history of our Country, to admire the wisdom, the prudence, the forethought of our illustrious Washington in all matters relating to the future interests of the Nation which he was so instrumental in establishing. But when we find him in the earliest part of his career standing upon the banks of the "Belle Riviere," and looking over the broad expanse of waters that bathed our historic point, prophesying to the Governor of Virginia the future value and importance of its situation—we wonder if, within his mind, there was pictured, at that moment, a faint image of the possible growth of the future city.

It is not one hundred and fifty years since the first permanent white settlement was effected upon the spot which we now occupy tonight. And yet, Ladies and Gentlemen, when we look back upon that century and a half and contemplate the infancy of this little but formidable and strategic point, so eagerly coveted by the contending powers—thence, through its long struggle for a doubtful and precarious existence to its birth as a borough—down through its vigorous youth as a commercial centre and an industrial metropolis, we cannot but wonder at the designs which Providence has had upon its people and its fortunes. The very atmosphere we breathe is redolent of border romance! The very names of our streets have their thrilling history to tell! We can scarcely look through our parlor window or move from our doorstep, but we are confronted with some towering hill that points our vision to an important date or to a well-known incident.

But leaving aside the dark period of romance and adventure, of horror and bloodshed, of midnight alarm and of noonday assault, which this little corner of historic land has witnessed—let us look only to the time when Pittsburg began to exist as an incorporated borough! What a magnificent picture those first hundred years of her existence present to the admiring gaze of the student of American history! What a bright chapter of progress, of industry, of success, it adds to the pages of the world's history! What a rich legacy it has handed down to succeeding generations! A legacy of example, of unparalleled energy, of astonishing enterprise! And is it too much to assert that there is, to-day, no city in the Union of which its citizens have greater reason to be proud—none that has remained more faithful to the traditions of its infancy, none more thoroughly conservative as a truly typical American city?

The records and the facts are there to speak for themselves. What language of orators could be more eloquent in proof of Pittsburg's astonishing business energy in those early days than the facts which we glean about her glass works, her shipbuilding, her commerce and her trade!

Thus was it in every line of industry down to the era of the great



Civil War that threatened the overthrow of our national unity. I need not say to you how this sturdy old City acted her part during that sad period of our history—or describe to you the energy she displayed in sending her men to die at the front in every battle and at every siege from Bull's Run to Appomattox—from Gettysburg in the North to Vicksburg in the South—or remind you how she cared for 400,000 sick and wounded within her hospitable walls! When the ravages of war were over, she settled at once into the steady, onward march of progress that has made her known today throughout the world as the most progressive, the most industrious, the most representative of American cities.

But industry is not enough to make the ideal abode of men that should enjoy the full privileges of human nature and human liberty. Labor and toil, and trade, and commerce are but the transitory means. They cannot appeal to the instincts of the higher man. And thus it is that we needed something more ennobling, something more elevating, something more intellectual. We needed progress, and advancement in science and art—in the labor and the industry of the mind—in the commerce of intellect and thought. For a time it seemed to those who looked upon the surface, or who beheld no deeper than the smoky atmosphere of our industrious valleys, that all ambition of intellectual progress was lost in the preoccupations of material gain. Such, however, was not the case, for quietly, humbly, but energetically and perseveringly those educational forces were at work from the very infancy of our City down to the present day, which have now transformed the centre of busy trade and industry into a metropolis of education—of science and of art.

No wonder, therefore, our City is hailed as the birthplace of those free libraries that circle the globe. No wonder she is now the objective point of foreigners that wish to study and to emulate our great institutions. No wonder she is the chosen meeting place for almost every national convention that is concerned in the progress of science, or the improvement of art, or the development of inventive genius. The artists of the world vie with one another in sending us their masterpieces of painting and sculpture—the great composers of the century will have us listen to, and criticize, their works—the inventors, the engineers, the architects of the world want our City to be the theatre of their genius, the home of their mental offspring, the *salon* for the exhibition of their creative efforts.

In the midst of such surroundings—in the midst of such an atmosphere—in the abundance of such educational facilities shall we remain callous and indifferent, unresponsive and unprogressive? If we are the centre of the largest manufactories in the world, it is in great part due to the mental energy of those who profited of our local conditions—if we have scientific institutes and schools established here it is owing to the generosity and broad-minded foresight of those who have grown up in our own midst. If we find France recognizing our importance and sending us her Minister

of Commerce, to study our conditions, our ideas and our methods, is it possible that our own young men will be blind to the unequalled opportunities that are thrust, as it were, at their very feet? If men of every branch and department of modern science find it possible to learn within our walls something new and advantageous and profitable along their respective lines, shall we be listless and idle at the gate, while the stranger is reaping the rich harvest that grows within?

We have a school population among the largest in the United States, we have schools and academies, and institutes and colleges that stand out among the foremost in the Country—we have courses and methods and systems that are the choicest and the most effective in the land—we have teachers whose work has stood the test of comparison in every other educational centre to which our Pittsburg boys have flocked—is it any longer possible to find a young man that will not rise to the occasion, that will not seize upon the golden opportunity of the hour when “knowledge henceforth shall be power?” Is it possible any longer to find a Pittsburg parent that will, in the words of the Apostle James, be “worse than the infidel,” by neglecting his own household? that will allow his family to grow up in the bondage of ignorance? that will neutralize or destroy the talents that have been entrusted to his care and that he must help to fructify?

No! such can not be longer the case, in this wonderful City, the home of industry, the centre of every educational advantage—a place which Providence has blessed a thousand fold—a place where His gifts abound—and where from far and near come the men and women of the universal world, to find the peace, the prosperity, the progress, the enlightenment that should be our highest aim and our noblest enjoyment along the pathway of life!



## A BEACON LIGHT FOR MODERN SCIENCE.

(P. F. O'CONNOR.)

The brilliant and deep reflection of Pope, “A little learning is a dangerous thing,” receives momentous application in the words of Bacon: “Small draughts of Philosophy lead men to atheism, but large ones bring back to God.”

The invention of printing and a consequent spread of literature imparted to the masses “a little learning” and “small draughts of philosophy.” Before the sobering draughts of deeper research, intoxication of intellect made them a prey to manifold error. But as time rolls on it strikes the world as a remarkable phenomenon that Holy Church possessed the peerless minds of Augustine and Aquinas, vanquished the loftiest and noblest soul of Protestantism, Newman, and now absorbs the intellect of the proudest champions of agnosticism. Has not Brunétiere, also, the most scholarly

agnostic of our epoch, but recently entered the Church, proclaiming the bankruptcy of science?

No career but may profit of science, no soul so dead but feels a thirst for it, yea, for the very abstractions of philosophy, which gives system and security to thought. Each year, however, the philosopher would do well to apply to himself the monition of Shakespeare: "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy, Horatio."

Whilst we fathom the philosophy of nature in the material world, the philosophy of history in human events, "*errare humanum est*" rings in our ears, and forces us to exclaim, "Oh, for a guide! oh, for a map of the kingdom of truth!" The master-spirits of every age have striven to outline the principles of certainty concerning our origin, nature, and destiny.

Into this study and as a part of this investigation, they have brought such questions as the origin of the human body, the nature of the soul, the extent of human liberty, the existence of God. Some construed their destiny as temporal—others as eternal. Doubt existed for some, certainty for others. Such contradiction and opposition all along the line of philosophy, compelled many to give up in despair. Others, in the misguided honesty of their minds, started out with universal doubt—but, alas, they met only with shipwreck on their way, and either they or their followers stumbled miserably into Skepticism, Pantheism and Atheism. God, as it were, allowed men who trusted solely in themselves to fall into the lowest chasms of error and absurd doctrines.

This contradiction of systems—this contradictory spirit—this plethora of error has been going on and increasing, century after century, even to our own day, when the absurdities of Darwin find patronage in the most enlightened minds and in the highest seats of learning. Only the other day it was that we heard the President of Columbia University, in his inaugural address, when mentioning the representatives of the three great departments of human influence in the world—the State, the Church, and Science—select Darwin, the author and patron of absurd evolution, as the highest personification of human science, alongside of St. Thomas and Charlemagne, the strongest and noblest representatives of Church and State.

Fortunately for us, there arose a champion to whom is entrusted the custody of eternal and revealed truth, a champion of reason and human science, in the person of Leo XIII. He has not hesitated to admit and acknowledge the wonderful progress of modern science. Indeed, he says in his last Apostolic legacy to the Christian world: "The century which has just closed, has witnessed progress that was great, unexpected, stupendous. But is it true that it has given us all the fulness and healthfulness of fruitage that so many expected from it? Doubtless the discoveries of Science have opened new horizons to the mind; it has widened the empire of man over the forces of inmatter, and human life has been ameliorated in many ways through



its instrumentality. Nevertheless every one feels, and many admit, that the results have not corresponded to the hopes that were cherished."

In the hands of a man who could say such things—in the hands of such a champion, the cause of truth was safe from the encroachments of false scientists and sophists. He was not afraid to stem the torrent of error and raise up before its floods a mighty barrier of unchangeable truth, to raise up before the eyes of groping philosophers the beacon light of a system of truth and science that originated from the brightest, the purest and most gifted minds the world has ever seen.

And what is this method, this system of philosophy that has been deemed worthy of such an honor, by the custodian of truth itself, by the visible representative of God upon earth? It is a system that has come down to us through centuries—it is one that dares to answer fully and perfectly, every single question put by the human mind—it is a system that satisfies, as none other can satisfy, the fearful craving after truth on the part of man, in every subject, on every question, human or divine.

It was in the second year of his pontificate that Leo XIII. said solemnly to the world: "Go back to the mental system culminating in St. Thomas of Aquin, if you want to see how the false theories of modern superficial science are shown to be contradictory."

Soon after, we find him declaring St. Thomas the patron of Christian schools—founding an Academy in his honor, and a University in his name, and fostering in every way the study of his philosophy. "It was," says a French philosopher (Barthélemy St. Hilaire), "an event for Catholicism, no doubt, but also for the intellectual world." Thus to the unrestrained free thought of the age, Pope Leo opposed the system of the Christian schoolmen, without discarding anything that is true or beneficial in modern progress, and without discouraging any of its really scientific methods.

In this, however, he was following the admirable example of St. Thomas himself, the prudent, moderate and Angelic Doctor. This great man, this prince of philosophers and theologians, whose method is now the model, the standard for future time—this Samson of the schools had the infinite and instinctive respect which genius inspires, for truth wherever he saw it, or discovered it. Even when it came from a pagan source, he readily embraced it. But he avoided extremes and never compromised with error. He made the philosophy of Aristotle the handmaid of religion. He employed the weapons of heathendom in fighting the battles of truth. His sole aim and ambition was to harmonize human minds and draw truth out of falsehood. He gives to inorganic matter, to the vegetable, to the animal, and to man, as much as it is possible for reason to give. But he denies to each of them the attributes which would eventually destroy their very essence, and thus subvert the harmony of the beautiful world in which each has its own place, its own sphere, its own particular end. In this way he

has realized most admirably the truth and the wisdom of that old and time-honored maxim, "*In medio stat virtus.*"

Traverse if you will, once more, the pathway of time, and you will find but the wreck of many an imposing philosophical theory that once flourished under the name of "Science," and once found favor in the eyes of men. Such will ever be the fate of those frantic speculations and unfounded assumptions that venture to oppose unchangeable truth. They may dazzle for a moment, like icicles beneath the glare of an electric light. Like them shall they melt away beneath the sunshine of reason and revelation.

So will it be with the science and scientists of today, as long as they wander from the influence of the eternal truth. So also will they be wrecked upon the shoals of error, if they keep not before their eyes the "beacon light of Christian Philosophy."



### With Man and Bird.

The boom and roar of a restless sea sweep by !  
They come from human reapers gathering gain.  
But oh, their feverish pace does not attain  
Serenity. Tribes toil and men deny  
Men's birthright unto men, and kings defy  
The inward, better voice and leave a stain  
Upon the ground of men and conscience slain:  
In sighings vain for vanities they sigh.

Is it because they see no ordained end,  
But sedgy ways of weeds where thorns but sting  
Because they sting and not that stings tend  
Unto the soul's adjustment? A-southward wing  
The birds. Foul well they know they shall arrive  
In God's good time; they know and do not strive.

A. McC.



## VALEDICTORY.

(F. A. MALONEY.)

It is with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow that we are assembled here this evening—joy, because we have at last attained the goal of our college ambitions; sorrow, because we are about to sever the ties that bind us to our *Alma Mater*, our professors, and our schoolmates. To all these we must say farewell. This word strikes to our hearts with inexpressible sorrow: it tells us that school ties must be broken; that a new life must be begun; that new duties, cares, and responsibilities must be assumed. It tells us, too, that, deprived of the guidance and advice of those masters who directed us in our studies, and counseled us in our difficulties, we must shape our lives and mould the future with our own unaided efforts. We must fight our own combat of life; we must depend upon our own counsel, our own judgment, our own exertions. Far different shall we find the actual world from the gay panorama presented to us this evening. Now we are congratulated on the success of our efforts; now we are encouraged by the favor of your presence and your generous applause. By to-morrow we shall have ceased to hear your glad voices; we shall have left the stage to play a more real part in the drama of life.

That drama of life we know not when and how for us it will end—or which are the roles that we shall act. We could not expect to have them mapped out before us as they shall be enacted and realized. No matter how careful, how perfect has been our training—no matter to what profession we have aimed, it would be folly to expect that we should be now considered as, in a full and proper sense, prepared. But one thing is certain, we have been trained to be *men* and *Christian men*! This is what we owe to the masters that have guided our weak and faltering footsteps during those happy school-boy days when we were “only boys”—

“Only a boy with his noise and his fun,  
The veriest mystery under the sun,  
As brimful of mischief and wit and glee,  
As ever a human frame can be.

“Only a boy who will be a man,  
If Nature goes on with her first great plan,  
A man that may set the world on fire,  
With the genius of pen, of brush or lyre.”

Many a time, alas, in future years we shall look back upon those olden days, and be prompted to say with the poet:

“Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,  
Make me a child again, just for to-night!  
Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!  
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—  
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—  
Take them, and give me my childhood again.



We may, to-night, in the midst of joyous and congratulating friends, look happy and unconcerned, as if we had reached the term of a laborious route—We may seem like the boy in Childhood's story, that was going from home for the first time to the great busy, bustling city—His parents put him on the train, loading him with gifts and playthings and books for the distant school—

"We looked (said they) in his innocent face to see  
The sign of a sorrowful heart,  
But he only shouldered his bat with glee  
And wondered when they would start.

" 'Twas not that he loved as heretofore,  
For the boy was tender and kind,  
But his was a world that was all before,  
And ours was a world behind.

" 'Twas not his fluttering heart was cold  
For the child was loyal and true;  
And the parents love the love that is old,  
And the children the love that is new."

So it is to-night with us, dear friends, and comrades, and teachers—when going forth into the broad, smiling, unknown world, from the hands of our *Alma Mater*. To you, especially, to whose wise direction and cordial encouragement we owe most of what we have hitherto accomplished, we can truly say:

"Over our hearts in the days that are flown,  
No kindness like that of the teacher has shone—  
No other devotion abides and endures,  
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours."

Perhaps our *Alma Mater* is thinking to-night—and perhaps some of you, dear friends, as you view the joyous features and brilliant surroundings of this closing scene,—perhaps you are thinking like the mother that is watching over the innocent face of her sleeping child—

"Beautiful child by thy mother's knee,  
In the mystic future what wilt thou be ?

"Beautiful child, what thy fate shall be  
Perchance is wisely hidden from me (and thee)."

Wisely, indeed, no doubt, is that future hidden from our eyes—the better to bring forth our characters and our capacities for the good, the noble, the true, but we feel that under the inspiration of the past, by the memory of its lessons, and of the present, by the re-echoing of your cheering encouragement, we may augur well for a happy future, with the song of Hope ringing in our hearts :

"Hope leads the child to plant the flower,  
The man to sow the seed;  
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour,  
But prompts again to deed."

With modest faith in our ability, with confidence in the blessing which we ask of a merciful Providence, spurred on by the honors with which we have been favored to-night, and animated by the ambition to contribute worthily our utmost effort to the success of the world into which we are entering, and of this community of which we shall be a privileged part, we shall not fear, we shall not allow despondency to clog the ardent impulse of our hopes, to darken the bright view we entertain of our distant and still shadowy future.

“ 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountains in its azure hue.  
Thus with delight we linger to survey  
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way  
Thus from afar, each dim-discovered scene  
More pleasing seems than all the past has been—  
With thee, Sweet Hope! resides the heavenly light,  
That pours remotest rapture on the sight!”

And now to you, dear comrades of the past, we must at length turn over the custody of the old traditions of our *Alma Mater*, traditions of honor and of pride, traditions of studious labor and of legitimate emulation, traditions of devotedness and attachment, traditions of a more united College spirit, and of a deeper interest and a more broadened influence. We turn to you also to say the last farewell.

“The ship lies out beyond the bar,  
We're standing on the shore,  
But when that ship will bear us far  
We'll still look to the friends of yore.”

To you, Venerable Father who have come here to bless us on our way, to you, kind friends whose presence has cheered and greeted us tonight, to you, the parents whose solicitude and whose hopes have followed us to the culminating point of our youth's laborious career, we must at length bid the parting farewell.

“We can bid you Good Morning, Good-day or Good-night  
At expense of, perhaps, one faint sigh;  
Since we know a few hours will renew our delight,  
But, oh! when we bid you good-bye!

“The tongue becomes dull, the heart becomes chill,  
And warm tears shut out light from each eye;  
We may say, then, with feeling, a hearty farewell,  
But we can't—no, we won't, say GOOD-BYE.”



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## ...EDITORIALS...

### A Retrospect.

At the close of the scholastic year, it is but natural for us to ask the question: 'Has this scholastic year been a successful one?' We reply without hesitation that it has been one of the most prosperous years in the history of the College. In no other year does the catalogue point out a more numerous group of students, nor does it show so many general improvements in any previous year. As regards the studies, we affirm that never were there more certificates of honor given out at the competitive examinations, than in the year just completed. In athletics, also, the students won some splendid trophies. Crowning all these motives for congratulation, we may allude to the great boon granted to the College during the past year, namely, the liberation from the long standing tax-debt, mentioned in a previous issue of the BULLETIN.

With so many and such great advantages lavished upon us, we cannot hesitate to affirm that this indeed has been one of the most successful years in the annals of the College.

A. E., '03.



## Perseverance and Education.

The College year just closed has been for many students a period of real intellectual progress. As in all things else, those who have profited from the College course are characterized by a patient, persistent, systematic attention to their studies. Too many college students are more familiar with the batting average of Hans Wagner than with the principal parts of a Greek verb.

We cannot lay sufficient stress upon the importance of our Catholic College students giving to the world an example of deep, solid, intellectual culture. There is to-day much shallow education, and the world imagines a learned acquaintance with many things, or the reading of many weighty volumes, is synonymous with intellectual progress, whereas it may be said the very reverse of this is true. "I fear the man of one book." Too many students hate the labor and the pain of thinking, and the performance of real intellectual gymnastics. Intellectual culture cannot be acquired anyhow, and at random. To obtain a thorough mastery of any subject requires patient, persistent, laborious toil. "You cannot loaf into scholarship."

Let the students of Pittsburg College, therefore, make a high resolve that they will do their utmost to give to the world a specimen of what is meant by real education and the culture of the intellect. T. F. C., '03.



## The Independence of Cuba.

Once again there is "brought forth upon the American Continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." The Independence of Cuba is of more than passing interest to the students of the College, since we have had in our midst for the past year a number of Cuban young men pursuing their studies.

The United States, as a Nation, pledged to Cuba its liberty on the outbreak of the Spanish War. That pledge has been fulfilled, and to-day Cuba reflects the image of the American Constitution, and enjoys in all her internal and external affairs every characteristic mark of a free people. The glorious ensign of our own Republic was hauled down from Cuban soil with the happy consciousness of the American people that no tyranny is scented as our flag proudly swings to the breeze. But, stop! That self-same Nation which liberated the Cubans is now engaged in subjugating the Filipinos, in a manner that would bring a blush of shame to the cheek of a Nero, and we reluctantly withhold our congratulations until we as a Nation stand firmly for liberty, based upon a consistent and honorable policy in accord with the principles so majestically expressed in our Declaration of Independence.

T. F. C.

## MANY GIVEN DIPLOMAS.

Graduates from Holy Ghost College Number Fifteen.

*(From the Pittsburg Times.)*

'Mid music and oratory and the greetings of admiring friends and relatives, 15 graduates of the Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost bade good-by to their *Alma Mater* on Friday evening, June 20. The Twenty-fourth Annual Commencement of the College was held in the Alvin Theater in the presence of an audience that filled the building to the doors. Diplomas were awarded to nine graduates of the Commercial Department and six members of the Classical and Scientific Department. Medals and other rewards were bestowed upon those who had attained special excellence in their studies. The Diplomas and Class Medals were conferred by Vicar General E. A. Bush. Addresses were delivered by Father Bush and Rev. M. A. Hehir, President of the College.

The latter made the important announcement that four new scholarships had been founded during the year by the following clergymen: Rev. M. Carroll, of St. Andrew's Church, Allegheny; Rev. H. McHugh, of St. Agnes', Pittsburg; Rev. D. Devlin, St. Stephen's, Hazelwood, and Rev. Martin Ryan, of St. Brigid's Church, Pittsburg. The President also announced that the scholarships for students of the Pittsburg and Allegheny parochial schools would be continued next year. He stated that the enrollment and attendance of the College was larger last year than in any previous year in its history. Three hundred students were enrolled and the average attendance was between 250 and 260.

The music during the exercises was furnished by the College Glee Club and Orchestra, and was received with marked favor. A song by Richard T. A. Ennis was a highly enjoyable number of the musical program.

### THE ORATIONS OF THE GRADUATES.

The Salutatory was delivered in Latin by Gustave H. Schoppol, one of the classical graduates. "Federation—Its Spirit and Sphere," was the topic of a well-delivered oration by John P. Murphy. It was an appeal for closer unity in the Church. An oration was delivered in German by John J. Huetel. His subject was "Ein Zeitgemaesser Glaubens-Kaempe." Christian philosophy was extolled as the "Beacon Light for Modern Science," in an oration spoken by Patrick F. O'Connor.

William J. Ryan won enthusiastic applause from the audience by an eloquent tribute to Pittsburg for its notable achievements in industry, art, science and education. The theme of his oration was the "Educational Opportunities of the Hour."

The Valedictory was spoken by Francis A. Maloney, the honor man of the class. In fitting terms he depicted the joy of the student rounding out a successful school career and the sorrow he feels in severing the ties with his *Alma Mater*, his instructors, College companions and friends.

President Hehir announced that a number of honors had been conferred upon students in the lower classes and then read the names of those who were to receive diplomas and medals. As each student's name was called he stepped to the front of the stage and received his award from the hand of Vicar General Bush.

#### THE DEGREES CONFERRED.

President Hehir announced the following members of the Classical and Scientific Department who had received the degree of Bachelor of Arts: John Joseph Huettel, Francis Aloysius Maloney, John Patrick Murphy, Patrick Francis O'Connor, William Joseph Ryan, Gustave Henry Schoppol.

The Commercial Graduates were Joseph Charles Browne, Edward Henry Kempf, Charles Michael Mayer, Aloysius Anthony Voelker, Joseph Edward Weaver, Joseph Nicholas Whalen, Charles Weigel, Louis Stephen Zahronsky, Charles Joseph O'Neal.

In his address Father Hehir expressed his satisfaction with the school year just closed. "It is the ambition of the faculty," he said, "to do good, to extend the sphere of their influence, and to bring within reach of the many the opportunities of a higher education. For this purpose, free scholarships had been offered to the brightest students in each of the parochial schools of the two cities. They had founded perpetual burses in the cause of education.

#### STRUGGLE NEVER KEENER.

"Never before in the history of the country has the struggle for success, the struggle for supremacy, been keener than at the present moment. Victory lies with the most intelligent, with the most educated. Hence arises the necessity for higher education. This higher education is a duty that parents owe to themselves, their children and the State at large. It procures for them honor and consolation; for their children the attainment of legitimate ambition, and for the country the glory of being the beacon light and guide among the nations of the earth. Education to be the most effective should be Christian and religious; this is essential for the preservation and propagation of true morality, without which arise anarchy, socialism, infidelity and atheism.

"To thwart the wicked machinations of the enemies of Church and State, parents and the government should make intellectual and religious training the object of their earnest study and continuous solicitude. It is obvious that the success of individuals and the welfare of the State depend upon the former; the neglect of the latter will mark the dawn of moral decline; for the history of nations unmistakably proves that when a country is ruined morally its ruin politically is a foregone conclusion.



## THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

The dangers that threaten society make it incumbent on all to submit to the dictates of the Gospel; to live conformably to its teaching; to be actuated by the purest motives; to be influenced by the highest ideals. But to do all this necessarily supposes the foundation of a good Christian and Catholic education, such as can be acquired only in Catholic schools, in Catholic colleges and in Catholic universities."

Father Bush congratulated the faculty on the success of the closing scholastic year; congratulated the graduates on the happy ending with honors of their school life. He spoke of the high ideal to which they should aspire, the ideal for which they had been called into life, the ideal for which the careful training of home had been the fitting opening, the ideal life for which their Christian education at the College under religious professors had been intended as a preparation.

"The realization of this ideal," he said, "makes life a success. Many men have talked to the young just entering upon life and held up to their minds the objects to be attained as a successful crowning of their lives in any kind of life work, but mostly have these men talked as if the life work of man had no higher purpose than to gather in wealth, honors, offices.

"But to the rightly instructed young man there is something higher and grander and nobler as his life work. He has learned the purpose for which our all-wise and all-loving Father has brought us into existence—that our real home is not here, that we have not here a lasting city, that our real home is beyond the grave, that to gain that home and to deserve the approving smile of Our Father in heaven at the end of days, is the end, the real end, of our life.

"We have been created for this. Failure in gaining this end is the failure most to be dreaded; success in attaining it is the only real lasting success; all other things are secondary, useful only as far as they aid in our onward progress to God. The seeking after wealth by honest, honorable paths, with a view to the proper use of it as a means to the great end of life, is commendable; the efforts to reach a place where the honors gained have been rightly gained with a view to increased usefulness to others in the journey through life is praiseworthy.

"Honors, place, positions, whether civil or military, we may look for, but always by paths that God's searchlight may fall on, by means that will meet His approval, and for ends that will aid us in the chief purpose of life. So living, life will be a success; it will be useful, in the highest degree, to our fellowmen, for it will be a Christian life; that is, an unselfish one, a beneficent one, a life regulated by principles laid down for us by our Lord and directed to the end which He held up to men—"To seek first the kingdom of God and His justice.'"

**TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.**

Alvin Theatre—Friday Evening, June 20.

**Programme of Exercises.**OVERTURE, . . . "The Bridal Rose" (*Lavallee*), . . . COLLEGE ORCHESTRA**LATIN SALUTATORY, . . . GUSTAVE H. SCHOPPOL**CHORUS, . . . "The Band" (*White*), . . . COLLEGE GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA

ORATION, . . . "Federation; Its Spirit and Sphere," . . . JOHN P. MURPHY

DUET FOR CORNET AND CLARINET, . . . "You and I" (*Strong*), . . .

FRANK P. HARTIGAN AND HYACINTH HARTIGAN

ORATION, . . . "Ein Zeitgemaesser Glaubens-Kaempe," . . . JOHN J. HUETTEL

SACRED SONG, . . . "The Golden Land of Peace" (*King*), . . .

COLLEGE GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA

ORATION, . . . "A Beacon Light for Modern Science," . . . PATRICK F. O'CONNOR

VIOLIN SOLO, . . . "Operatic Selection" (*Singeele*), . . . EUGENE HALLY

ORATION, . . . "The Educational Opportunities of the Hour," . . . WILLIAM J. RYAN

CHORUS, . . . "Thrice Happy School-boy Days" (*Rev. John Griffin*), . . .

COLLEGE GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA

**Proclamation of Honors in the Hon-Graduating Classes.**SONG, . . . "Ave Maria" (*Mascagni*), . . . RICHARD T. A. ENNIS**Conferring of Diplomas and Class Medals.**

ADDRESS, . . . . . VERY REV. E. A. BUSH, V. G.

**VALEDICTORY, . . . . . FRANCIS A. MALONEY**

BLESSING, . . . . . RT. REV. RICHARD PHELAN, D. D.

FINALE, . . . . . "Dreamy Eyes" (*Lampe*), . . . COLLEGE ORCHESTRA**GRADUATES, 1902.****(a) Commercial Department.**

The Diplomas in the Business Course have been awarded to

JOSEPH CHARLES BROWNE, EDWARD HENRY KEMPF, CHARLES MICHAEL MAYER,

ALOYSIUS ANTHONY VOELKER, JOSEPH EDWARD WEAVER,

JOSEPH NICHOLAS WHALEN, CHARLES WIEGEL, LOUIS STEPHEN ZAHRONSKY.

A Diploma in the Short-hand Course has been awarded to

CHARLES JOSEPH O'NEAL.

**(b) Classical and Scientific Department.**

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts has been conferred on

JOHN JOSEPH HUETTEL, FRANCIS ALOYSIUS MALONEY, JOHN PATRICK MURPHY,

PATRICK FRANCIS O'CONNOR, WILLIAM JOSEPH RYAN, GUSTAVE HENRY SCHOPPOL.

## MEDALISTS.

## (a) Under-Graduate Medalists.

**SILVER MEDAL** for Elocution, Division III., awarded to **JOHN JOSEPH COYLE**, First Academic

**SILVER MEDAL** for Elocution, Division II., awarded to **RICHARD T. A. ENNIS**, Third Academic;

**SILVER MEDAL** for Elocution, Division I., awarded to **JOHN F. MALLOY**, Sophomore;

**GOLD MEDAL** for Oratory, in the Junior and Senior Classes, awarded to

**THOMAS F. COAKLEY**, Junior Class;

**GOLD MEDAL** for Christian Doctrine, in the Academic Classes, awarded to

**STANISLAUS KOLIPINSKI**.

## (b) Graduate Medalists.

**GOLD MEDAL** for Excellence in Commercial Course, awarded to **LOUIS STEPHEN ZAHRONSKY**,

**GOLD MEDAL** for Book-keeping and Arithmetic, awarded to **ALOYSIUS ANTHONY VOELKER**;

**GOLD MEDAL** for Mathematics and Science, awarded to **PATRICK FRANCIS O'CONNOR**;

**GOLD MEDAL** for Philosophy and Classics, awarded to **GUSTAVE HENRY SCHOPPOL**;

**BISHOP PHELAN MEDAL** for General Excellence, awarded to **FRANCIS ALOYSIUS MALONEY**.

## DONORS OF GOLD MEDALS.

THE RIGHT REV. R. PHELAN, D. D.; THE REV. FRANCIS KEANE, RECTOR, SACRED HEART CHURCH, CITY; THE REV. J. B. DUFFNER, RECTOR, HOLY NAME CHURCH, ALLEGHENY CITY; THE REV. MARTIN RYAN, RECTOR, ST. BRIDGET'S CHURCH, CITY; THE REV. JOSEPH J. VOGT, RECTOR, ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, VERONA, PA.; MR. A. V. D. WATTERSON, PITTSBURG, PA.; MR. JOHN J. CARNEY, PITTSBURG, PA.; MR. FRANCIS T. LAUNGER, PITTSBURG, PA.,

TO EACH OF WHOM THE FACULTY RETURN THEIR BEST THANKS.



## THE THIRD ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE PHI ALPHA.

One of the most enjoyable events of the whole year was the third annual banquet of the Phi Alpha Society, which was held in College Hall on Wednesday evening, June 18. It was a feast of music and of soul, as well as of things epicurean. The orchestra contributed its sweetest strains, our College soloists gave their choicest selections of instrument and of voice, while the orators had full sway for the most varied assortment of eloquence pathetic, persuasive, didactic, dramatic and comic. Mr. J. B. Topham acted as toastmaster in a manner most satisfactory to all except to those who had "nothing to say," and whom he introduced with lavish encomium.

In the way of *menu*, nothing was too choice to be omitted from the varied assortment that tempted and tested the appetites of the fraternal "convives," from the consommé *fin de siècle* down through the Pommes de terre, *à la Bluff*, ("neque candidiores terra tulit." Sat. 1-5-41,) and the Poulet, *à la Henri IV.*, ("Infelix Avis." Od. 12-6,) to the *Frommage de Bries*, &c., &c. "Verbum non amplius addam." Sat. 1-1-21.



## A Sad Farewell.

Fare you all well, for the day now draws near,  
When, from our loved *Alma Mater*, we go  
Out in the world, leaving those we hold dear,  
Comrades for years; oh! must it be so?

Must we depart from these old college walls?  
Never to see the dear faces again,  
Met, oh! so often, within the old halls;  
Why, in our lives, should there be so much pain?

Well I remember the day that we came  
First, thro' the doors, to be welcomed by those  
Who, thro' these years have proved always the same,  
Willing to share all our joys and our woes.

Faces so strange they all were at the time,  
But not for long, for new friendships were formed—  
Friendships as sung by the bards in their rhyme;  
Friendships that no petty quarrels e'er harmed.

Yet how the numbers have dwindled away;  
Some, their Creator has claimed for His own.  
Hearing the order that all must obey,  
Quitting this sorrowful vale, they have gone.

Different vocations have called from our ranks  
Many loved faces, reluctant to part;  
Yet, to our Lord and Creator, all thanks!  
Gone from our vision, they live in our hearts.

Yes, there they live and forever shall dwell;  
Friends, truly loved, we but seldom forget.  
How, then, oh! how shall we bid you farewell,  
You, whom we've loved since the day that we met?

Fare you all well. Oh! would these words told  
All that our poor aching hearts wish to say!  
Farewell till Nightfall, when, called to the Fold,  
May we all meet in one bright, endless Day!

C. V. Halleran, '04.

### THE MARTINIQUE DISASTER.

May 26, a Solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated at the College for the repose of the souls of our dead at St. Pierre. The Rev. President was celebrant, Father Zell, of St. Anthony's, Millvale, deacon, and Father Strzelczok, of St. Stanislas', 22nd street, sub-deacon.

The Holy Ghost Society lost eleven priests, a brother and an ecclesiastical student employed as professor. Six of the above were about the age of 30. Three other priests, led elsewhere by clerical exigencies, escaped the catastrophe. As everybody knows, the entire city was overwhelmed in the disaster. The Society lost its college and buildings, but, needless to say, could easily forego these for its members, whose loss will always be considered as the saddest and most irreparable of all.

The last news received of the Fathers before the fatal event was in a letter dated May 3, to Paris. Father Ackerman, one of the deceased, wrote that while sending news he was surrounded and covered with cinders, adding: "Mt. Pelee, after several smoky days, has just covered the entire island with cinders. Life is impossible at the foot of the mountain, and scarcely supportable at St. Pierre. We have dismissed our students." Previously, Father Mary wrote, on the date, April 27: "The mountain hurls forth enormous columns of smoke, with an infectious odor, noticeable as far as St. Pierre. Father Voegtli took with him three of our priests with Brother Lilvain to study this phenomenon. They barely escaped asphyxiation and returned overcome with fatigue."

The above were communications to the Head House of the Holy Ghost Order in Paris. A student of the St. Pierre College wrote to one of the Fathers, who had gone from there to Paris, on May 3: "At rising this morning, we found everything covered with cinders. Mt. Pelee has played us a mean trick. At Morne Rouge Father Mary has opened the Church at midnight and heard the confessions of a great number." This last remark proves that the people began to prepare for a good death.

May it please God to accept the immolation which these devoted priests and missionaries no doubt made to God of their lives, already so full of disinterested sacrifice!



### OBITUARY.

REV. JOHN A. WIETRZYNSKI, C. S. SP.

With deep affliction we record the demise of Father Wietrynski. Born May 8, 1875, at Brzosthaw, Poland, he came to the U. S. in early youth, and, owing to his talents and exemplary conduct, was selected by his parish priest as a fit candidate for the Junior Scholasticate of the Holy Ghost Order.

He entered the college for this reason, in 1891, and took a complete classical and scientific course. At the close of his collegiate studies, he entered the Seminary at Cornwells, and seemed to forecast a brilliant career, when an unmistakable weakness of the lungs began to cause disquietude. This unfortunately developed. The young cleric had a strong frame, and, as it was thought a change of life and air would rehabilitate him at the close of his ecclesiastical studies, no obstacle was put to his ordination. Soon, however, the V. Rev. Provincial judged it best to send him to Pierroton, France, where the Society has a splendid sanitarium. But the gentle zephyrs of Pierroton received his last breath on May 20. "His," said Father Kientzler, "was a beautiful soul that the good God desired to call to himself."

Father Wietrynski was 27 years of age, had been 10 years in the Society, being 3 years and 10 months professed. May he rest in peace !

#### MRS. C. DIXON.

Mrs. Catherine Dixon, whose esteemed husband, Christopher Dixon, had gone before, has passed to her reward; she was buried from St. Peter's, Allegheny, Monday, June 2. At the solemn requiem, Very Rev. E. A. Bush, V. G., was celebrant, Father Gallagher, deacon, Father Ryan, sub-deacon. Were also present at the service Fathers Kiernan of Summit, Pa., O'Connell of Mt. Washington, McGarey of St. John's, and Fallon of McKeesport. This exemplary and Christian mother is mourned by her son John, one of our students, another son and five daughters, to all of whom we tender sincerest sympathy.

#### DANIEL MCCARTHY.

We heartily condole with the parents and family of our fellow-student, Thomas McCarthy, on the loss of his young brother, Daniel. The boy was born January 1, 1893, and was called to a more blessed life on May 16. Three days later he was buried from St. Paul's, Rev. Father Beane conducting the funeral obsequies. On the very morning of his peaceful death his pure soul was blessed by the reception of Holy Communion for the first time.



At St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, on June 21, Rev. John Enright and Rev. Leo Meyer, both of '99, were ordained for the diocese of Pittsburgh by his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons.

Rev. James A. Garrigan, '99, after ordination at St. Vincent's, said his first holy mass at St. Peter's Church, Allegheny, June 15.

All these young priests were model students during their long sojourn at the College, and we have no doubt they will bring as much lustre on their *Alma Mater* as the other graduates, now worthy members of the diocesan clergy.



### THE INTER-COLLEGIATE FIELD MEET.

For the first time in our history, the College has been represented at an Inter-collegiate Field Meet, in which took part the leading Colleges and Universities of Western Pennsylvania, and West Virginia. When it is considered that our admission to the Meet was decided on, only two weeks before the date, Decoration Day, and that W. U. P., W. V. U., W. & J., Westminster and Geneva College had been in preparation for an entire year, it may be readily inferred that we could not have very sanguine hopes of making a good show. Add to this the fact that several events in which we had expectations of making a good showing, such as the Pole Vault, the Hop, Step and Jump, and the Hurdle Races, were withdrawn from the programme at the last moment. We merely intended to make a "first appearance" on this year's list of participants, in the anticipation of a more effective and serious preparation for future years.

As it turned out, however, we did not get last place, in spite of many predictions to that effect. For we tied West Virginia for fourth place, and beat our old rival, Geneva College. One great, and satisfactory result of the Meet was the consciousness which it gave to our boys of doing excellent work with a little more preparation and less stage fright. Thus we came very near having first place in several events from which we made no score, chiefly as a result of inexperience or want of proper management.

Thus, if Murphy had not run in the Quarter Mile race which immediately preceded the High Jump, he would probably have taken first place in the latter event. Collins, also, came very near being first in putting the 16 pound shot. Hickson did very well in the Hammer Throw, and would have got a good place, only that his manner was deficient, and caused him to make a foul. The same source of discouragement befel O'Connor in the Broad Jump, for in his very first trial he made at least 10 inches further than the competitor who ultimately won first place—but a foul, which he, however, positively disclaimed, was allowed. If Neilan, also, had shown better judgment in the Mile Race, he would have taken a higher place. With better training we would surely have made a stronger bid for, at least, second place in the Relay Race. The Hundred Yard dashes, also, showed inexperience, although here, we secured a first, a second and a third.

On the whole, in spite of an apparent disappointment, we were much encouraged when we reflected upon the various circumstances that stood in the way of any brilliant success in our first participation in the Annual Inter-collegiate Meet. McKeever, O'Connell and Neilan were the most successful in the running; O'Connor and Murphy, in the jumping; while Collins and Hickson did comparatively well in the weights. Eschman and O'Sullivan suffered very severely from sore ankles, but bravely took part in the respective events for which they were entered, and must be commended for their pluck and athletic spirit.

### ANNUAL FIELD DAY.

With the exception of a heavy track, due to some severe rains of the previous days, the annual Field-day contests were brought off under the most favorable conditions. On Monday old Sol was out in all his glory, tempered by gentle southern breezes, thus helping to bring out a large attendance, amongst whom were many fair admirers of the various contestants, decked out in summer attire, and lending considerable color, gaiety and enthusiasm to the affair.

All the races were warmly contested, no one having a walk-over, and some of the judges' decisions being very close.

Saturday's entertainment ended with a very exciting game of baseball between the Varsity and the Alumni—or Present Students and the Past, in which the final score was 6-4, in favor of the Present Students.

On the Thursday previous, May 22, several of the more lengthened events, likely to prove uninteresting to the general public, were brought off before the students after school hours.

Thursday, May 22, '02. Field events at 3:30. Hop, Step and Jump, Seniors, McKeever, Sweater; O'Connor, Box of Cigars. Shot Put, Seniors, Collins, Silver Shaving Mug. Pole Vault, Seniors, Murphy, Umbrella. Throwing Baseball, Seniors, Collins, Baseball Shoes; Keating, Fielder's Glove. Broad Jump, Seniors, O'Connor, Gold Links; McKeever and Mayer, Fountain Pens. Hammer Throw, Seniors, Hickson, Umbrella. High Jump, Seniors, Murphy, Bicycle Shoes. 220 yds., Juniors, Hartigan, Mandolin; Neylon, Gold Pin, with Pearls; Costello, Bicycle Shoes. 220 yds., Seniors, O'Connell, Military Brushes; Hayes, Silver Match Box; O'Connor, Tobacco Jar. 440 yds., Minims, Hayes, Indian Head; Keliher, Ebony Brush; Malloy, Prayer Book. 440 yds., Juniors, Neylon, Solid Plated Mirror; Bishop, Umbrella; Costello, Sweater. 440 yds., Seniors, Neilan, Dress Suit Case; Murphy, Umbrella; O'Connell, Stick Pin. 880 yds., Minims, Malloy, Punching Bag; Hayes, Military Brushes. Starter, Mr. W. J. Ryan. Judges of heights, distances, time, Mr. J. R. Campbell, Mr. T. Dchey. Judges of winners, Messrs. H. E. Gaynor, T. F. Coakley, P. Costelloe. Referee, Mr. J. J. Laux. Secretary, Mr. M. J. Relihan.

We append the names of the friends to whose generosity we owe the beautiful and attractive prizes for the respective events, and to whom we extend our warmest thanks. For the events on Thursday, May 22, the following donated the prizes: Messrs. Brown, Horne, Chas. Weissner, Kern Shoe Co., The Pittsburg News Co., D. Maginn, L. McTighe, J. Schlelein, Laird, Kleber Bros., Stewart Bros., Johnston, Graffner Bros., Jenkinson, Rev. Father Schwarzrok, Fleming, Mrs. Kirner, Gillespie Bros., Surprise Store, Eisner & Phillips, Rev. B. Strelczok, Mansmann Bros., Terheyden, Kaufmann Bros., Mr. J. J. Freund and Rev. J. Willms.

Saturday, May 24, 1902. 120 Hurdle, Seniors, Murphy, Silver Ice

Pitcher; O'Connell, Tan Shoes; McKeever, Safety Razor. 100 yds., Minims, Huckestein, Gold Pin with Diamonds; Hayes, Silver Brush and Comb; Otazo, Yankee Watch. 100 yds., Juniors, Costello, Dress Suit Case; Hartigan, Gold Pin with Diamond and Pearls; Neylon, Vase with Perfume. 100 yds., Seniors, McKeever, President's Cup; O'Connell, Umbrella; O'Connor, Biscuit Box. 220 yds., Minims, Coyle, Silver Cup; Otazo, Vase with Perfume; Huckestein, Microscope. 880 yds., Juniors, Neylon, Bicycle Shoes; Ryan, Gold Mounted Fountain Pen; McHale, Violin. 880 yds., Seniors, Neilan, Catcher's Mitt; Hayes, Umbrella. Mile, Seniors, Neilan, Silver Cup; Hayes, Box of Cigars.

The prizes for Saturday's events were presented by Rev. W. T. Healy, Messrs. J. Johnston and O. Helmold, Rev. C. J. Plunkett, Grove & Co., Mrs. Gusky, Rev. C. Tomaszewski, Schilling Bros. (2), Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, Solomon & Ruben, Jos. Horne & Co., Grogan, Kornblum, Mr. Franz, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Bechtel, The Pittsburg News Co., Messrs. H. J. Lynch, G. H. Roehrig, A. McAllister, T. Delaney.



## ATHLETICS.

### FIRST BASEBALL TEAM.

The baseball season has at length come to a close, and the players have dispersed for the summer vacation, during which many of them will, no doubt, be found playing on the various amateur nines of their respective localities from Indiana and Michigan to Massachusetts.

It must be admitted that the latter part of the season was somewhat of a disappointment. Many games were lost by a very close margin, where a little more ginger would have won out. Some games were hard to lose, and mostly through the genuine fault of the players themselves. Want of severe practice was the chief defect. There was, indeed, in this respect, a notable tendency to "let up" ever since Decoration Day, and, as a result, there was a certain looseness both in batting and in fielding, as well as in base-running, that was responsible for a good many losses.

Mayer, Laux, Frankenberry, Davin and Huckestein were about the most consistent fielders on the team. Collins was one of the heaviest batters—and in fielding was the most earnest and anxious; but his very anxiety was responsible for a good many of his errors. Gapen was in very hard luck during a great part of the season, while Kilgallon did really well, considering that it was his first trial on the big team.

Following is the complete record of the past season, which the Pittsburg *Dispatch* considers a remarkably good one, considering the first-class teams which we have had to meet.

Of the 19 games played during the season just closed Pittsburg College



won 11, lost 7 and tied 1. The scores in the several games were as follows:

P. C., 8, Pittsburg H. C., 0; P. C., 2, Civic Club, 3; P. C., 9, W. & J., 2; P. C., 6, All-Stars, 1; P. C., 1, Homestead L. A. C., 8; P. C., 1, Monessen, 1; P. C., 13, W. U. P. Dentals, 7; P. C., 11, Lyceum, 2; P. C., 1, Homestead L. A. C., 8; P. C., 7, Morewood A. C., 6; P. C., 9, Kiski Academy, 0; P. C., 6, Alumni, 4; P. C., 5, Waynesburg College, 10; P. C., 3, Charleroi, 4; P. C., 4, Charleroi, 3; P. C., 5, St. Vincent College, 7; P. C., 13, Civic Club, 3; P. C., 3, California Normal, 4; P. C., 8, Iron City, 7; Totals—P. C., 115, opponents, 81.

The averages of the players on the College team are:

Fielding—Frankenberry, .980; Gapen, .953; Mayer, .953; McCambridge, .928; Kilgallon, .920; Laux, .898; Huckestein, .840; Davin, .823; Collins, .775; Joost, .765; Keating, .714.

Batting—Collins, .347; Joost, .280; Gapen, .268; Huckestein, .246; Laux, .243; Mayer, .237; McCambridge, .235; Davin, .231; Frankenberry, .183; Keating, .163; Kilgallon, .143.

#### THE COLLEGE RESERVES.

The Reserves were rather weak in the early part of the season, but they strengthened up after a few games, and the team which played the last six games was never defeated. John Naylor captained the team and covered the position of short. His work there was always good, and at times brilliant. Whalen did some great catching behind the bat, and was one of the heavy hitters of the team. Wiegel and Cassidy earned a great reputation on the rubber this season, neither giving more than five hits in any game, and Wiegel twice holding his opponents down to two hits. McKeever, Relihan and Hayes took care of the bases in up-to-date style, Hayes at the third station making some brilliant plays. Gaynor got into a suit a few times, and displayed all his old-time skill at bat and in the field. Middle-field was in charge of Connor, who surprised all by his excellent playing at all stages of the game. Pascual, Conway and Fitzgerald also did good work in the out-field, and put lots of ginger into the game from the coaching line. The great success of the team was due to the untiring efforts of Mr. J. B. Topham, the manager, and Mr. H. E. Gaynor, the assistant manager, who showed great ability in placing the players in their respective positions, and too much credit cannot be given them for their work. Since the last issue of the BULLETIN the following games have been played:

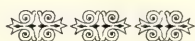
Reserves, 2, W. U. P. Freshmen, 4; Reserves, 4, Braddock H. S., 2; Reserves, 4, St. Mary's A. C., 2; Reserves, 10, St. Mary's A. C., 4; Reserves, 9, Clipper A. C., 8; Reserves, 13, McDonald Blues, 2; Reserves, 25, All Wilksburg, 0.

#### THE THIRD TEAM.

The Third Team, though late in organizing, had a very successful season. Weather conditions prevented them from playing more than seven games, of

which they won five. Three were played away from home, of which they won two. The two defeats were administered by the same team—a combination of McDonald Blues and High School students. The Third Team has the best batting record of any team in the College; even when they lost, they far out-batted their opponents. Captain John McCaffrey was the most effective pitcher, having no defeat to his credit. Matthew Fitzgerald also pitched splendid ball, errors being responsible for his defeats. John Connor did brilliant back-stop work, and never failed to shine at the bat. His base-running was a feature; base-stealing was right in his line—he even stole home twice. John Costello, first-baseman and manager, kept up the reputation he had won the previous season. Two-base-hits were the rule with him. Wallace King surprised all his comrades by the able manner in which he held down second base. Tom Bishop gave promise of becoming a star third baseman in the near future. The catch he made at McDonald will long be remembered and talked of. Clarence Murphy did the most sensational fielding, and the heaviest batting of the season. To make a double play, or throw a man out at the plate from left field, or slash out a three-bagger, was Clarence's delight. Jimmy Collins was the "tricky" player of the team, fielded everything in the middle territory. Richard Moroney was the hardest loser on the team. At McDonald, his native town, he was "real angry," even at the manager, because the team lost. Richard played an errorless game in right field. The record of the Third Team is as follows:

P. C. T., 15, Burns & Giltinan, 14; P. C. T., 13, Imperials, 7; P. C. T., 15, St. Mary's School, 4; P. C. T., 7, McDonald Blues, 9; P. C. T., 26, Bridgeville Reserves, 8 (six innings); P. C. T., 4, McDonald Blues, 7; P. C. T., 17, St. Mary's School, 1.



## ANNUAL ELOCUTIONARY AND ORATORICAL CONTEST

—BY THE—

STUDENTS OF PITTSBURG COLLEGE, AT OLD CITY HALL, TUESDAY EVENING,  
MAY 20, 1902.

We shall content ourselves with quoting the *Pittsburg Catholic's* account of this annual affair, which it entitles a "Grand Elocutionary Contest."

"The annual elocutionary contest of the students of the Pittsburg College of the Holy Ghost was held Tuesday evening, June 20, in Old City Hall. There was a fine assemblage of the parents and friends of the College to honor the occasion and to greet the young gentlemen who competed for the much desired medals. Three medals were in competition for Divisions III., II. and I., the respective students giving in recitation selected pieces from the classical English authors. The principal medal, a handsome and artistic gold one, donated by A. V. D. Watterson, LL. D., was battled for most royally by the four participants in a debate: "Should the Policy of

This Government in the Philippines be Maintained or Not?" Among the audience, highly interested in the oratorical contest, were several of the diocesan clergy. Rev. Father John Price, rector of St. James', W. E., announced the list of awards, and he was pleased to state that the judges were unanimous in their vote on each lucky aspirant. In Division III. Master John I. Coyle, whose theme was "Pancratius," took the highest honors. His lucky companion in Division II. was Master Richard T. A. Ennis. His recitation of "The Gypsy Flower Girl" was splendidly executed in conception, expression, delivery and gesture. Master John E. Malloy was the winner in Division I. His selection was "Michael Strogoff." The piece demands study. It is a keen analysis of masterful moral strength. This bright young man in his calm and forcible rendition showed excellent training and a brainy conception of his part. The debate, which closed the evening exercises, aroused the attention of the receptive audience. It was early seen where the sympathies of the majority lay, and this added a little to the work of the affirmative. Mr. Francis A. Maloney was chairman, and his excellent address commanded a vote of one hundred points from the judges. The affirmative side of the question was ably maintained by Mr. Charles E. McHugh and Mr. William J. Ryan. The negative was supported by Mr. Peter A. Costelloe and Mr. Thomas F. Coakley. The marks for argument, expression, delivery and gesture ran very closely. Mr. Thomas F. Coakley, however, was proclaimed the victor, all the judges concurring. The musical program under the direction of Father Griffin was ably rendered by the College Orchestra. Several vocal selections were highly applauded."

The judges who had kindly consented to act on the occasion, and who so ably discharged their onerous and delicate duties, were Rev. John Price, of St. James' Church, West End; Mr. Frank Smith, editor *Pittsburg Catholic*, and Prof. Wissman, of Byron W. King's School of Oratory and Dramatic Culture.

Following was the full programme for the occasion: Overture, "Harvest Days,"—Medley, College Orchestra. Division III., Silver Medal.—"Calls," George J. Bullion; "Pancratius," John I. Coyle; "Educating to a Purpose," Charles F. Immekus; "Green Mountain Philosophy," Francis A. Madden. Song—Selected, R. T. A. Ennis. Division II., Silver Medal.—"The Fate of Virginia," Thomas A. Curran; "The Gypsy Flower Girl," Richard T. A. Ennis; "Tom's Letter," Anthony N. Helfrich; "How Savior Won," Edward F. Jackson. Duet—"The Merry Greenwood Tree,"—Cornet, Master Francis P. Hartigan; Clarionet, Master Hyacinth M. Hartigan. Division I., Silver Medal.—"Spartacus to the Gladiators," George E. Curran; "Deathbed of Benedict Arnold," Hubert E. Gaynor; "The Felon," Joseph L. Jaworski; "Michael Strogoff," John F. Malloy. Vocal Solo—"Sweet Bird of Song"—Master John I. Coyle. Oratorical Contest, Gold Medal, presented by A. V. D. Watterson, Esq. Debate—"Resolved, That



the foreign and colonial policy of the present administration is just and commendable"—Chairman, Mr. Francis A. Maloney; Affirmative, Mr. Charles E. McHugh, Mr. William J. Ryan; Negative, Mr. Peter A. Costelloe, Mr. Thomas F. Coakley; debate, first part, Messrs. McHugh and Costelloe. Popular Medley, College Orchestra. Debate, second part, Messrs. Ryan and Coakley. Finale—"Dreamy Eyes," College Orchestra.



### ALUMNI.

On our Field Day, May 24, perhaps the chief attraction was the base ball match between the Alumni and 'Varsity nines. The former were: McLaughlin, c.; Totten, p.; Ph. Riley, 1st base; Dunn, 2nd base; J. McKenna, 3rd base; F. McKenna, s. s.; D. Wall, r. f.; A. Dillon, c. f.; Dunlevy, l. f; umpire, McCambridge. The contest was a close one, resulting in a score of 6-4, in favor of the 'Varsity team.

On Tuesday, June 10, Miss Elizabeth Conway and Mr. John McTiernan, '88, were married with solemn high mass at Holy Cross Church, S. S. Rev. Thomas Devlin, pastor, was celebrant, Rev. Father Hegarty, deacon, and Rev. Father McGarey, '98, sub-deacon. Many presents awaited the happy couple when a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. M. Loughran. Later they started on a trip to Detroit, Cleveland, Niagara Falls, New York, &c.

Miss Catherine A. O'Donnell, of Hazelwood avenue, was united in wedlock with Mr. James T. Murray, '84-'88, on Wednesday, June 11. The marriage took place at St. Stephen's, Rev. Father D. Devlin, pastor, celebrant, assisted by Rev. Father P. A. McDermott, of the College, and Rev. Father Sullivan, at the solemn nuptial mass. Miss O'Donnell's sister, Winifred, was maid of honor; Mr. J. J. O'Donnell, Jr., also a former pupil of the College, was best man. The couple left for an extended wedding trip, but will locate at Hazelwood, thenceforth.

We extend to both of these young and happy couples our sincere congratulations and good wishes.

Norman Resmer, '98, and William Glynn, '97, have graduated with high honors at the West Penn Medical School with the title of M. D. Edward Aul, '96, has graduated and passed the State examination as pharmacist.

As may be seen in the obituary, Father John A. Wietrynski, C. S. Sp., who departed this life on May 20, near Bordeaux, was a graduate of '97. A solemn high mass of requiem was chanted for the repose of his soul at the College on June 11, Father M. Retka, '93, celebrant; Father A. D. Gavin, '92, deacon; Father F. A. Danner, '89, sub-deacon.

### PERSONALS.

Our great John J. Burke, although compelled to leave school in the middle of May, on account of his eyes, cannot resist the temptation to return occasionally to see how the N—S. society is getting along, in his absence.

Somebody (evidently a novice in such matters) proposed the other day that Frank Marron, Albert Wagner, Vincent Gleason and others, should compete for a leather medallion offered by Br. Fritz to the one that should win last place in the N—S. consolation dash of 10 yards from the first base bag to the N—S.' bench under the grand stand. But Frank refused on the plea that Wagner was asking for 6 yards handicap, and that Gleason was a professional.

Carr's eyes twinkle significantly when you speak of Kentucky. He thinks we, Northern people, are not as lively as the citizens of the dark hunting grounds. Yet, if all the inhabitants of the Blue Grass State were of as peaceable a disposition as our friend Willie, they would not have the world-wide reputation which they now enjoy in tradition and in story.

Petgen may be small—but he has a large amount of sense. It is very rare, therefore, that anyone can congratulate himself upon getting ahead of Leonard. He goes along with the 'steenth Baseball team as general all-round utility man, or fan, or rooter, or assistant manager, &c., and woe to the audacious midglet upholder of the opposing team that ventures within reach of bat or gloves, while the game is on!

Rogers doesn't allow anyone to beat him out in enthusiasm on the Minims' diamond. He surely compensates for the lack of scientific ball-playing, by the effective noise which he gives vent to from the bench or along the coaching lines.

Steim is a very hard worker in the Grammar Class, and, though he entered school only about the middle of the year, has pushed himself well to the front among the top-notchers of the Class.

Gleason is making serious preparations (within the last few days, at least) to enter upon onerous duties in the service of the Wabash, during the summer vacation. A hint has reached him to that effect from paternal quarters. His chief regret, now, is that it will not be possible for him to continue as a 33rd degree member of the N—S. society.

Ed Lauinger, when boarding, thought it would be the grandest thing in the world to become a day student. But lately, while the members of the family were away at Cambridge Springs and the house was closed up, Ed had to resume his old mode of life, and he found it so much to his taste that he insisted upon continuing as a boarder. Ed was among the crowd that

went to Baden on Saturday, June 7, and he is ready to affirm that he never before enjoyed himself so well in his life. He was scarcely home when he wanted to write a letter to every one of the sisters and the boys at the Academy.

Willis McCook is developing into a physical wonder. In a year or two, if he continues at the present rate, he will surely be on the 'Varsity team, where, with proper handling and encouragement, he will make a fine guard or tackle. He has much more courage and determination than his quiet demeanor would give him credit for.

Paul Schmitz seems to be imitating his father, whose physique and agility are at once noticeable to the most superficial observer.

Guy Delaney has a fine collection of curiosities, in his room in St. John's Hall. Guy is never so well pleased as when he is taking a good snapshot, or picking out, here and there, some old curio to add to his collection. When the small boys are on any kind of an expedition, he is the Mentor or the Ulysses of the party.

Nobody attracted more attention or won more genuine plaudits from the experts that witnessed the field meet, than young Harry Hays, for his adroitness and grit. If he did not win more prizes, it was due to his having been so heavily handicapped. It is a plain case of an old head on young shoulders.

Flory Huckestein seems to have all the qualifications that will entitle him in a few years to succeed his brother Ed as Captain of the football and baseball teams.

Louis Morrow doesn't need to get any pointers as the star catcher of the Fourth (Junior) team. There are very few of the tricks to be practiced behind the bat that Louis has not mastered by this time, and he can pick off an ambitious base-runner at second base just as neatly as the best of them.

Ed McKnight has got to be a great favorite with the boys of the Grammar Division for his genial and manly ways.

Clarence McCormick will be a regular member of the Junior eleven next year. He has subbed faithfully and willingly during the last season. There is one field of honor and competition that Clarence is willing to relinquish to all other ambitious candidates—and that is the field of composition.

George Bullion is the recognized, but unpretentious Berry Wall of the Third Academic Class. He is now a full-fledged member of the Orchestra, and in this respect has become a shining example of perseverance. It is only a short time since he began to take lessons on the Violin, and now he is



not only a member of the charmed circle that surrounds Prof. Weiss on practice days, but he is preparing some weird solos to spring upon his expectant and sympathetic friends in the near future.

When the Juniors sally forth on some expedition to win fame on the diamond, George is generally made Assistant Manager, a position which he fills with scrupulous attention to details.

It is a pity that Bishop is preparing for the medical profession, for if he was a candidate for the Ecclesiastical state, he would surely never stop until he reached the Episcopal dignity.

#### SOME RIDDLES—

Who is it that is never what he is, and has always been what he is not? Bishop.

Who is it that is always trying to make his name be the synonym for his rank in class? Fuerst.

Who is it that is always asking for sweets? More(h)oney.

Who is it that always occupies the same distinguished position wherever he is? King.

Who is it that never loses in any of his undertakings no matter what vicissitudes he may meet with? Gaynor.

Who is it that is never sober although he belongs to the Total Abstinence Society? Ober.

Who is it that is as nearly perfect as a College boy can be? Joost.

Who is it that always reminds us of a certain part of philosophy? Morales.

Who is it that is always hiding his talents from other people's notice? Curtin.

Vislet is soon due to graduate from the ranks of the Junior team. The oldest inhabitant can scarcely remember how long he has been on the list.

Frank Madden and William are twins. But while the latter is bigger and stronger, the former is far more clever with the ball and bat. It is a case of compensation of forces.

Michael Malloy is always in the front rank in any undertaking of the small boys. He thinks Duquesne should be the capital of the Keystone State, not only because of its great steel mills, but because it is the original name of the first permanent white settlement on this side of the Allegheny Mountains.

Popp is getting very sedate this last year. He hasn't been corked down into the penance hall so much. In fact he is not liable to explode anymore, he is becoming so cool.

It took Cassidy thirty minutes to decide whether or not he would pitch for the Reserves on Memorial Day afternoon, because of the hot weather. However, he consented, and, thanks to his clever work, the Reserves won.

John Costello, from Indiana soil, is the hustling assistant manager and first baseman of the Third team. Although his baseball affairs take up a good deal of his time, John, with right good judgment, never slights his class work, and is one of the top-notchers of the First Academic.

Keating, the fast outfielder of the 'Varsity nine, is fast coming to the front, both in the class-room and on the diamond. Some day Joe will make the best of them "take a back seat."

James Ryam seems to have enjoyed his recent visit to Allegheny. Jim intended that Costello should not know of it, but somehow or other somebody found it out.

The mystery of the grandstand, or who threw the hatchet, is still a mystery to those who tried to solve it. Shaw says he knows the details.

The "Classical Row" in the Study Hall during the past year was made up of Wagner, Marron, Ryan, Gaynor, Killian, O'Connell, Costello and Relihan, by whom five classes were represented.

O'Connell took no active part in baseball this year: but, during the football season, Jerry was one of the "shining lights" of the Reserves, and his work was lauded by all.

Charles Rankin is the only representative from Sharon in the College, and is proud of the fact, that he is a native of that hustling little city on the Shenango. Charlie made a great record on the "gridiron" last fall, but, as a member of the N-S., the warm weather prevented his appearance on the diamond this summer.

The Never Sweats' motto: "There ain't no sense in sweatin' for nobody for nuthin, what won't sweat for nuthin for you."

Columb McKenna is quite an adept at handball, to which game he devotes most of his recreation, since he indulges neither in football nor baseball. Columb visits Wilmerding occasionally, to see how things are getting along at the "Commercial."

Jackson has made a particular study of the map of Beaver County, and on several occasions has visited that locality. No flies on Clarence.

The Cuban delegation left for the sunny south a few days before the closing of school, all very anxious to tread the soil of their now free Isle, whose independence they celebrated in a somewhat ostentatious manner on May 20.

Charlie Mayer covered the initial bag for the 'Varsity team in professional style during the past season, and on the coaching lines he was second to none, especially when the feminine sex graced the grand stand with their presence.

Finnegan excels at ping-pong and handball, and occasionally visits the chicken-coop to see his incubator. The incubator is of a mystic combination known only to Finnegan.

McKeever was an all-round and willing "aide-de-camp" to every manager during the entire season. He was the right-hand man of Rev. Father Gavin at St. John's Hall. He never failed to respond when called upon to fill any position on the 'Varsity or Reserve team—and was the efficient captain of the team that entered for the Intercollegiate Field Meet on Decoration Day, on which occasion he carried off well-deserved honors, particularly a first place in the first heat of the 100-yard dash.

Aloysius Berner did not take as much interest in the baseball season as he did in football. He was, however, a faithful rooter of the philosophical mood. There is no doubt but Al. will be found on the 'Varsity football team next season as a candidate for gridiron fame.

John McCaffrey was once more found on the Third team during the past season, but, this time, in the pitcher's box, where he earned applause, on many a diamond, and in many a hard-fought contest, for his brilliant work.

More was very deeply affected when bidding farewell to his schoolmates on his departure for sunny Cuba. He and Freire expect to return with a large portion of the youthful population of Cardenas at the opening of the next school-year, in September.

O'Connell and O'Sullivan will have their dearest wishes fully gratified next year, when they will be admitted to the Philosophy Class. During the past few months, outside of the brief time given to preparation for the field meet, they were both living in an atmosphere of philosophy, of the practical kind, and of the *peripatetic* school, walking about the grounds in stately and dignified fashion, while the "hoi polloi" were disporting on the diamond.

Relihan lived up to his previous reputation in being the general factotum of all sporting matters in the College, in a managerial way. It is difficult to see how we could have got along without his valuable services in every department. He has got all the material that goes to make either an Apostolic Delegate, or the President of a Billion-Dollar Steel Combination.





# List of Passes, Distinctions and Honor Certificates,

AT THE

## FOURTH TERM EXAMINATIONS,

HELD IN

JUNE, 1902.

To secure a Pass a Student must get 60 per cent.; to obtain a Distinction it is necessary to get 80 per cent.

Certificates are given to Students who have obtained 80 per cent. in two subjects, provided they pass, i. e., obtain 60 per cent. in the other subjects of their course.

Both oral and written examinations have been taken into account for the Passes and Distinctions of the following lists.

### Grammar Class.

#### DIVISION C.

BROSZKOWSKI, J. J.—P., Eng., Arith.  
 CARR, W.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen. D., B. Hist.  
 DALEY, M.—P., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen.  
 LHOTA, J. A.—P., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Ger.  
 MILLER, A. C.—P., Arith. D., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Draw., Pen.  
 MCCOOK, W.—P., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen.  
 PETGEN, L. E.—P., Rel., Eng., Draw., Pen.  
 ROGERS, W. G.—P., Rel., Arith., Draw., Pen. D., B. Hist., Eng.  
 ROMANOWSKI, J.—P. Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Ger. D., Pen.  
 TOMASZEWSKI, J.—P., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Arith., Draw., Pen., Ger.

#### DIVISION B.

GLEASON, V. P.—P., Eng., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog.  
 HAYS, H.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen. D., B. Hist.  
 LALLY, M. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen. D., Rel., B. Hist.  
 LAUNGER, E.—P., Rel., B. Hist., Geog., Draw., Pen.  
 MCCARTHY, T.—P., B. Hist., Draw., Penn. D., Rel.  
 SCHAEFER, H.—P., Rel. D., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Draw., Pen.  
 SCHMITZ, P.—P., Rel., B. Hist., Draw., Pen., Ger.  
 STEIN, C.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen. D., Rel., B. Hist.

#### DIVISION A.

CHARLES, J.—D., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Draw., Pen.  
 DELANEY, J. G.—P., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith. D., Draw., Pen.  
 HELLMAN, C.—P., Rel., B. Hist., Draw., Pen., Arith., Eng. D., Geog., Hist.  
 HUCKESTEIN, F.—P., Rel., B. Hist., Draw., Pen.  
 MASLEY, J.—P., Rel. D., Pen., Draw.  
 MCCORMICK, C.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith. D., Rel., B. Hist., Pen., Draw.  
 MCKNIGHT, E.—D., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Pen., Draw.  
 MORROW, L. P.—P., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Pen., Draw.  
 MURPHY, J. A.—P., Rel., B. Hist., Eng., Arith., Pen., Draw. D., Hist., Geog.  
 SPAN, F.—P., Rel., Pen., Draw.  
 WALLACE, J. J.—P., Rel., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Pen., Draw.  
 WIELECHOWSKI, J.—P., B. Hist., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Ger.  
 D., Rel., Pen., Draw.

**Third Academic.**

## DIVISION B.

- BULLION, G.—P., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Pen.  
 BURLAGA, FR., P., Lat., Alg., Zo. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Ger., Pen.  
 BISHOP, THOS.—P., Lat., Alg., Zo. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Pen.  
 CARROLL, FR.—P., Arith., Alg., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Zo.  
 FURST, J. J.—P., Lat., Ger., Fr., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Zo., Pen.  
 GOSIEWSKI, A. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Ger., Alg., Zo., Pen. D., Rel.  
 HESS, J. J.—P., Ger., Alg., Zo. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Zo., Pen.  
 KELIHER, E. F.—P., Lat., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Zo., Pen.  
 KRAMER, A.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Zo. D., Rel., Pen.  
 MALLOY, M.—P., Lat., Ger. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg.  
 MADDEN, WM.—P., Lat., Zo., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg.  
 MADDEN, FR.—P., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Zo., Pen.  
 MORONEY, R.—P., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng.  
 MURPHY, L. J.—P., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog.  
 MCMAHON, THOS.—P., Ger., Arith., Pen., Fr., Lat. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Zo.  
 NAYE, P. J.—P., Alg., Pen. D., Lat.  
 NIEHOFF, L.—P., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Zo., Pen.  
 POPP, TH.—P., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog.  
 QUEBEDO, A. C.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg. D., Rel., Zo., Pen.  
 ROSSENBACH, J.—P., Fr., Arith.  
 D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Eng., Ger., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 THOMAS, P.—P., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Zo. D., Arith., Alg., Pen.  
 VISLET, V.—P., Fr., Zo. D., Rel., Eng., Lat., Hist., Geog., Arith., Alg., Pen.  
 WINGENDORF, A.—P., Alg.  
 D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Fr., Arith., Zo., Pen.

## DIVISION A.

- ARETZ, A.—D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen., Gr., Fr.  
 BREEN, M.—P., Lat., Gr. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 CARLOS, J.—P., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Zo., Pen., Gr.  
 DULLARD, W.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Alg., Pen., Gr. D., Rel., Arith., Zo.  
 ENNIS, R.—P., Lat., Gr. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen.  
 FITZPATRICK, P.—P., Hist., Geog., Lat. D., Rel., [Eng., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen., Gr.  
 FRANKENBERRY, A.—D., Arith., Alg.  
 GASPARD, H.—P., Fr. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen., Ger.  
 HALEY, M.—P., Hist., Geog., Zo., Pen., Gr. D., Rel.  
 HAYES, A.—P., Lat., Pen., Gr. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Zo.  
 HAWKS, J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Zo. D., Rel.  
 HOFFMAN, A.—D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Lat., Arith., Zo., Alg., Pen., Gr.  
 KVATSAK, J.—P., Hist., Geog., Arith., Pen., Gr. D., Rel., Alg., Zo.  
 LANAHAN, J.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo. D., Rel., Pen.  
 LUTZ, J.—P., Rel., Arith., Alg., Zo., Penn., Gr.  
 MCAFEE, F.—D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen., Gr.  
 O'HARA, W. B.—P., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen., Gr. D., Rel.  
 POLUKAITIS, J. J.—P., Alg., Pen., Lat. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Arith., Zo., Gr.  
 RYAN, T. F.—D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen., Gr.  
 WAGNER, A. C.—P., Hist., Geog., Lat., Fr., Geom., Alg., Zo., Gr.  
 D., Rel., Eng., Ger., Pen.

WOODWARD, J. M.—P., Eng., Ger., Pen. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Arith., Zo.  
 ZAREMBA, J. J.—P., Hist., Geog., Ger., Arith., Zo., Gr. D., Rel., Eng., Lat., Pen.  
 ZINDLER, L. J.—D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Ger., Fr., Arith., Alg., Zo., Pen., Grk.

### Second Academic.

BRIGGS, B. J.—P., Ger., Bty., Eng., Lat., Gr. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Alg.  
 CARR, G. J.—P., Eng., Lat., Ger., Alg., Bty. D., Rel., Hist., Geog.  
 CLARK, —P., Eng., Gr., Arith., Alg., Bty. D., Rel., Hist., Geog.  
 COLLINS, H. J.—P., Eng., Lat., Bty. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Gr., Arith., Alg.  
 CONNORS, J. J.—P., Lat., Gr., Arith. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Bty.  
 CURRAN, G. A.—P., Lat., Gr. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Bty.  
 DONOVAN, J. J.—P., Lat., Gr., Ger., Bty., Arith. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Alg.  
 FEHRENBACH, C.—P., Lat., Gr., Arith., Bty. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Alg.  
 GRIFFIN, FR.—P., Ger. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Lat., Gr., Arith., Alg., Bty.  
 HALLY, EUG.—P., Eng., Lat., Gr., Ger., Arith., Alg. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Bty.  
 HELFRICH, A. J.—P., Lat., Gr., Fr., Arith., Bty. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Ger.  
 KEATING, J. J.—P., Lat., Gr., Ger. D., Rel., Hist., Geog., Eng., Arith., Alg., Bty.  
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